

THE THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

While Father Ignatius is in this country denouncing Dr. R. Heber Newton and others for heresy, the inmates of his monastery in Wales have gone over to the Roman Catholic church. He evidently has a large contract on his hands.

The golden gleam of the \$110,000 which Henry M. Stanley took away with him as the result of his American lecturing tour when he sailed for Europe the other day, should surely make this a land of sunny memories to him, and compensate him in a measure for the hardships endured "in darkest Africa."

In the almanac of the Westbury-on-Severn parish the Vicar lays down the following rules: "If you want God's blessing upon your marriage you must avoid the registrar's office. The clergyman is the only proper person to perform marriages, and the only proper place to be married is in the church. It is wrong to forsake the services of the ancient Church of England for the new-fangled invention of the sects."

A score of murders have been committed by Italians in this country since the late New Orleans slaughter. The *Catholic Press* says: If the Italian government is to be paid for murdered Italians, our government can certainly claim compensation for murders committed by Italians, and the government must keep a regular ledger account of murders by and on Italians, and strike a balance from time to time. If the kingdom of Italy assumes the protection of the Mafia, will it pay its blood account?

Cornell University has established a school of philosophy which it proposes shall be "a thoroughly efficient centre for the maintenance, diffusion, and increase of philosophical knowledge and activity in America." It will be conducted by four professors and four instructors, and will provide six scholarships and three fellowships. The school is to issue, under the editorship of its dean, Dr. Schurman, a bi-monthly periodical, to be called the *Philosophical Review*, for which the coöperation of the leading philosophical teachers and writers of the country has been promised.

Rev. Charles H. Eaton, of New York, says, "that the argument that the closing of the museums on Sunday is in the interest of the wageworker does not hold good. Rest does not mean idleness, but change. The true rest for the laborer is to fill his mind with new objects of delight, to charm his eye and ear and to invigorate his intellect." If Dr. Eaton had his way he would "hide the poorhouse on Sunday by the palace of art." "Without money and without price" he would "throw open the treasures of art, science and history, and give free concerts to the people where they could hear not only the 'Old Hundred' and the Gregorian chants, but all real music."

At a recent meeting of the Sunset Club in this city, Gen. Stiles said substantially that every man, no matter what his position was, should devote some

portion of his time to public affairs. He calculated that if every citizen did his duty jury service would come to every individual citizen only once in eight years. He did not think that the jury system could be abolished, at least not for a long time to come, and believed that in determining ordinary matters of fact jurors had the advantage of judges who were often trammelled by rules of evidence. He favored a two-thirds verdict in civil cases and scored the practice of unscrupulous lawyers who had abused the jury system in order to encourage interminable litigation. Reformation should commence by encouraging the growth of the sentiment that it was every man's duty to take part in public affairs. If men realized that, the need of reform would be reduced to a minimum.

The New York papers have given considerable space to descriptions of Mrs. Annie Besant and to statements of her views on various subjects of current interest. Mrs. Besant is a recent convert to esoteric Buddhism and it is stated that one of the objects of her present visit to this country was to attend the reunion of the Theosophical Society, which was held in Boston a few days ago. While theosophy occupies much of Mrs. Besant's present attention, she has been known as a radical thinker, writer and speaker, and has been prominently identified with numerous reforms. She has written several books of marked ability and was for years associated with Mr. Bradlaugh in conducting the *National Reformer*. She is an active member of the London school board. Her own house in Hyde Park has been made a home for friendless poor girls, and in many other ways she labors in the cause of the London poor. Mrs. Besant is the sister-in-law of the English novelist, Walter Besant. She is one of the ablest women speakers in England.

Referring to the theosophical doctrine that the ego at death goes into sleep in which it remains for a long time, and then enters life by rebirth, bringing the fruits of all previous study and knowledge, however acquired, Lillian Whiting, in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, says: In the study of theosophy one thing is very apparent; that the theories of theosophy and of Spiritualism are utterly irreconcilable. If one is true, the other is false. If the soul at death goes into a long sleep, and has no part or play in existence until after a long period it reappears by rebirth, then, evidently, there can not be about us the spiritual personality of our friends. But, making all allowance—and it must needs be great—for all intentional fraud, or unintentional deceit, does there not yet remain a mass of evidence in favor of the unanswerable proof of the existence of the occasional presence of those who have passed through death?

Lieut. C. A. L. Totten, who is detailed as a military professor at Yale College, has been represented as predicting the end of the world within this century. He corrects the mistake and says: "What I did declare was that a mathematical calculation founded on Biblical truths prove beyond peradventure that the Messiah will come again before the year 1900. I do not mean by this that I believe the millennium will begin in 1899. I think that is a thousand years away. I say simply that at his second coming Christ will

make the world better, as he did at his first." It will be safer for Lieut. Totten to confine his calculations to military matter. Prophesying is hazardous business, especially when it is based on Bible dates, genealogies, etc. If Jesus should reappear on earth, which ought not to be expected, considering the way he was treated while he was here, he would be welcomed by no class of people more cordially than by Spiritualists.

Says the Boston *Globe*: Dr. Morton Prince does not look like a man who loves a sensation. Yet he can tell more exciting yarns about ghosts and goblins and queer freaks pertaining to the supernatural than perhaps any other man in America. And what may surprise you more, the doctor actually goes in search of these stories, and invites people to furnish him with them—and the more hair-lifting they are, the better he seems to like them. And speaking of seekers for ghost stories, I am reminded of another man who tries "to lift the curtain of the future and gaze into the misty deep." Prof. Royce of Harvard occasionally gathers a company of distinguished men about him; and occupies their attention for an hour or two, while he talks about "spooks." Both these distinguished men are looking for ghosts and other psychical phenomena in the interests of science and the American Society for Psychical Research, of which they are members.

The book called "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk," which was first published in 1835 in the columns of the *Protestant Vindicator*, has been widely read. It purports to give the experience of a young woman and a description of the scenes she had witnessed during an enforced stay of four years in a Montreal Convent. The *Inter Ocean* in reply to an inquiry as to the truth of the narrative says: When the story reached Montreal it was vehemently denied by the press of that city, Protestant as well as Catholic. Dr. Robertson, a physician and justice of the peace, was called upon to investigate the truth of the statements made in the book. He ascertained in the first place that the girl, Maria Monk, had never been in the convent at all. He found also that she was known to many Montreal people through a penchant for telling extraordinary falsehoods. Before she had gone to New York she had sought help from certain charitable persons on the plea that she had just escaped from a cruel mother who had kept her in close confinement for four years. It was learned that during those years which, she first claimed, were spent in imprisonment under her mother's roof, and shortly after declared had been spent in the convent, the girl had actually been working as a servant in the suburbs of Montreal. The girl's parents, who were respectable people in humble life, were found and examined. The mother testified that the girl had never been an inmate of the convent spoken of, and added that she had long feared that her daughter was crazy, as she could do nothing with her. It was, therefore, concluded that, on whatever basis Maria Monk may have founded her story, she had not built it, as she claimed, on personal knowledge, and the Montreal press fully indorsed the opinion expressed by Dr. Robertson, in his report on the subject, that the previous record of the girl rendered her testimony in itself improbable.

IMMORTALITY IN THE PAST AND PRESENT.

In a recent discourse Rev. John W. Chadwick refers to the fallacy of assuming that the idea of immortality has always been a power of comfort and of consolation to mankind. "On the contrary it may well be doubted," he says, "if human mind has ever entertained any other idea that has been to it the occasion of so much anxiety, so much agonizing doubt and fear. The idea of immortality attests its vigor in no respect more grandly than by its persistence for so many centuries, in spite of all the terrors that it has carried in its train. . . . No ghost returning could relate things more horrible than those which have been imagined by the preachers and the poets of the Christian world." Dante's "Spiral Hell and Purgatorial Stairs," Milton's descriptions of the terrors of the damned, the sermons of Massillon and Jonathan Edwards, are referred to in illustration of the horrible conceptions that have prevailed in regard to the future life. "In so far," Mr. Chadwick continues, "as the idea of immortality as such has been a source of comfort and of consolation to mankind, it has been so, thanks to no Bible revelation, nor to any traditional Christianity, but thanks to the softening influences of Universalism and Spiritualism and Unitarianism, and Rationalism in general, on the ancient creed. The consolations of the churches are the gifts of those whom they despise and fear. It was only yesterday that Gardiner Spring did not exceed the average temper of his sect in saying, 'When the omnipotent and angry God, who has access to all the avenues of distress in the corporeal frame and all the inlets to agony in the intellectual constitution, undertakes to punish, he will convince the universe that he does not gird himself for the work of retribution in vain'; and 'it will be a glorious deed when he shall cast those who have trodden his blood under their feet into the furnace of fire.' Nothing is more common than for men to talk as if the idea of immortality had always been a source of comfort to mankind. But, so far as comfort is concerned, humanity would have been much better off without it. It is only recently that immortality, as such, has been a comfortable object of regard. And it has been made so by the intellectual forces and the heretical developments which the traditional church has visited with her dreadful ban, which is not dreadful any more."

To a considerable extent, doubtless, the imaginary tortures in the life beyond this were reflections of the dispositions of men and their practices in this life. What horrors could be greater than those of the Spanish inquisition? But the belief in a life without end made it possible to add to the conception of the most intense suffering the idea of its continuance through all eternity. The reactionary force of the imagination was great, and as Mr. Chadwick says, "the ideal power of an endless life was for many centuries a power of moral hardening." The belief in eternal torture was encouraged and strengthened by the selfishness and greed of a class of men who were but too willing to make the credulity and imaginations of men the means of spiritually enslaving them to the authority of a hierarchy. Fortunately with the diffusion of knowledge and the growth of reason, the belief in immortality has to a great extent been divested of the horrible superstitions which for centuries gave the priests unlimited power and made the lives of men miserable.

During the last forty years Spiritualism has been a powerful factor in undermining the foundations of the belief in eternal torment. Modern Spiritualism has persistently, through all its representatives and all its communications, opposed this false and pernicious doctrine which has so long darkened the human mind and made men prefer the thought of annihilation to that of immortal life. Messages from the Spirit-world, because they contradicted the dogma of hell and without exception affirmed that the life beyond was one of growth and progressive development, were declared by the orthodox clergy to be of the devil. Denial of the brutalizing doctrine of everlasting punishment, with many Christian people, seemed to be the greatest objection to Spiritualism, which was declared to be one of the forms of infidelity that Satan had devised

for deceiving mankind—even the very elect. But the teaching of a higher and progressive life beyond this has continued without faltering or interruption in spite of all the denunciation and scorn of the orthodox pulpit, and the influence of this teaching has contributed greatly to modify and rationalize popular beliefs, while preaching from the pulpit has correspondingly improved. "At length," as Mr. Chadwick observes, "it is safe for men to hope for immortality and to believe in its reality. At length the power of an endless life is a power of comfort and of consolation for all sorrowful and mourning hearts. It means reunion with the dear ones we have loved and who have vanished from our sight. It means this, I cannot but think, if it means anything. For heaven were not heaven if there we should forever miss the friends who seemed to make this life a foretaste of its joy. It can have no spaces wide enough to forever isolate from one another those for whose hearts there has been only one beat of joy and sorrow here." The concurrent testimony of those who, having risen to the higher life, have since communicated with friends left behind, is in entire accord with what science teaches in regard to evolution as well as with the moral requirements of justice and humanity. The conception of an endless life of happiness and progress gives comfort and joy to the soul and is an incentive to nobility of thought and action.

ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN.*

Among the recent publications is a story entitled "Doctor Helen Rand," written by a Chicago woman under the name of Lois Wright.*

"Doctor Helen Rand" is a story one of the heroes of which is a young man driven from the parental roof by his father on account of religious unbelief. At the end of fourteen years the son returns from his wanderings to find his father and mother both dead and his sister a doctor of medicine. Later on another character is introduced, Prof. Latimer, a lecturer of the Ethical Culture Society. He falls in love with the sister, Dr. Helen Rand, and wants to marry her. She sends word to him by Kate Summerville, another woman physician, that she is the mother of an illegitimate child. This prevents marriage.

The purpose of the work is to emphasize the injustice of law and public opinion toward the woman who becomes a mother outside of wedlock, and of the child thus born. "There can be no such thing as an illegitimate child," exclaims Dr. Kate Summerville. "What a travesty of justice to place a stigma on an unborn human being." She would remedy the injustice by "legalizing these marriages." "Let men and women know that parentage marries them before God and man. Let them know that the laws of property and inheritance bind them as strongly as though they were married by priest or clerk. This law alone can do justice to the innocent child; make it impossible for a woman to be betrayed, and blot out forever that odious word 'bastard.'" In reply to the question, "But how would this law apply in the case of those who would find themselves twice married," the answer is: "It would apply by proclaiming them bigamists and making them subject to the law of bigamy." By this law a father would be compelled to recognize the mother of his child as his wife, and any extra matrimonial relations would subject him to the liability of punishment for bigamy. Of the higher marriages it may be, i.e., "the union of souls, the meeting of two minds which affords to both the higher intellectual companionship, the state should have no jurisdiction." The idea is that the interference of the state is justifiable only when from the relation of marriage children come into the world.

If the author's views were adopted and embodied in legislation, would not one effect be greater pre-nuptial irregularities than there are now, since one of the deterrents, the disgrace of illegitimacy, would be removed? Would not another effect be an enormous increase in the number of divorces, with no fewer children practically deserted by their fathers than there are now? In the case of property would it be

distributed among the children of two or more women in spite of the bigamous character of all but the first union? In that case would there not be injustice to the first family? But without such a provision, of what benefit would the proposed law be to a woman who was a mother by a man who sustained to other women the same relation?

Other questions arise but it is not necessary to propound them here. The story is written with a deep sense of the wrong involved in the stigma fixed on the illegitimate child, but in the past this has been invaluable in the development of family life. How could the marriage system be maintained if those born outside of wedlock and the mothers of such had all the advantages that belong to legal marriage and legitimate birth? The experience of ages has taught mankind that marriage is an institution that is necessary to the social well-being. Its protection and perpetuation are therefore in the interests of the whole people. It is a part of the established social order. Violation of it must necessarily involve the offenders in trouble, often in wretchedness, and as in the case of mistakes and follies generally, the consequences are not limited to those who are guilty. Parents do wrong and suffering is entailed upon their children. But as people become thoughtful and discriminating they do not feel any lack of respect for a person because he or she had the misfortune to be born outside of legal marriage and under circumstances not in accord with the social order of the age and country.

SECTARIAN AND ILLIBERAL LIBERALS.

The Moralist is the name of a little paper recently started at Barre, Mass., edited by Ella E. Gibson, and "devoted to the interests of the Brotherhood of Moralists," whose professed object is the promotion of morality upon the basis of enlightened reason. It excludes from membership anarchists, communists, freelovers, drunkards, libertines, Christians and Spiritualists. The propaganda committee says: "We have been called 'exclusive liberals'—a name which we should not reject, but rather defend; as our exclusiveness is only such as our principles demand, and as is necessary to the accomplishment of our stated objects." While the Christian sects are more and more subordinating creed to character, here is a society of professed liberals, but in fact sectarians and bigots, organized professedly to advance morality that excludes from membership, equally with drunkards and libertines, persons, however moral, who believe in Christianity or Spiritualism. And its "principles demand" this. Christians of all denominations, of all schools and phases of thought, Spiritualists, including men like Crookes and Wallace; the distinguished scientists, Robert Owen and his son Robert Dale Owen, the philanthropists; Victor Hugo, the French genius of fiction, the patriot and philosopher, —men of this stamp could not belong to the "Brotherhood of Moralists" which is no brotherhood at all, which is a paper organization made up chiefly of cranky persons who have sent their names to the secretary, in response to official appeals for assistance. The Brotherhood of Moralists is of no public importance except as an illustration of the inconsistencies and incongruities of this transitional period. *The Moralist* represents a very small number of people whose thought is crude and whose spirit is more narrow and sectarian than brotherly or liberal.

HOW TO INVESTIGATE SPIRITUALISM.

In 1852 a little work was published by Bela Marsh, Boston, from the pen of Adin Ballou, entitled "Spirit Manifestations." In that little work, the author who had examined Spiritualism carefully, and was convinced beyond doubt of the validity of its essential teachings, suggested the following advisory directions to investigators:

1. Be not ashamed, nor afraid, nor unwilling to embrace truth, come whence or how it may.
2. Respect your own senses and judgment enough to trust them decently.
3. Procure all the credible testimony you can, in print and otherwise, concerning spirit manifestations ancient

*"Doctor Helen Rand, by Lois Wright, A. M., M. D., Chicago. Physicians' Publishing Co. 1891. pp. 117.

and modern, weigh it deliberately at home, and be in no haste to examine cases until you can have good opportunities; then improve them.

4. Hold sittings with no medium whom you believe morally capable of deception or trick. Confide or refrain.

5. Have few persons present, and none but candid, sensible, and well behaved ones.

6. Be serious, deliberate, frank, and unaffected; propose what tests you please, but abstain from all pettifoggery, lawyerism, pertinancy, and over urgency; be content with such developments as come freely, and set everything down for what it is worth. You may desire much and get little. Remember that you are not required to give credit for more than you receive, nor to take chaff for wheat.

7. Take care not to overtax the nervous energy of the medium by long sittings, nor undue excitement.

8. Take notes of all important phenomena and incidents.

9. Accept, or reject, or hold in doubt, what purports to come from departed spirits, for what would be sufficient reasons, if it came from spirits in the flesh. This must be the standing rule.

10. Treat all persons concerned, whether departed or undeveloped spirits, as enjoined in the golden rule; and if there be evil, overcome it with good. Be uniformly just, considerate, and kind.

These are directions for honest, sensible, common people. By such they can be understood and followed. And no one who decently observes them will fail of success and moral profit, in the investigation of these phenomena. As to those uncommon people, who cannot or will not conform to such directions, they must stand or fall to their own master. The truth will never bend to their crookedness, whether it be natural or artificial.

What can be done by American enterprise and with the magic of a great name is shown in the statistics of the electric-light and electric-railway industries over which Edison wields a sway, and which were massed into a single corporation about a year ago with a capital of \$2,000,000. As a "captain of industry," whose genius has called together this great sum, Edison has an army of 6,000 employees. The output of his huge shops at Schenectady, where 3,000 men are at work, increased 117 per cent. last year. The output of all the manufacturing establishments amounted to \$10,000,000 for the year, and over 8 per cent. was earned on all the stock issued. At this moment the entire force has six months' work ahead. Edison is not a vain man, but he certainly would be justified in feeling proud of such massive results as the creation of his genius and perseverance. Even when a struggling operator, fighting through a bitter winter in a linen duster and thin-soled shoes, he announced his wish to be one who should open up new avenues of employment, and never was laudable ambition more nobly realized. Besides the present point is not that of finality. An industry thus begun lays hold upon the future with irresistible grasp, its roots deepening as its branches widen. Nor should it be left out of sight that other great productive concerns exist in the electric light and power field in America, with constantly growing totals.

There has been discovered in the forests of India, according to *The Week's Sport*, a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic powers and which is a great source of annoyance to hunters and tourists. It has been named the *philotarea electrica*. The hand which breaks a leaf from this plant immediately receives a shock equal to that which is produced by an induction coil. At a distance of six yards a magnetic needle is affected by it and will be deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hour of the day. All powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb, and bend its head during a thunder shower. It remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves and the needle is unaffected beside it. One never by any chance sees birds or insects alight on the electric plant; an instinct seems to warn them that they will find certain death there. It is also im-

portant to remark that where it grows none of the magnetic metals are found; neither iron, cobalt nor nickel—an undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant.

Contrasting Evangelist Moody's present work in Boston with his earlier efforts in that city the *Christian Register* says: Some fifteen years ago when Mr. Moody first came to Boston he created a great sensation. Thousands flocked to hear him. Many went, undoubtedly, from no other motive than that of curiosity. It is always interesting to see a man of power, even if he is only a gymnast. Men went to hear Moody as they went to the circus to see the man with the iron jaw or the Austrian giant. It was a hindrance, we imagine, rather than a help to Mr. Moody's work that he was treated as if he were on exhibition. Now he comes to Boston and conducts his revival operations in an undemonstrative, quiet way, and the newspapers hardly think of sending a reporter. Mr. Moody is no longer sensational enough to satisfy the hunger of that class who have heard Sam Jones and Sam Small. There is a line of good taste beyond which Mr. Moody never would pass, and his sermons have been marked by shrewd good sense and helpful, earnest suggestion. It would seem that he is paying less attention to emotional and extravagant manifestations in religion, and more to educational work. He may have fewer converts by this method than formerly, but perhaps they will "stick" better.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota lately rendered a decision of much interest to the business community in declaring that bank checks are not cash, and do not possess legal value as money until cashed. The court holds that in accepting a check from a debtor there is no legal presumption that the creditor takes it except as a written acknowledgment of the debt. Where goods are sold for cash on delivery, and the purchaser tenders payment in a check or draft on his banker, such payment is only conditional; and the delivery of the goods, if made, is also conditional. If the check is dishonored on presentation, the seller may retake the goods for the purchase money, even from the possession of a third or innocent party, unless it can be shown that the seller has been guilty of such negligence as would estop him from recovering in equity. This decision is among the first rendered by higher courts that is so far-reaching, and if supported by other high tribunals, will settle a mooted question in commercial circles. The same principle has been applied to unpaid notes by one or two courts, which have held that the seller does not lose his lien, for purchase money, on goods sold, until he receives the actual cash, and may retake at any time prior thereof if the indebtedness be not met at maturity.

It is said that the defence of Joseph Remington for murder, at Arthur, N. D., will be on the same lines as those of the trial of Gabrielle Bompard at Paris, last year, wherein it was claimed that she was a victim of hypnotism, the result being that her accomplice, Eyraud, was sentenced to the guillotine, while she received a term of imprisonment. The theory in the Remington case, it is understood, will be that while hypnotized by a woman whose name has been frequently mentioned since his arrest, he committed the murder. Competent authorities who have visited Remington in jail with this theory in view, are said to be of the opinion that he is so constituted as to be easily liable to mesmeric influence. Should this line of defense be adopted, it will probably be quite interesting to lawyers, as it will be the first one of the kind in the United States.

John D. Lewis, a colored lawyer of Philadelphia, who recently died, bequeathed a part of his estate, valued at \$100,000, as a fund for the "Lewis protective bureau of civil rights," the object of which is to "protect and to secure to colored citizens or colored persons in the United States their civil rights, as applicable to all other classes of American citizens, how and wherever the same may be denied one or more of them by reason of race, color or condition, with

powers to employ all legal and moral means to destroy and prevent such discrimination, and to give substantial aid in money or otherwise, within the discretion of the said corporation, to any person or persons, who seek redress from such discrimination, and who shall satisfy the said corporation that he, she, or they, are entitled to such aid."

The stupid formalities of Queen Victoria's dinners must be very monotonous and tiresome to a person who has either ideas or vivacity. A guest at one of these repasts writes: During dinner there is very little talking. The guests converse among themselves in whispers, for it is not according to etiquette to speak loud. From time to time the Queen speaks to some one of her guests; but as it is not proper to disagree with her, there is naturally not very much done in the way of conversation between her majesty and her subjects. Dinner usually lasts for an hour or so, after which the whole party adjourns to the drawing room. Here the Queen makes a few remarks to each guest in turn, which the latter reply to suitably and without the smallest trace of originality.

No intelligent person now doubts that there has been a continuous succession in organic forms from the dawn of creation to the present time. It is also clear that the many successive forms were not introduced in what might be called a helter-skelter sort of way, one class having no definite relation to another class, but that all has been arranged on a definite, harmonious plan. One form dies and another appears; and just as a child in the individual bears some sort of a relation to its parents, so do the new forms bear a relation to the forms that preceded them. This is evolution; and evolution of that kind needs no vindication.—*The Independent*.

Very interesting is Lewis G. Wilson's article "Hopedale and its Founder" in the *New England Magazine* for April. Adin Ballou was really a more notable socialist than any of the members of the Brook Farm community. He strikes one as being more in earnest than the Brook Farm transcendentalists, and his remarkable friendship with Tolstoi shows how highly his work was regarded by that great uncanting visionary. The Hopedale community lasted longer than any similar experiment either on this continent or in Europe. Its history is the old, old one of the discrepancy between human aspiration and human achievement and all interested in socialism should read it.

In the "good old days" the law of Connecticut was as follows: "Whatsoever person, not being a lawful allowed (Congregational) minister of the Gospel, shall presume to profane the holy sacraments by administering, or making a show of administering them to any person or persons whatsoever, and being thereof convicted before the county court in such country where such offense shall be committed, shall incur the penalty of £10 for every such offense, and suffer corporal punishment by whipping, not exceeding thirty stripes for each offense."—*Records of the State of Connecticut, Vol. V., May 1723*.

Prof. J. W. Powell in an excellent article in the *Forum* says: The evolution of life is accomplished in four stages. In the first mode of life, which is vitality, progress is made by the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. In the second mode of life, which is sentiency, progress is made by the development of organs in the struggle for happiness. In the third mode of life, which is percipency, progress is made by the discovery of truth in the struggle for knowledge. In the fourth mode of life, which is volitiency, progress is made by the establishment of justice in the struggle for peace.

Mrs. French, chairman of the executive committee of women for the World's Columbian Exposition, said recently to Lillian Whiting, the Boston Correspondent of the *Chicago Inter Ocean*: One thing I am solicitous about is the Sunday opening. I think that those who are debarred by other claims from visiting the fair during the week should have the opportunity then.

AN OPEN LETTER TO A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY. REV. GEO. THOS. DOWLING, D. D.

DEAR SIR:—It is an awful thing when an intelligent man deliberately boxes himself in to shut out the light. Doubtless you will readily call to remembrance how, in that grandest sermon of the nineteenth century, Dicken's Christmas Carol, poor old Scrooge desired to have an extinguisher dropped down over the first streak of spiritual light that had ever shone upon him. It was saddening to learn that you are seeking to effect the same deplorable condition. Several years ago you were so kind as to present me with a year's subscription to *The Christian Union*. Within a few weeks I was able to return the courtesy by a year's subscription to *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*. To my great surprise you sent the following letter to the editor of the paper:..... "I wish to repeat my request, that its (THE JOURNAL'S) coming to my house shall be discontinued. I do not care to welcome a periodical which my children cannot read; and to my mind such an article as 'Diabolical Manifestations' cannot in any way advance the truth, and is only calculated to injure by unnecessarily terrifying an imaginative mind."

Let us see. The said "Diabolical Manifestations" were comprised in a simple narrative given by two ladies of the highest respectability, whose main feature is the cutting away of a lady's hair as she lay asleep in bed, by some agency unknown. For the rest it was a simple matter of ordinary mediumistic manifestation that had taken place times without number in thousands of respectable homes. Permit me to cite to you a very much more terrible account of diabolical manifestations, contained in the fifth chapter of Luke, headed—"A legion of devils cast out." Herein is given a circumstantial account of a man possessed of a legion of such malicious devils that he wandered about the tombs, crying aloud and cutting himself beyond anyone's power to tame him, and these devils came in so great a multitude that they took possession of two thousand swine and rushed them violently down a steep place into the sea.

My dear sir, have you ever thought it necessary to interdict the perusal of the Bible in your home because of this "terrifying" account of diabolism? As a mere bold narrative of the most terrible infliction that could befall a man, is it not vastly more horrible than the one you cry out against in *THE JOURNAL*? And as a matter of fact, is it in any respect more susceptible of truth? Then why your calm acceptance of the ancient account of unmixed diabolism, while affecting such anxiety to be rid of the other? Is there not in this a suggestion of the foolishness of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel?

And mark, please, how many more diabolical manifestations are circumstantially narrated in the book held sacred in your home. Think of the magical incantations wrought in Egypt, concluding with the pitiless butchery of the innocent first-born of Pharaoh and of his whole people. Is not this sufficient to "terrify an imaginative mind," if not to fill a conscientious soul with horror! But what need to enumerate the long catalogue of diabolisms and merciless atrocities set down in the liberal history of the Jews. You are familiar with all of them, and it may be are possessed of some patent process by which in one case it is desirable reading in the bosom of your family, while the slightest touch of similar manifestations in the present day lifts up your hair with horrifying fear of contamination to your children.

You say: "I do not care to welcome a periodical into my home which my children cannot read." Can they read the history of Absalom and his adulterous father, King David?

There is not a cleaner periodical than *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* published in America to-day. I have had it constantly in my home every week for ten years, and never yet found a line that I

could not read aloud to wife and children. But there is very much in the Bible I should blush to whisper to any pure-minded woman.

Some time ago I had occasion to describe a large mass of people who go through life in a narrow groove established by heredity and one-sided education. They turn their eyes neither to the right nor left, but go blundering on in the one set little rut they are bound in. Of this hide-bound class, I have observed that preachers are the most deep-rooted in determination not to get out of their contracted groove, and not to admit the faintest new light of knowledge to break through the dim shadows in which they burrow. Resolutely holding aloof from truths the most palpable that have not the mythical flavor of two thousand years ago, they shriek "heresy!" "infidelity!" and throw up their hands in horror against the clearest scientific truth that does not conform to the formulas they have set up for unquestionable acceptance. But above all other things, your preacher in his narrow rut is deperately opposed to every form of knowledge that disturbs his pre-conceived beliefs. He takes the ostrich plan of running his head in the sand to hide away from whatever may interfere with his established superstitions. In a word, he does not care for truth that may unsettle what he has set down for his truth.

I am sorry to find that one I so greatly admired as an able, liberal-minded man, in the person of Geo. Thomas Dowling, D. D., is so bound to a narrow theological creed, that when a new ray of spiritual light is open to his critical examination, like Scrooge, he calls for an extinguisher to move it from his sight.

CLEVELAND, O.

W. WHITWORTH.

A WAKING DREAM.

BY MARCUS T. JAMES.

Many scientific men of the present day are interested in investigating what they term psychical phenomena, under which head the following somewhat curious mental experience, or waking dream, may perhaps be classed.

The writer would be glad if some of these disinterested men of science and of insight would be kind enough to answer the question at the close of this short tale, in a thorough and impartial manner.

The shock that followed Aunt P.'s sudden death caused some sleepless nights among the members of the family, the writer being among the number. The first night he slept very little, but the next he did much better, sleeping through a greater part of the night. On the third night, as he lay patiently waiting for the much-needed sleep to come, there stole gently upon his consciousness the tones of a voice. Nearer and clearer it seemed to come, until he recognized it as that of his beloved cousin E., who died in 1888. The clear, ringing tones of her merry laugh resounded as in the days of long ago, before her health began to decline. There was no note of sadness in it; it was all joy! Words seemed to be mingled with the laughter, though not sufficiently distinct to be clearly understood. Then, after a momentary lull, he seemed to hear the quiet tones of his dear "Auntie's" voice in response to those of his cousin. She, too, seemed very happy in receiving the hearty welcome from her much loved niece.

It was the old-time welcome, just as it used to be, when on a thanksgiving day the two families were united for pleasant social intercourse—just as she always welcomed her nearest and dearest friends! The realization of it seemed to bring back his cousin's own personality in a striking and remarkable manner, and at that moment there seemed to be no doubt but that his dear "Auntie" was a gainer by the mysterious change called death that had so suddenly called her away from her earthly home and friends.

The sting of death was taken away, and a sweet peace, a calm content, took the place of anxious doubts that had before nearly taken possession of the dreamer. Indeed, it seemed to be a glimpse into a fairer land beyond the grave, where old friends are reunited, and where, the mask of the flesh having

been removed, soul is to soul revealed as never before.

"Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel death?"

"Death is the true idealizer—the true realizer, or revealer."

I am not prepared to say that this was a real experience, in the sense of actual discernment of another life beyond this, though it seemed very real at the time. In this earthly life we seem to have a sort of double consciousness, and, as Emerson once said, in a lecture that I had the good fortune to hear, "memory has a will of its own," and seems at times to force upon our senses the realization of certain events long past, in a manner and with a force such as the mere will, coupled with the imagination, as persistently refuses to do.

The question may perhaps be asked, "Are you sure that you did not fall asleep and dream it, and then awake again?" To this supposed question I can answer without hesitation, "Yes, I am sure that I was not asleep." Was it, then, a mere trick of the memory upon the tired imagination that produced this curious mental experience, or was it indeed what it seemed to be, a true spiritual vision? Answer, ye scientists! Ye men of education, and of insight, unclouded by prejudice or by preconceived opinions, give answer!

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

Two governments, the political and the industrial, confront one another in the United States and other advanced civilizations. The industrial has subordinated the political; the political now aspires to absorb the industrial beginning by the chief agencies of overland transport and communication.

Both the governments in question are electoral or representative, but the political is formed by promiscuous suffrage, the industrial by the exclusive votes of co-proprietors; hence the latter has apparently an oligarchic character, and the former a democratic. Appearances are often deceptive; behind the ballot box sits the caucus. The chiefs of industry may represent a greater number of intelligent units and definite purposes, than do the congress of the United States and the state legislatures. Democracy is blarney, and so is the republic.

Most or all sheets of radical pretensions in politics, decry industrial oppressions, while silent about their dependency on congressional or state privileges. Ignoring rather than ignorant of this general source of private monopoly in land, machinery and money, they would strike at them by increasing the power that creates them, while flattering "the people" that this power is theirs. These state socialist or nationalist organs assume that governmental proprietorship is essential to governmental control. In railroad management, the interstate commerce act of congress shows the fallacy of this assumption.

If now further, politicians were sincere in espousing the working man's interest, what should hinder congress, or state legislatures rather, from connecting with every charter granted, responsibilities for the employed, removing them beyond the terrors of cut-throat competition for wages.

Beyond the limits of personal use or pleasure; property is essentially the power to control or manage, and this legislatures already possess over the condition of overland transport. What need then to buy up railroads? Their proposed consolidation inspires terrors. It is assumed that their central administration would then speculate in lockouts and cuts, to the ruin of employes, and also assumed that consolidation of the same road, as public property under political management, would be paternally provident for employes, while conciliating safety with cheapness in transport.

Without advocating consolidation; I do not see why this should adopt as policy lockouts and cuts. The actual management is reproached with an exclusive love of profits, and the prospective with less conscience in the making of them. But less intelligence also is supposed in ignoring that equal qualities of services cannot be had for poorer pay, and that

other sort of work is deficiency of skill or of conscientiousness so promptly fatal to its aims of utility and profit. The ill will of a workman may at small risk to himself, contrive an accident of formidable disaster. Even without malign intention, such accidents are necessarily more frequent from the nervous derangements of underfed and overtaxed employees. Short of their comfort and contentment, there is no safety for either the railroad company, or for freight and passengers. An average pay of \$2 per diem is above that of other wage workmen, but will not safely admit of reduction. The question then before us is, whether the manager's conscience is not likely to be better enlightened towards employees by self-interest than the state officer's by partisan paternalism. Is it moreover desirable to add to official patronage, the control of an industry, the success of which is vital to our general prosperity and often even to our subsistence. The proprietary interest and ambition of gain are not the noblest motives, but what others are equally reliable for the faithful execution of work in the present average of moral development? There is substitution of forces, and the dynamo may replace steam; but no sentiment can get replace interest in the management of railroads. The ideal railroad will be a joint stock property for the greatest number of farmers and householders within convenient distance of it, and also of its own employees. As regards the risks of their displacement by consolidation is there not greater cause to fear it from every change of political parties in power were this industry a governmental function?

Aside from the lot of employees railroading is accused of being scandalously profitable. If this be true of some, has not state socialism the power to tax them down instead of risking by a change of management to make them scandalously unprofitable? In other cases the profits accrued from the spoliation of the original stockholders rather than from traffic in transport. In other cases from speculations in land grants for which the political government is the responsible authors. If it has abused the peoples' trust in favor of certain corporations, cannot the same power that granted revoke grants? Or is majority rule good for mischief and fraud but impotent for justice?

EDGEWORTH.

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In the Peabody Museum at New Haven may be seen a fossil bone of most enormous proportions, which once formed the femur of an *Atlantasauros*. This bone is over six feet in length; and a very simple calculation shows that, if the thigh bone were six feet long, the saurian itself must have been about thirty feet in height and a hundred feet in length. It is perhaps fortunate that this ungainly brute has been gathered to his fathers with most of his near relations, for they would seem sadly out of harmony with our western civilization of to-day; yet once their home was in the western country. The stone books of geology—Genesis in the original—tell us that these monsters, in one shape or other, have existed in nearly all latitudes at different times; for the bones of fossil saurians and mammalia have been found from the sterile hills of Patagonia to the frozen steppes of Siberia, and we can only wonder why such giant forms have passed away and given place to smaller. But the laws by which we are governed teach us—if we will learn—that the form surviving is ever the fittest form; so we may lay the flattering unction to our souls that the fittest, the noblest(?) form the world has seen is man, although that seems an unjustifiable aspersions on the character of the departed saurians. Geology also teaches us that, before the age of great mammals, there was a time when mammals did not exist, and great reptiles held sway. In the famous *Archeopteryx*, we see the mammal gradually changing into the bird; we see the reptile with feathers, the bird with teeth, a hybrid that gives reality to early Grecian myths, and a charm to the study of geology such as fairy lore had for the child mind in the long ago. Before the reptilian age, the amphibian had left its weird

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The earliest form of life—if we may use the word "life" in such relation—may be found to-day, as of old, in the quiet waters of the sea; and, if we only know how to ask questions, mother Nature will show us her first children, her first attempt at life, and, if we use the microscope rightly and seek for truth in loving faith, we will realize what one of our sweet singers sang:—

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This "dry science" opens to us a wonder-world that touches all life with a new glory, and lends a charm to what was once "common and unclean."

Taking a gauze net and a microscope to the seashore, we can soon fish from out the clear water a tiny speck of slime, invisible to all eyes save the student's. Placing it under our powerful lens, we find that the speck moves, that it has life, that it absorbs the oxygen from the water, gives off carbonic acid, and soon makes the drop of water foul. After patiently watching this little speck, we see that there project from its formless center tiny threads, microscopic fishing-lines that it protrudes and withdraws at its own sweet will. As we watch, we see it absorb particles of living matter still smaller than itself, and, although it has no mouth, no lungs, no nerves, no organs of any sort, it lives; it has life, and preys on even smaller forms of life. So here we have life, in a sense, without organism; here we have the beginning of all life. Yet, in its ultimate analysis, we know not how far this tiny speck has reached through the corridors of time for its progenitor; so, in this first child of nature, we have as great a mystery as in the gathering together of fiery circling suns or the birth of their attendant worlds. These tiny slime spots live, move, absorb food, and learn by slow degrees, as well as by infinitely slight changes, to adapt themselves to new and changing conditions.

Truly, few things are more interesting than to watch the processes of reproduction by division; and, by following this outward and upward, we see in this poor, shapeless, microscopic slime speck the source of countless forms of life, just as one finds the tiny rivulet in the Cordilleras to be the source of a mighty river, on which all the navies of the world might lose one another.

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sea, and to build himself a home. From this branch of the family sprang our molluscs and countless diverse forms; but our special builders learned to form little colonies, then to weave all their little threads together, and to make a sort of silken palace. But, after other forms of life developed, these gelatinous masses formed tempting mouthfuls, as though they were easily digested despite their somewhat stringy construction; so mother Nature—or shall we say instructive necessity?—taught this branch of the family the art of secreting not only carbonate of lime, but also silica; and, with these minerals, they built most wonderful shapes, such as tridents, crosses, anchors, and exquisitely beautiful forms for which we have no names, and these were used in their palaces of thread. Some really were for anchors, and fastened a house to a rock. Many were for weapons of defence, others offence, to catch and kill the microscopic victims of slime hunger; besides the other spicules which seemed devoted to strengthening the mass of slime. Thus, one way and another, this family learned to build for itself a home that was not grateful food to its enemies; and, growing so thread-like and stringy, naturally it went out of fashion as an article of diet in the fish world. Therefore, the slime builders were comparatively free to build, develop, and evolve. Some learned to secrete lime to such an extent that they built islands of lime, which in later days formed harbors for the ships of men, who called them "coral reefs"; others used flint or silica to such an extent that they became the flint sponges. In short, all sorts of fashions were evolved; for these dwellers in the sea multiplied so rapidly that the slightest variation was soon emphasized, and new varieties and species branched out, as Earnest Hæckel has so well shown.

Few people can form any idea of the powers of reproduction in the lower forms of life. It has been calculated that the young of an isolated daphnia would number, at the end of sixty days, 1,291,370,075. Now, the daphnia cannot be more prolific than its lower relations; but, admitting the above figures to be too high by half a dozen, there would still be an enormous margin on which to calculate in the matter of variation, even if the lower forms were no more prolific. Hence, it is not strange that the slime builders branched into many and various channels.

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One of the strange things about the sponge was the number of little amœbæ, or slime specks, that seemed to adhere to the sponge body. The microscope soon showed that these were young sponges, and it was not long before Dr. Bowerbank and other students traced their mode of birth and development. This little amœboid is really a capsule, having it a mass of tiny cells all fastened to one another like the sections of a mulberry; and, when the capsule breaks and the little mass is ejected from the parent mass by

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One of the strange things about the sponge was the number of little amœbæ, or slime specks, that seemed to adhere to the sponge body. The microscope soon showed that these were young sponges, and it was not long before Dr. Bowerbank and other students traced their mode of birth and development. This little amœboid is really a capsule, having within it a mass of tiny cells all fastened to one another like the sections of a mulberry; and, when the capsule breaks and the little mass is ejected from the parent mass by

one of the large orifices, it swims off, a free swimming animal. As each of the little cells has a tiny thread, or cilium, which it vibrates violently, and the mass being pear-shaped, it goes sailing gayly through the water, maybe, for several days, until it finds an anchorage. Thereupon, it settles down to the stern business of life, which in all times seems chiefly to have consisted of making a living.

The little free swimmer may have caught a glimpse of our sun by day or our stars by night; yet it could have been only a glimpse, inasmuch as it had little time to spare for observation. The tiny, cellular slime spot settles on a stone or any convenient place. One settled on a crab's back and grew to a great size, yet the crab never seemed troubled about his strange burden; but, as a rule, they settle on stones. Then the cilia disappear from the outside and begin work inside, and by constant whip-like motion produce a current that flows in through microscopic holes into a larger central hole, which has a vent, at what is now the upper end of the gelatinous mass. This current brings in animalculæ for food; and some of the cells are differentiated into builders, while others are weavers. So we have the very first lesson mother Nature gave her children in the division of labor—a lesson that each succeeding tribe has to a great extent to learn for itself.

On examining a sponge, it will be found full of small holes, each one of which will be found to lead to a larger one, and all the larger ones lead ultimately to the great faecal orifice; and the domestic economy of the sponge animal, zoöphyte, is clear. Some ciliated cells simply produce the food-bearing, oxygen-laden current; others weave the silken floss that makes the house; others, again, seem to support the earthy parts that support the mass. But all toil, and over the silken mass is spread the slime animal, which has no sense, yet builds so well; which has no organs, yet lives; which has blessed us with this "house not made with hands," so common in our bath-rooms, unfortunately so little understood.

Some of the slime builders raise coarse houses with many and large orifices. These use sand and other things in building; and their houses are almost valueless to man, or at best furnish the "five-cent-store" sponges, which hold only a little water and are harsh to the touch. While other builders have learned that the compact, silken mass is quite as good a protection as the harsh, sandy mass, and have given to commerce the soft, silky, Turkey sponge. So expensive is it that men have attempted to cultivate sponges. In Dalmatia, a living sponge is cut into small pieces, each piece is fastened to a stake under water, and in three years a large spherical sponge is the result.

Many are the wonders to be found in this one lowly family; but we may only point out one other, and that is the faculty of making glass that these slime spots have developed. There is a legend that, once upon a time, a man made a ball of flexible glass, but he was put to death for his pains, as it seemed impious to fly in the face of Nature. Nevertheless, of late years it is certain that men have striven persistently to learn the secret of making flexible glass. Is it not startling to find that our poor slimy little relative has been in possession of this art for untold generations?

In the deep waters of the Philippine Islands and in the neighboring seas may be found the most exquisite of all sea forms known as Venus' Basket, or *Euplectella speciosa*, a cornucopia-shaped basket, sometimes twelve inches long and an inch and a half in diameter at its largest end, formed by threads of pure glass, the whole forming a palace as wonderful as ever was built by the genii of the lamp at Aladdin's command. This is the dwelling-place and business house of our humble relation, and the glimpse we get of the harmonious adaptation of means to ends in this work hints of miracles that are all about us, and gives force to the words of the camel-driver of Mecca, who, when his followers asked for a miracle, said—and there is a Sinaidic tone in the reply for us in this nineteenth century—"Open your eyes."

Pitiful at times is the ignorance of the "open miracle" that is all about us; and it is only when we truly know what life is, and whither life doth go, that

we are able to regulate the affairs of life. To teach men how to live, while yet ignorant of the simplest principles of life,

"Were all as well to bid a cloud to stand
Or hold a running river with the hand."

THE NEW SOCIETY OF ETHICAL SPIRITUALISTS.

This society celebrated the forty-third anniversary of modern Spiritualism at its hall, 44 West 14th street, New York, on Sunday, April 5th. The affair was a fine success apparently, and gave new inspiration to the promoters of this new organization. Among those who took part were Dr. S. Silsbee, Mrs. L. Tuttle, Hon. A. H. Dailey, Prof. J. J. Watson, Mrs. C. R. Cushing, Dr. E. T. Crossette, Mr. W. C. Bowen, Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Miss B. V. Cushman and Mrs. Helen T. Brigham. Miss Cushman's remarks are here given in full:

Our thoughts naturally revert to-day to the old home at Hydeville, and there are probably few among the many Spiritualists here who have not thought—and thinking sighed—of that noble woman who but one year ago met with many of us at the celebration of this anniversary—and as we recall the genial companionship, and the true and tender friendliness—the purity, honesty, and courage that were hers—we regret the transition even to a higher life of Leah Fox Underhill. But again as we think of the sorrow and suffering—the physical pain and mental anguish through which she had to pass, we rejoice that she stands to-day not on the earth, but among the great cloud of witnesses. And with her there how many others of the stanch and steadfast, tried and true, loving and loyal of life long defenders of the truths of Spiritualism. As these spirits hover nigh how must they hail this day's dawning upon the realization of their fondest hopes—the birth of an ethical society in Spiritualism. O, brothers and sisters in the spirit land, friends and comrades of that happier band, we greet you! For even our dim eyes can almost see the smiling faces, even on our leaden ears there lightly falls the sound of spirit voices. They come to guide us, they come to help us, they come to work with us; with us but by no means alone for us, for we ourselves must work with all our wills, there's time for resting on the eternal hills. There are none so weak that they cannot in some way aid; there are none so poor in purse and talent that they cannot in some way help to push along this car of progression.

Financial aid we need assuredly, for though it is pleasant now to reflect that when we shall have shuffled off this mortal coil—we will have no further need of or care for money; while we are yet in the body and have a gospel to preach we must needs have a speaker, a hall, light, and warmth and music, and these necessitate money; and since you know the object of this society, I have no hesitation in asking you, earnestly asking you for that giving which enriches the giver, aiding to elevate and educate and to make of ourselves better men and better women. But we want your active earnest moral support more than this. The cause demands of its friends to-day that they avow themselves to be such. I know the objections; I know the unfortunate cause for hesitation. Until recently, until to-day, when asked the question, "Are you a Spiritualist?" I have answered "no—yes—that is, let me tell you"—and have thereupon proceeded to inflict upon my patient friends what seemed to me to be a very necessary qualification and explanation; for while it is an honor to be a Spiritualist none of us wish to be mistaken for the imitation article. But it seems to me now that the existence of a great number of counterfeits is not sufficient reason that the genuine coin should withdraw itself from circulation, or that being the case it but remains for us to call ourselves what we are—Spiritualists; to keep the name, than which there is no better, and then be careful that our lives attest the truth of our professions of honesty, morality, and sanity. If all the Spiritualists in the country to-day, ay if even those in this city alone would call themselves such—would attend the regular meetings of the societies and bring their children with them, the cause would at once take its proper stand in the estimation of the community. The time is coming as we gain in wisdom, strength, and moral courage, and I may not be a prophet but methinks I see the day when in this city a Spiritualistic temple shall lift its head upward, outward, toward the infinite space. A structure possibly not grand, and imposing, but representing and expressing our simple and beautiful faith as do now the grand cathedral spires, the grim and grey traditions of the past. When that temple is built it shall stand for something. It shall stand not for dogma and creeds of thirty-nine articles; not for superstition and the chains of ignorance, but for liberty in its truest sense—for charity in its broadest meaning, for the rights of every man, woman, and child and for the truth always. It shall stand with its face of flint

against the sacrifice of public welfare to private interest, against the subversion of public institutions, above all of the public schools, and personal and political prejudice or religious bigotry. It shall stand a perfect materialization of the spirit of Spiritualism—for all that is pure, true, and beautiful in earth, life, and for all that the heart hopes for in the future.

Friends, to this end we aspire with all our hearts. To this end we work with all our brains. To this end we pray—not with uplifted but with working hand and it is done.

ACUTE HEARING—NOT FACIAL PERCEPTION.

The following editorial article is copied from the *Examiner*, Bellefontaine, O., and the reply, which appeared in a later issue of the same paper, from the person to whom the article related:

We published an article recently on what is styled "Facial Perception," or the perception of objects by the blind through impressions made upon the skin of the face. Apropos of this we submit the following facts in seeming confirmation. We have, in this country, a blind man named Steeley who is a marvel in his way. That he is totally and utterly blind is a fact beyond question. He looks to be about the average height, straight as an Indian, and of lithe and active build. Though never a resident of our town, nor having been much in it, he nevertheless goes wherever he pleases on the occasion of his visits here, and goes alone, moving with a step more like that of a business citizen than of a man with sightless eyes. When he comes to a corner he makes a dead halt and "faces about" with military precision. On his first visit to our town, we have been told, he inquired the way to the home of a family living several miles in the country, and made the trip there successfully by virtue alone of the directions given him—a remarkable performance. He now makes his home in Rushcreek township, some six miles or more from here. During last summer and autumn he was a frequent visitor to our town, making the trip sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback. On his last visit, however, made in November, if we remember aright—he discarded both these methods of travel, and came in driving a Texas pony to a sulky. He drew up and alighted at Starkey's restaurant, on Main street. Hitching his pony to the rack, he went into the restaurant, and after refreshing himself with a lunch and chatting awhile with the boys who frequent the restaurant on that day (Sunday), he lighted a fresh cigar preparatory to starting for the drive back home. Quite a crowd gathered to witness the novel spectacle presented by his departure—for a novel spectacle it unquestionably was. How many of the people of this world have ever seen a totally blind man mount a sulky alone to drive a Texas pony six miles into the country? All who ever did, perhaps, were gathered in front of Starkey's restaurant on the Sunday in question. Turning his pony's head from south to north he started in a brisk trot. After driving two blocks and a half north, his route led east one square along Sandusky street, and then north again on Madison street. All were naturally curious to see him make the turn at Sandusky street, or rather whether he would make it or not. He was at so lively a gait when he struck the crossing that all expected to see him pass it, and make a blundering attempt at turning at a point above. Not so, however. Jerking his pony to an abrupt and sudden halt, he wheeled him into Sandusky street all right and disappeared. Whether the theory of "facial perception" is well-grounded or not, Steeley is far too venturesome for one without the natural organs of vision, and it would not surprise us any day to hear that an accident more or less serious had befallen him.

A LETTER FROM MR. STEELEY.

Editor Examiner:

RUSHSVLVANIA, March 25, 1891.

Having heard read an article in your paper on seeing through the face, and afterward a sketch of my adventures to back up the first, I thought I would write you a few lines, giving my ideas about perceptions through the skin. This has been a subject of a great deal of argument among the blind; and to any one who has not had a great deal of experience in total darkness, your statements as regards "face seeing" are very plausible. We, as blind people, however, do not accept your theory, and I am satisfied that were you better acquainted with me, and my ways and means of getting about, I would soon convince you that such a thing does not exist. I contend that the knowledge we have of coming in contact with any object is due to a very acute sense of hearing, which is entirely unknown to people who have the use of their eyes, and is only known to those who have depended absolutely on the sense of hearing for many years. When a person becomes blind, the strength does not go from his eyes to his ears, as a great many people suppose, but the organs of the ear become more delicate and active by constant use. When you saw me drive up Main street and wheel my

horse abruptly into Sandusky, it was not by any perception through the face, but by the sound of my cart wheels on the crossing echoing against the new Methodist church, which is off the sidewalk several feet. Had the court-house bell begun to ring when I was at that point, or anything else which would have made more noise than I did, I could not have made that turn so easily, but would have been obliged to have halted until it had ceased. I used to live in terror of the old Logan House 'bus, which made more noise than anything else in Bellefontaine. When meeting that on the street, I either had to halt until it was out of hearing, or run against everything on the street. Stop my ears, and I am 'in the soup!' If we are able to discern an object when we approach it, why, then, does this sight leave us when sound does also?

H. F. STEELEY.

CO-OPERATIVE AMUSEMENTS.

The author of the article given below, which is taken from the March number of the *Nationalist*, is Capt. Robert C. Adams, son of the celebrated Rev. Nehemiah Adams who wrote "The South Side View of Slavery." Capt. Adams, some years ago, was one of the best known sea captains that sailed from Boston, and he was much esteemed by orthodox people, especially for his piety and religious zeal. Of late years he has departed far from the faith of his fathers, has written a number of liberal works and is now president of the Montreal Freethought Club; but his interest in the welfare of his fellow beings is as great now as it was when he wrote books now used in Sunday schools.

Fletcher, of Saltoun, once wrote, "I knew a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." In a similar spirit one might now say—let me form the people's sports, and I care not who does the preaching.

As comfort and education become general there is an increased cultivation of amusement. The great workers are recognizing the value of diversion. Leaving business to business hours, they seek re-creation in play. The man at the head of the enterprise of building a transcontinental railway was asked how he could devote his evenings to games when he had such vast and varied interests to consider. His forcible, though inelegant, reply was: "If it wasn't for cards I should bust." Since sport is becoming so prominent an element in life, from infancy to old age, it is important to consider its effect not only upon present happiness, but as a formative of character.

It may fairly be claimed that the largest factor in the development of disposition is play; for all the early years of a child's life are given up to amusement, and it is reasonable to suppose that the chief occupation will be the principal educator. If, then, we see in human nature great evils that it is desirable to eradicate, we should attack them in the most susceptible years of life, and by the most influential means. We may assert that through the amusements of the young can the greatest impression upon character be effected, and by the diversions of adults can the greatest influence be exerted upon action.

What is the chief evil of the world? It is war, national or individual, manifested by murder in battle, by "getting the better" of others in trade, and by the struggle for social advantage—all arising from competitive strife for selfish aggrandizement. It is man's oppression of his fellow that causes social and economic ills. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," so wailed Robert Burns, but he saw the remedy and sang in prophetic strain—

"For a' that, and a' that,
Its coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

The brutal struggle for existence—nature's law of progress—is now being eliminated from the human race, and is giving place to the principle of peace and good will, mutual helpfulness, the sentiments of the golden rule, and of the diamond rule—do no harm. It is all important that this spirit should not only be inculcated by precept, but that it should be promoted by making it the sentiment underlying and permeating all play.

The child's education begins aright in this respect. Usually its order of toys is—rattle, ball, doll, blocks. Friendly aid helps it to enjoy these and to learn by experience nature's laws. Its effort is to overcome natural difficulties, and education proceeds upon moral and pleasurable lines. But as soon as reason is sufficiently developed the games become contests of skill or chance; the element of strife is the predominant feature, and victory over the companion is the end sought instead of victory over nature. The spinning top takes one to the mansion of happiness, the ball the other in the pillory. One exults; the other

is angered. The winner passes the post on the toy race-course by a neck, and the loser sheds tears of disappointment. Or in games where skill combines with chance, or even where chance is eliminated, the usual motive is not the thought of overcoming difficulty, but the desire to vanquish a competitor. Checkers, chess, cards, base ball, lawn tennis, billiards, cricket—all develop valuable qualities of mind and body, but are injurious to the heart by reason of the prominence given to personal antagonism. The lacrosse match often degenerates into a fight, and many a grave is due to a pack of cards. The effect of these diversions is to intensify the competitive spirit, to cultivate joy at another's expense, to deaden human sympathy, and prepare one to be a fit combatant in the demoralized arena of commercial warfare.

If we would induce men to earn their living by associated effort rather than by conflicting strife, we must so train the children that antagonism of their fellows will be distasteful to their natures. Coöperative games must take the place of competitive sports for the young, while the mature should unite in combining fun with helpfulness. Models of the latter method are still found in primitive districts where the house raising, the quilting bee, and the corn husking furnish enjoyment with usefulness. If, instead of spending an afternoon battling a ball and trampling the sod bare, men would unite to lay out walks in a park, or secure village improvements, they might get exercise for a worthy end and cultivate only friendly emotions. Sewing circles, if well conducted, are a good type of coöperative amusement in-doors, and when women get sufficiently emancipated from custom to be willing to dress suitably for outdoor work and exercise they will, perhaps, devise plans of uniting to care for the flower-beds, while the men make the paths in the public gardens.

Though earnest work is thus suggested as becoming a possible amusement, it is not intended to object to fun for mere fun's sake. The companionable walk, or ride, the united touring of bicyclists, skating, coasting, tobogganning, all these forms of exercise are free from offensive strife, and are to be commended. Whatever amusement tends to make the body stronger, the wits sharper, or the mind brighter, is to be approved when it does not involve unkind feelings towards others. The invention of indoor games, in which the players can combine their skill to solve difficulties, achieve triumphs over nature or promote mutual pleasure without, at the same time, causing feelings of ill-will or vain-glory, is a matter worthy the attention of nationalists.

There is one amusement that above all others fulfils the conditions required for the development of the coöperative sentiment in the young. It is dancing. From the standpoint of utility, it is commended by its cultivation of grace of carriage, politeness of manner, and muscular development, while morally it promotes friendly feeling, and aesthetically it gives the most delightful sensations. A cultivated artist declares, "dancing is the highest form of religion." It is the most graceful expression of the emotions, the most comprehensive manifestations of the instincts that favor harmony, rhythm, and method, and combines with all a human intimacy that develops the affectional nature, and through social freedom promotes fraternity and equality. The square dance begins with salutation. All through its figures the effort of each is to aid the other and prevent anyone from going wrong, for here is realized the motto, "all for each and each for all." The welfare of the set depends upon the well-doing of each member, and the enjoyment of each one depends upon the perfection of the whole. In the round dance the partners suggest improvement to each other, mutual satisfaction is the aim, and instead of, as at chess, trying to suppress the gleam of triumph that might warn the enemy of his intended false move, the effort is to manifest helpfulness at the first intimation of difficulty. For the development of human sympathy the means of amusement that rank with the dance are the novel and the theatre.

By the cultivation of these amusements and the initiation of others, in which the spirit of mutual helpfulness shall replace antagonism, we shall produce from friendly children coöperative men and women. When we cease to fight in play, we shall cease to war in earnest.

ONLY TWO SENSES.

By far the most interesting patient now at the Jamaica Plain Kindergarten for the Blind is Willie Elizabeth Robin, the 6-year-old Texas girl who can neither see, hear nor speak, says the Boston *Advertiser*. The child has been at the kindergarten for a little over a month, having been admitted on December 20th. But in this short period of time, gratifying, not to say wonderful, progress has been made in her case by her teacher, Miss Effie J. Thayer. Miss Thayer, who has sole charge of the child so far as in-

struction is concerned, was formerly at the School for Deaf Mutes in Mystic, Conn., where she taught for a year with great success. She was specially engaged to come to the Jamaica Plain institution to take charge of the little Robin girl.

To a reporter Miss Thayer spoke most interestingly of the progress which she has made in a short month's time with the sadly afflicted child. The teacher devoted her first week at the kindergarten to getting acquainted as far as possible with the child. Willie is a very bright child, and although in the six years of her life she has never received any instruction, she was by no means ignorant of all that took place in the great unseen world about her. Willie's powers of perception and imitation are very great. As an illustration of this, Miss Thayer a day or two ago found the child making up her own bed. Willie had often "watched" (it becomes very natural to speak in this way) her teacher busied with the same duty in her own room.

Willie was given her first lesson on December 31st, and she has already learned twelve words. The story of the first steps in the child's mental training—how she was brought to know that objects have names—is intensely interesting. Short, simple words like "hat" and "fan," names of objects with which the child was familiar, were first taught her. The objects themselves were given her, and then their names were spelled out with the child's fingers. It required infinite patience, but at last there came a time when the child would spell the name of the object of her own accord. And then the first great step in advance was gained.

The child spelled out hat for the first time as she was on the point of being taken out for a walk. She had been dressed for the walk but her hat was withheld. Willie was eager for the walk and reached out vainly for her hat. It was not given her; but she was coaxed to spell the word "hat," which she had been assisted to do so many times before. It was a half-hour's struggle, but at last the impatient child made the "h" and the "a" and the "t." It was a victory, indeed. The child's hat went on her head in a twinkling and the walk followed. An interesting point in this experience was that the child would make the "h" and then hold out her hand for the hat as much as to say that the first letter would do as well as the complete word itself. In the same way Willie will be content with making the "f" instead of the three letters when she wants her fan.

Milk is another word that the child has been taught. She is required to spell it out every morning at breakfast before the liquid is poured upon her oatmeal. She also spells out "boots" when they are put on her feet, and again when they are taken off. One of the words which Willie has been taught is "water." She has been accustomed all her life to signify her thirst by closing her hands tightly, and crossing her arms and striking her chest. But now she is encouraged to spell the word "water" when she wants a drink.

Willie has learned the following words: Fan, hat, ring, water, bread, candy, pin, paper, boots, wagon, cubes (the raised letter blocks with which she loves to play), and milk. Within ten days after instruction had begun she recognized that objects had names. It was with the cubes that the very first step was made in this direction. The child was taught the letter of a cube and so came to associate it with the object itself.

As has been said, Willie, although so sorely afflicted, is a very bright child. She weaves little mats, and models in clay a few simple objects with which she is familiar. When she came to the kindergarten a little over a month ago, she was like a "little steer" in her nervousness and impatience. Now she is a quiet child and is beginning to show affection for those about her, a quality in which she seemed to be wholly deficient when she first came to the kindergarten.

Willie is to be a physiological study. Nothing whatever of a religious nature will be taught her. Her development in this direction will be left to herself. It will be interesting to know the inquiries which the child will make when in process of time she comes to read books and be informed of the problems of life, death and immortality.

Willie is a pretty, fair-haired child, large for her age and always ready for a frolic. She came into the reception room during the reporter's visit to the kindergarten. Being given the reporter's hat she spelt out the name. Willie's affliction is due to congestion of the stomach, from which she suffered at an early age. The child has a pretty face, all but her poor sightless eyes. These do not spoil the generally contented, even happy look on her face, but they are apt painfully to remind the gazer of the child's treble sad affliction.

MOTHER.

Nobody knows the work it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it makes;
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows;
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer;
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought;
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Least darlings may not weather
The storms of life in after years;
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels to the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift, a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

Col. T. W. Higginson, in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar*, defends women from the general criticism that upon the lists of "favorite authors and selected immortals, which appear so frequently in the newspapers, the women there brought forward represent a far lighter quality of work than the men." He does not deny this, but shows why the literary work of women is almost entirely confined to novels and poems, work in which a regular intellectual training does not tell as in science, philosophy, history or criticism. "An editor is always able to call upon some woman for a good story, and has no difficulty in obtaining good poems, but if he wishes a thoroughly trained woman to whom he may intrust a difficult piece of literary criticism, or an important study in history, he is perplexed to know where to turn, and as a result the work is commonly done by men." Mr. Higginson mentions the fact that it is only within a very few years that women have had, save in very exceptional instances, what may be called solid training. He thinks the excellent work done by women in the historical electives of our colleges, and the theses written as the result of studies, indicate that the maturer work of these women will command respect. He says: "As yet, it must be remembered, only their preliminary opportunities are provided, for even the Ph. D. or Master of Arts course is but a preliminary. The young man takes this second degree, then goes to a German university, and perhaps comes back to some professorship; the young woman, if she reaches the German opportunities at all, comes back to teach, perhaps, primary Latin or elementary physics in some high school." Attention is called to the fact that a large proportion of the contributors to the *Nation*, for instance, are connected with some university, and that women have not this vantage ground. "Some of the best trained women known to me are severely handicapped in this way. They are obliged to see their hard-won acquirements grow rusty because there still exists, even in women's colleges and in high schools and in public libraries, an impression that when a man knows a certain thing he must know it better than a woman." To the claim that she has more leisure, Mr. Higginson says that, being shut from the society of her peers and the current of thought, her leisure must be occupied with an inferior grade of work. He concludes as follows: "There are some other ways in which the higher intellectual work of American women has been less than was expected, as, for instance, in the small part so far taken by them in those learned societies which are open to them. There being one Maria Mitchell, for instance, it seemed surprising that there should be only one, and it is curious to notice the non-appearance of women in the work of the American philological society, which has been open to them from the beginning, and in which their numbers diminish rather than increase. In the American historical society and the social science association they have taken a rather large part, and in the American folk-lore society their work has been quite essential.

On the whole, it may be said that the progress of women must evidently be made all along the line. Anything that hampers it in any one direction—as, for instance, the difficulty of obtaining professorships—must hamper it in all ways, and we cannot tell what woman will actually accomplish until her path is absolutely cleared of all obstacles but those lying within her own nature."

Referring to the increasing practice in England of combining the maiden name with the husband's the London *Queen* says: In England there are many ladies who do not, on marriage, like to abandon the name which they have rendered celebrated. Cases in proof of this are Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M. D., Mrs. Jopling Rowe, Mrs. Lancaster Wallis, Mrs. Pechey Phipson, M. D., and many more. In Norway, however, a step further has been taken, and the husband now sometimes couples his wife's surname with his own. Lately a sculptor of some celebrity named Rowell married a Miss Smith, and called himself Mr. Rowell-Smith, his wife being Mrs. Rowell-Smith. The only difficulty with these doubled-barreled names arises in the case of daughters of such couples, for what are these to do when they marry? They must drop one of their appellations, or in a few generations their style and title would become too lengthy to be endured. Some ladies of advanced views adopt another plan and retain their own instead of their husband's Christian name. Thus, instead of Mrs. John Brown and Mrs. Charles Black, we frequently hear of Mrs. Jane Brown and Mrs. Charlotte Black. What custom will finally determine in this difficulty can only be a matter for conjecture.

There is small reason for the sharp criticism indulged in by the press upon the difficulties met by the lady managers of the world's fair, says the Chicago *Daily Times*. It has not happened that the gentlemen have been so perfectly at harmony as to warrant the assumption that the quarrel among the ladies is indicative of their incapacity for self-government. Many citizens of Chicago have looked on with admiration at the capacity of these ladies to do something, even if that be only to dispute to some purpose. There has been trouble, and the ladies have settled it promptly. Their ability to make an end of the whole matter so quickly suggests the propriety of allowing the two boards to change places and make the ladies the real executives. It is fair to presume that they would have solved the lake-front problem without wasting a whole precious year. They would have marched down to the Illinois Central and the officials of the road would have capitulated at once. This is more especially probable since the board has gained the prestige of having conquered a rebellion in its own ranks. Thus far when the gentlemen have been forced to a bad position and the event has been doubtful they have appealed to the ladies, and have always received immediate relief. If they would now either turn the whole matter over to their better-halves or admit them to full partnership they would be able to report better progress than has been manifested on the sterner side of this enterprise.

When the years have gone by and this generation has "passed away" the name of a woman now little known, at least in this country, will have become a prominent figure in history. This woman is Mme. Olga Novikoff, a Russian, who has divided her time for the last twenty years between Russia and England, and who exercised much political influence during the Russo-Russian war. Mme. Novikoff is an authoress, a pamphleteer and a journalist, and has come to be regarded as being a channel by which Russian views reach English ears. She has succeeded in establishing a position of influence and prestige, and she has introduced to the British public an understanding of the Russian people. She won Mr. Gladstone to her side at once, and while she was still unmarried carried on an extensive correspondence with him in regard to Russian affairs. J. A. Froude was one of her devoted admirers, and among her intimate friends a dozen years ago she counted Thomas Carlyle and A. W. Kinglake.

In Philadelphia the system of placing police matrons at station houses where female prisoners are confined has been in practice for several years, and has worked admirably. There have been many cases in which female prisoners have been so lost to shame and decency that it apparently mattered little to them whether they were

searched and cared for by men or women. But there have also been numberless cases in which young girls, arrested for their first offence, have been preserved from further degradation, cheered, sustained and helped to reform and lead honest lives by the noble-hearted women in whose charge they were placed at the station houses. The police matron system here should be put in working order in every city in the United States.

THE BILL AGAINST FRAUDULENT MATERIALIZATIONS.

On Thursday of last week the editor of THE JOURNAL appeared by invitation before the judiciary committee of the Illinois Senate at Springfield, and made an argument in support of the bill to punish frauds in spirit materialization. At the conclusion of his remarks the committee by a unanimous vote referred the bill back to the Senate with the recommendation that it become a law.

The bad faith of those who, while loudly denouncing fraud, oppose this wise and temperate bill is clearly manifest in that not one of them has accepted our offer to jointly present the bill to a first-class lawyer and then publish his opinion in THE JOURNAL. These rampant howlers and soda water editors have also failed to offer any substitute for the bill which shall accomplish the purpose aimed at, and yet avoid danger to the innocent, as they were invited by us to do. The fact is the bill is open to no valid objection. The trouble with some of its opponents is this: They know the tricksters can trick with impunity under existing statutes, and this means revenue to all concerned. Some who oppose the bill are honest enough but lack the power to do adult thinking and are under the psychical domination of the mottled mob that demands unrestricted license to plunder.

THE SHALAM SEER GONE.

Dr. J. B. Newbrough, formerly a leading dentist of New York city, passed to Spirit-life at the farm of the colony of which he was the founder, near Las Cruces, New Mexico, on April 22d. Dr. N. was the subject of very strange experiences; how far they were the result of spirit influences and how much a disordered brain had to do with them cannot be determined. A huge and very remarkable book called "Oahspe" was written by him. He claimed to be controlled by spirits to write it and that he did it on type-writing machines, using one for each hand, the hands working independent of each other. The book had a considerable sale and quite a number of intelligent people were enthusiastic over it, claiming that for them it far surpassed all other books as a religious and moral guide and inspiration. Following the publication of "Oahspe," Dr. N. gave up his lucrative dental practice and undertook to found a colony in New Mexico, based on the peculiar teachings of the book and under the guidance as he believed of spirits. Securing the coöperation of a wealthy Boston gentleman, a considerable tract of land was procured and a very few volunteers for the experiment. The enterprise was a miserable failure from the first, as might have been easily foreseen from the beginning. Dr. N. finally despaired apparently of regenerating adults and fitting them for his paradise on the sandy desert whose natural products were limited to alkali water and cacti and where only by severe labor, large expenditures for irrigation, and wide experience could the arid wastes be made to blossom. He thereupon went to New Orleans and started a baby hospital which seems to have languished, not for want of babies, of all colors and ages, but through lack of financial support. Two or three summers ago he made a tour of the New England Spiritualist

camps in the interest of his humanitarian enterprise, but received little substantial assistance. The case of Dr. Newbrough presents one of the most perplexing psychophysiological studies known to modern times.

PIATT AGAINST WRIGHT.

A verdict of \$8,000 was given Miss Rhoda J. Piatt against Mr. J. Clegg Wright in the Cleveland, Ohio, court of common pleas on April 21, for breach of promise. It appears that almost up to the day on which Wright married Miss Maltby he was courting Miss Piatt. Notwithstanding the glowing account given in the Cleveland *Leader* of "Professor" Wright's large income, his position as dean of a Cincinnati medical college and his property in the neighboring kingdom of New Jersey, it is quite probable the defendant will beat the execution. Miss Piatt's verdict has about as much financial value as a bond of the late Confederate States of America. THE JOURNAL trusts that Miss Piatt has got satisfaction in securing the verdict, for it is certain had she secured the husband she would not.

The latest definition of God by the philosopher who has written a big book on "The Soul of Man"—which, as the *Tribune* of this city says, "so far as the subject that gives title to the book is concerned is somewhat like the famous chapter on snakes in the natural history of Ireland"—is the following: God is "the sum of those experiences to which we have to conform, those manifestations of nature which we cannot forbear, those laws of cosmic existence which we have to obey." A contributor to *Unity* commenting upon this definition says:

If God is "realities of experience," why not define him as all the realities of experience and not simply as "those to which we have to conform." If one class of "realities of experience"—those to which we have to conform—constitutes God, what do the other "realities of experience"—those to which we do not have to conform—constitute? If one class is God, and the other is not, then there are realities of experience fundamentally unlike. Is this monism or moonism? Again God is "those manifestations of nature which we cannot forbear." If God is "manifestations" merely, why not define him as all the manifestations of nature, whether we can "forbear" them or not. But why define God as "manifestations of nature?" If one say that God is that ultimate reality which is manifested in nature, or is nature, is the universe in its entirety, he says what is entitled to the consideration of a thinker; but who, with any philosophic capacity and ability to express his thought, will say that God is certain manifestations of nature—those "which we cannot forbear?" And God is "those laws of cosmic existence which we have to obey." Are there some laws of cosmic existence which we do not have to obey? But why call God "laws of cosmic existence?" Laws are modes of action. They do not exist *per se*. In strictness of speech the laws of nature do not govern, do not determine nature's operations. They are rather those uniform modes of action determined, I should say, by the constitution or nature of that which is the basis of all phenomena, and are expressions of the ultimate reality, or modes in which it manifests itself to the human mind. Where is the logic in declaring that these modes of action, these expressions of power, are the veritable reality, God? If the word is self-existent and eternal, the ultimate basis of all activity, why not say God is that which supplies all "realities of experience," rather than that God is "those laws of cosmic existence which we have to obey?" The entire definition seems to me to indicate crudeness and confusion of thought.

Mrs. Emma Miner, the author of the story published in a recent number of THE JOURNAL, entitled "Was it a Dream?" who is doing good work in distributing Spiritualist literature, and in various other ways awakening interest in the good work, is arousing opposition to herself among the clergy of Clinton, Mass., where she resides. They unconsciously bear testimony to her

seriously impaired. At all times it was impossible for him to see the coming person before his form appeared, or to hear his approach through ordinary channels of hearing; for the snow lay deep on the ground from last of November to the middle of the present month, March.

The question how Toodles could become aware of the approach of people still invisible and at such a distance occupied our attention, and at last the subject became one of frequent discussion. The dog had a pedigree of no mean quality, and it was a matter of speculation whether through the long descent of trained ancestry a supersensuous quality had not evolved. Of course, we could only speculate; but our speculation came to a sudden and unhappy end. A neighbor living on the main road possessed a huge dog of indifferent breed, who was rarely liberated from his chain. One day, near the middle of February, Toodles ventured within his reach. We found him at the kitchen porch, torn, mangled and bleeding, unable to mount the steps. He was borne to the study of his mistress, where his wounds were dressed and everything done that love and skill could suggest in the way of alleviating his condition. His moans were like those of a hurt child. At his usual bed hour he left the couch on which he was laid and went to his usual resting place in another room. At one o'clock that night, hearing a noise, his mistress went to the door and found him in a dying state. She watched him breathe his last, sad and regretful.

The ensuing night she was awakened by the bark of a dog—that of Toodles, clear, distinct and repeated. His mistress rose in bed and listened. At breakfast she related the strange phenomena, and speculations regarding Toodles broadened beyond the limits of earth life. The following night again she was aroused from a semi-conscious state by the same sharp, quick bark, the voice of Toodles distinctly audible. Since nothing has been heard. Did the spirit energy early expend itself and find annihilation, or did it seek the happy hunting ground of its ancestors and go where all good dogs go? We wonder.

ELIZABETH A. BRYANT.

YORK, ME.

GENERIC LAW.

TO THE EDITOR: IN THE JOURNAL of March 21st, I find the following in Mr. Featherstonhaugh's article relating to spirit identity: "Beyond these two ideas we find no tenable ground and absolutely nothing to stand upon. Elementaries, shells, gnomes, devils or seducing spirits not of our own race, make no part of any argument we can show evidence for, or have any reason to discuss."

In regard to this class of superstitious beings, I will be governed by this postulate: That God never created an intelligent being in heaven, hell or earth only by the blending of positive and negative elements on the material plane of life. Hence all spiritual beings have a mundane origin. An elemental spirit is one that never was born, never saw daylight—an embryotic germ.

This explains the admission of some spirits that "they never were born," the root of the doctrine of pre-existence. Paul tells us that "Christ was the first born of every creature," that is, he came by the same generic law. Then it logically follows that every creature came by the same principle of law that Christ did.

But how is it in regard to all the inhabitants of the spiritual realm? Again we are told, speaking of Christ, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." If we interpret allegorical language by natural law, then the conclusion is reached, that the "whole family of heaven" includes all spiritual identities, and that they were individualized by the one eternal generic law.

If Infinite Wisdom reigns throughout the universe, it is evident that the same generic law pertains to all worlds. To suppose that God ordained a law for this world and another for Mars and Jupiter, implies in thought a denial of divine attributes. Hence, all spiritual beings have a mundane origin. A perfect code of laws cannot be altered without producing an imperfection. As Christ came by the same generic law by which every creature came, Adam's advent was by the same principle of law, the blending of positive and negative elements in protoplasm. Hence, the Gods said, "let us make man in our image." How did the Gods get down to the material plane? By the principle called spirit materialization. When the higher class assume matter they are under the same law that you are.

DR. BENTLEY.

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truth of her teachings by declaring that she "is doing great harm by unsettling people's religious beliefs." At a recent anniversary celebration of the G. A. R., for which Mrs. Miner had patriotically prepared a poem, they objected to her reading it on the ground that "as she was a woman her voice could not be heard in that great hall," but her friends insisted that she should read it, and the result was that according to the account given by her hearers, she was heard even more distinctly than the preachers themselves, and was applauded much more enthusiastically. She is now giving a course of lectures in Clinton on "Bible Spiritualism, and its Parallel in Modern Times," which is arousing considerable thought-inspiring discussion in that town.

Eliza Ann Wells, whilom star in Henry J. Newton's materialization menagerie, has come to grief again. This time in San Francisco, and while personating the materialized spirit of Emma Abbott. Mr. E. P. E. Troy attended the séance with three lady friends; doubting the bonafide nature of the apparition he grabbed it, and as a result found himself rolling on the floor with the portly Eliza Ann in his arms. As usual in such shows a couple of helpers were present who undertook to punish Mr. Troy, but the prompt exhibition of a harmless pistol discouraged them, and brought from Mrs. Wells the exclamation, "Oh, here's a man going to shoot me! Help!" This is the sort of personating which the bill now before the Illinois legislature is calculated to suppress. Is there any self-respecting Spiritualist who can stand up and oppose a law aimed at such exhibitions? If there is such an one, let him speak.

Marcus T. Janes, Providence, R. I., who contributes an article to this number of THE JOURNAL, writes: I was much interested in Mr. Underwood's discourse at the funeral of Warren Chase, published in your issue of March 14th, a copy of which some kind friend—I know not who—sent me. Two recent deaths in our own family cause us to think more about the mystery of death, and the problem of future life, that is so much called in question by many thinking men and women of the present day; and though we do not think that any amount of talk will settle the question—which lies deeper than any language, or even thought—yet we find the subject interesting, not to say fascinating, and are glad to exchange ideas upon it with other interested ones. I wish you much success in the publication of your high-toned journal.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, a lecturer of some repute in certain circles, and who passed for years as the wife of "Professor" W. F. Peck though never assuming his name, has been sued for divorce by her alleged husband. It transpires that there never was any regular marriage, and the Massachusetts judge before whom "Professor" Peck brings his complaint doubts if the contract amounted to marriage. Mrs. Lake having declined longer to hold the relation of wife to the man Peck, he seeks relief. Why he should now be so strenuous to do things legally in view of his record is a conundrum.

Mrs. S. F. Pirnie desires THE JOURNAL to state that she will not be able to give medical treatments or séances while she remains in Cleveland.

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SPIRIT TESTS IN TEXAS.

TO THE EDITOR: A Mr. Ed Smith and his wife, Susie Smith, both respectable people well known here—Mrs. Smith, the medium—have been giving or holding séances in this city for the last few months, and most wonderful things have taken place. They lived in a rented cottage of about four rooms, in a very thickly settled portion of the fourth ward of this city; one room of about sixteen feet square, ceiled with pine plank in the plainest possible manner, served as a séance room, all the furniture in the room being a piano, a small table and chairs enough to seat twelve or fifteen persons. The house is on brick pillars about two and a half feet high, and all open under the house so that we could see everything under the house. The medium was seated in one corner of the room; upon an open empty box that all could and did examine from time to time, carefully. A curtain of black calico, about six feet deep, was stretched across the corner of the room, with an opening in the middle, thus hiding the medium from view. In from fifteen to twenty minutes the medium would become entranced, and very soon well defined materialized forms would appear and walk about the floor in front of us, until they were recognized by some one present, and then after a few moments would vanish and give place to another; and in this way we would have fifteen or twenty materializations of an evening. The materialized spirits, in many instances, after being recognized, playing and talking with their friends in the most familiar manner, would vanish bodily through the window, in the presence of us all; and after an absence of half an hour, would come bodily through the window and jump down on the floor in our midst, and after waiting to the music and promenading the floor, would vanish. In numerous instances female materialized figures would pull a young man out of the audience and dance and play with him for a time, and then dissolve. On one occasion a man came to the séance who had a badly diseased eye, and was about to lose it in spite of the efforts of the physicians for two years to cure it. The spirits had a chair placed in front of the audience and near the cabinet, but in full view of us all, and two materialized spirits came out from the cabinet, one a man and the other a woman, and operated upon him and told him that they felt confident that they would be able to cure him; and he recognized one as being his mother and the other a physician that he knew in earth life. They operated upon him at leisure in the presence of the audience, conversing familiarly with him all the while. He is a wonderfully delighted and happy man, and feels confident that they will cure him. My daughter, who had been dead for many years, came out and took a seat beside me in a chair, conversed with and played her hands familiarly over me; and then slowly dematerialized in the chair beside me, in the presence of at least fifteen or twenty persons. She came again several times, put her arm around my neck and fondly caressed and conversed with me; and my wife, her mother, who has been dead for many years, materialized and came to me in the most affectionate manner, conversing and running her hands fondly over me at the same time.

A man by the name of Brunner, who had been attending the séances pretty constantly, engaged Mrs. Smith to hold a séance in the parlor of his house. I was present, and the séance was better than usual. He did this to satisfy himself and others that there was no juggling or contrivance about the house. I have only related a few of the many thrilling scenes and events that took place at Mrs. Smith's séances during the twenty-five or thirty nights that I was there. Things occurred that are too incredible to tell, and if I was to tell of them my story would not be believed. I have been a Spiritualist for thirty years and have seen every phase of Spiritualism, and been a close investigator all the while, and constantly on the watch for tricks and deception, but I could not discover any here. We burnt a kerosene lamp, generally turned down just enough to make a shade in the room, everything in the room visible, however, to us all; but the most wonderful things occurred with a large, bright light burning in the centre of the room. There was generally from

twenty to thirty persons present, and formed in the shape of a half circle in front of and not further than ten feet from the medium, and the wings of the circle came to within three to six feet of her, and now you can see just how difficult it would be to practice any deception. Mrs. Smith has three spirit controls with her in the cabinet, one an Indian, and a man who calls himself Owen, and his wife, who calls herself Miss Carrie, and all three talk to us in a clear, strong voice, very intelligently, during all the séance, which lasts from two to three hours, and Miss Carrie often comes out, stands before us and lectures superbly and in a manner that cannot be criticised, and she comes around and shakes hands in the usual manner with each one of us. Mr. Owen, who is the main spirit control, talks to us during all the séance in a strong and clearly audible voice, and with usual intelligence. Mrs. Smith's health was failing, and her spirit control urged her to go to the mountains in California; and they have gone to a place in California called Summer Land, where it will be cheap at any cost for any one who is anxious about the future life to go and spend a few days and get the unmistakable facts.

HOUSTON, TEXAS. W. HARRAL.

TWO NOBLE SPIRITS.

TO THE EDITOR: I desire to thank you for the most satisfactory article in regard to "Gen. Sherman's religion" in THE JOURNAL of March 21st, showing in his own words just where he stood, all his life long, no doubt, in regard to the church, its policy, its teachings, and its priestcraft. Nothing that he says, however, militates against its integrity more than the action of his son "administering the last sacrament" to his father when he, the son, had declared before he took orders, that his father "was not a Catholic." The sacrament dispensed while the father was unconscious!

But the general's wisdom was as noticeable as his courageous record. I say courageous; it was the truth which he could not help speaking, which he would not conceal nor disobey any more than he would conceal his sentiments or disobey the leadings of conscience in Louisiana at the outbreak of the war. Then he informed the authorities of the military academy of the state that he preferred "to maintain his allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives." "If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense," he declared, "for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States." Like Gen. Grant, while he was utterly true, he was as unpretending. And he uttered what the truth required in regard to the Romish church while evidently he said no more than he considered necessary, on account of the feelings and prepossessions of his family. But he bore most emphatically his testimony. The truth should not suffer at his hands. It was born in him, and was part of his inherited constitution.

How admirably commanding are such men! "The virtues of [such] men, indeed, keep the planets in their places," as the ancient sage affirmed. True to himself, Gen. Sherman could not be false to any. True to himself, he could not neglect any duty. How much a great many readers must have enjoyed the address at Princeton College in memory and appreciation of Prof. Joseph Henry, sent to the *Inter Ocean* by a correspondent, from a page in his scrap-book. How religious Gen. Sherman's attitude, how uplifting his thought! and it seems to me he gained an inspired view of this teacher of nature, who imparted knowledge of the atmosphere, chemistry, of steam, of electricity, of the harmonies of sound and light, and who knew that all science emanates from the Creator, and is governed by universal and unchangeable law. Gen. Sherman said that "of all men Prof. Henry seemed the most inspired with the feeling 'Nearer my God to thee.'" Then following up, from the atmosphere we breathe, all the steps of knowledge that he had taken in science, he dwelt upon "his elaboration of natural truths, that the planets obeyed their law, and the seasons would come and go with unchanging regularity; wheat would ripen and roses bloom; that nature's laws were undisturbed by man's madness and folly; and so he reasoned that God would bring order out of chaos." How beautiful would it be if we all could gain such lessons, and by retreating to our closets of reason and peace, out of the din and conflicts of the unreasoning world of lower men, to reflect on immutable laws, and listen to the voice in our

souls. It is very doubtful if any clergyman or philosopher could preach a more comprehensive or conclusive sermon in support of natural religion than this address at Princeton contains. Associated with Prof. Henry, as regent in the Smithsonian Institution, he "listened with exquisite pleasure to his exposition of the complicated phenomena of nature." No less did he admire his "faith which nerved and strengthened the strong arm of our government, and aided materially our martyr president in guiding the ship of state through the difficult shoals and breakers" of the Rebellion. In this beautiful tribute Gen. Sherman appeared not only a true and loving friend, but a worthy compeer in the faith, which was the life of the exalted philosopher and naturalist.

DETROIT, MICH. G. A. F. S.

"JESUS BROUGHT BACK."

TO THE EDITOR: Such is the title of a singularly simple yet scholarly and able book, by Rev. J. H. Crooker of Madison, Wisconsin. A book which not only shows the broad and free, yet reverent thought of its author, but shows, too, by its publication by A. C. McClurg & Co., of this city, and its dedication "To the University Channing Club" at Madison, the great change in the spirit of our times. Such publication and dedication would hardly have been possible twenty-five years ago. In the introduction we are told: "It is a misfortune to have the man Jesus hidden out of sight behind the dogmas of speculative theology.... because they remove him from the strictly natural and human fellowship which ought to unite us to him, while they cut us off from the most rational and inspiring appreciation of his character.... An age which asks justice for Mohammed and pays loving tribute to Buddha cannot with reason be indifferent to Jesus. The man who leaves untasted the waters from this fountain neglects one of his greatest helps to the divine life; and the man who turns a cynical spirit toward this Prophet of Galilee simply condemns his better self and ignores his one possibility. In this age.... it is worth while to cultivate as rational an appreciation of Jesus as possible." To help this appreciation is the aim of the two hundred pages of this valuable book, in which we are told of the messianic hopes of how the gospels were written by men not infallible, and of Jesus "probably an artisan in his youth," and becoming a preacher of righteousness "of great independence of spirit, remarkable knowledge of human nature, a large capacity for using fresh and striking illustrations.... remarkable acumen and strength.... rational faculty highly developed, pre-eminent in infinite kindness and compassion.... a man tender to the poor, the lowly, the sinful.... who revered the sanctity of human nature in whatever condition."

Of the influence of Jesus to-day it is finely said: "He saves us by educating our humanity; by what he adds to our inner life. The goodness he made actual among the Galilean hills, still shining with undimmed lustre, will forever help man to lift himself above his animal and transient to his moral and eternal life." A great deal is condensed in this volume, yet with no lack of clearness. Its gifted author thinks with serene wisdom along spiritual lines and so does admirable and needed work in making new and better views supplant outworn and fading dogmas.

G. B. STEBBINS.

STILL ANOTHER DOG GHOST.

TO THE EDITOR: Up to the middle of February last we were in possession of a dog, a Scotch terrier. Of all the breeds of small dogs this is the most intelligent, and Toodles maintained the reputation of his race, possessing peculiarities that made him, in our view, remarkable. Our cottage stands on a rocky knoll, between two hills, and about the distance of four city blocks from the main public road that runs along the margin of the steeper hill. This road is invisible to us until it turns a sharp corner, where the two roads intersect.

The little fellow was an excellent watch dog; no one could approach the house without Toodles first giving the signal. Long before either vehicle or pedestrian appeared in view at the turn of the road Toodles, in whatever part of the house he might be, ran to the window and with paws on the sill, gave utterance to sharp, shrill series of barks.

In a fight with another dog last summer he lost an eye, and for weeks both eyes were threatened, so that his vision was

THEN AND NOW.

By H. L. R.

I am weary, oh! so weary, of this empty, worthless life,
Of the burdens which its children carry through
its bitter strife,
Of its promises, its failures, of the good it never brings,
And I'm longing for the shadows of the sweet
death angel's wings;

For the grave so low and silent, where the pains
of life all cease—
And the winds among the grasses whisper lullabies
of peace,
While the solemn stars shine o'er me in the long
eternal sleep.
Where no sound shall break my slumber in the
earth so dark and deep.

Thus I moaned among the shadows, never dream-
ing that the light
Was shining all about me in its radiance pure and
bright,
That there are no clouds, no sorrow, that the Good
is "all in all."
Ever waiting in the silence for his children's lov-
ing call.

Now, I stand upon the mountain—claim my birth-
right from above,
Robed in peace as in a garment woven by the hand
of Love;
I am trusting in the master, Truth, my leader and
my guide,
In whose words and in whose spirit let me ever-
more abide.

That Tired Feeling.

It is remarkable how many people there are who have That Tired Feeling who seem to think it is of no importance or that nothing need be done for it. They would not be so careless if they realized how really serious the malady is. But they think or say "It will go off after a while." We do not mean the legitimate weariness which all experience after a hard day's work, but that all gone, worn-out feeling which is especially overpowering in the morning when the body should be refreshed and ready for work.

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The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combe. More than three hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages, and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work: The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.

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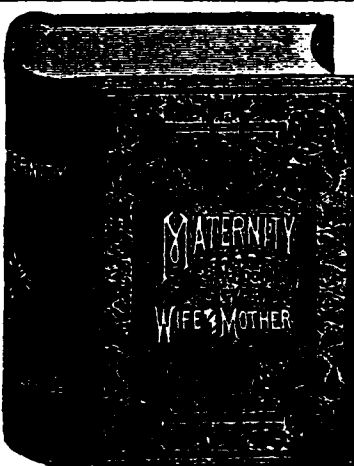
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MY FREEDOM.

Oh joy! at last my soul is free!
In ruins lie its prison-bars!
My bark hath gained the open sea
And sails beneath the eternal stars!

I languish in the clutch no more
Of Superstition's palsied hands;
Behind me fades the narrow shore;
Beyond, the sea of Truth expands!

Henceforth no fettering, Church-wrought creed
The freedom of my thought shall chain;
The Truth alone my steps shall lead
Through Reason's limitless domain.

The awful nightmare of despair
Which first the trembling soul appals,
That sees old faiths dissolve in air,
And marks Tradition's crumbling walls,

Hath long since passed away with time;
Their wonted stroke my pulses keep,
While nearer on their course sublime
The coming waves of Freedom sweep.

Reproachful voices now are hushed:
The conflict's angry murmurs cease;
With dawning hope my sky is flushed,
And o'er me blow the airs of peace.

Not long can Dogma's gloomy night
In darkness hold its captive souls;
Forever into broadening light
The earth with sun-born impulse rolls.

—J. L. STODDARD.

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to the strange country, The Beyond;
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond,
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,
I think I almost see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find Heaven right 'round about us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear Earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I long to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross that intervening space
Between this land and that one Over There—
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—ELLA WHEELER.

"Florry dear," faltered the Washington youth, "I—I couldn't summon courage enough to tell you what was in my heart and I wrote it. You got my letter, didn't you?"

"Yes, George, I got it."
"And you read it, didn't you?"
"Yes I read it. In fact, I—I read it over twice."

"And now, Florry," he said, growing bolder, "I have come to learn my fate."
"The best I can promise you, George," said the blushing daughter of the distinguished Congressman, withdrawing her hand from the ardent clasp of the infatuated young man, "is that I will advance your letter to a third reading to-morrow."
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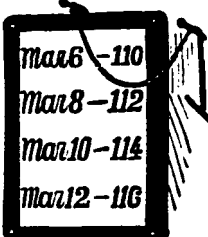
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Glad, joyful tidings to us bear,
To soothe our grief and lighten care.

And when we feel that life is dark,
No ray of light to cheer the heart,
Then draw the curtains all aside,
Let hope and faith with us abide.

We know thy love is pure and deep,
Thy watchful care can never sleep,
And when we shed the silent tear,
Oh, come and whisper words of cheer.

Come when the distant chimes peal forth
The hour of midnight, day's new birth,
And as the echoes die away,
Oh, hear our prayer, and with us stay.

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MY OWN SHALL COME.

Serene I hold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avail this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
Nor wind can drive my barque astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And gather up its fruits and tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs on yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

And, maiden, why ...
For, lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

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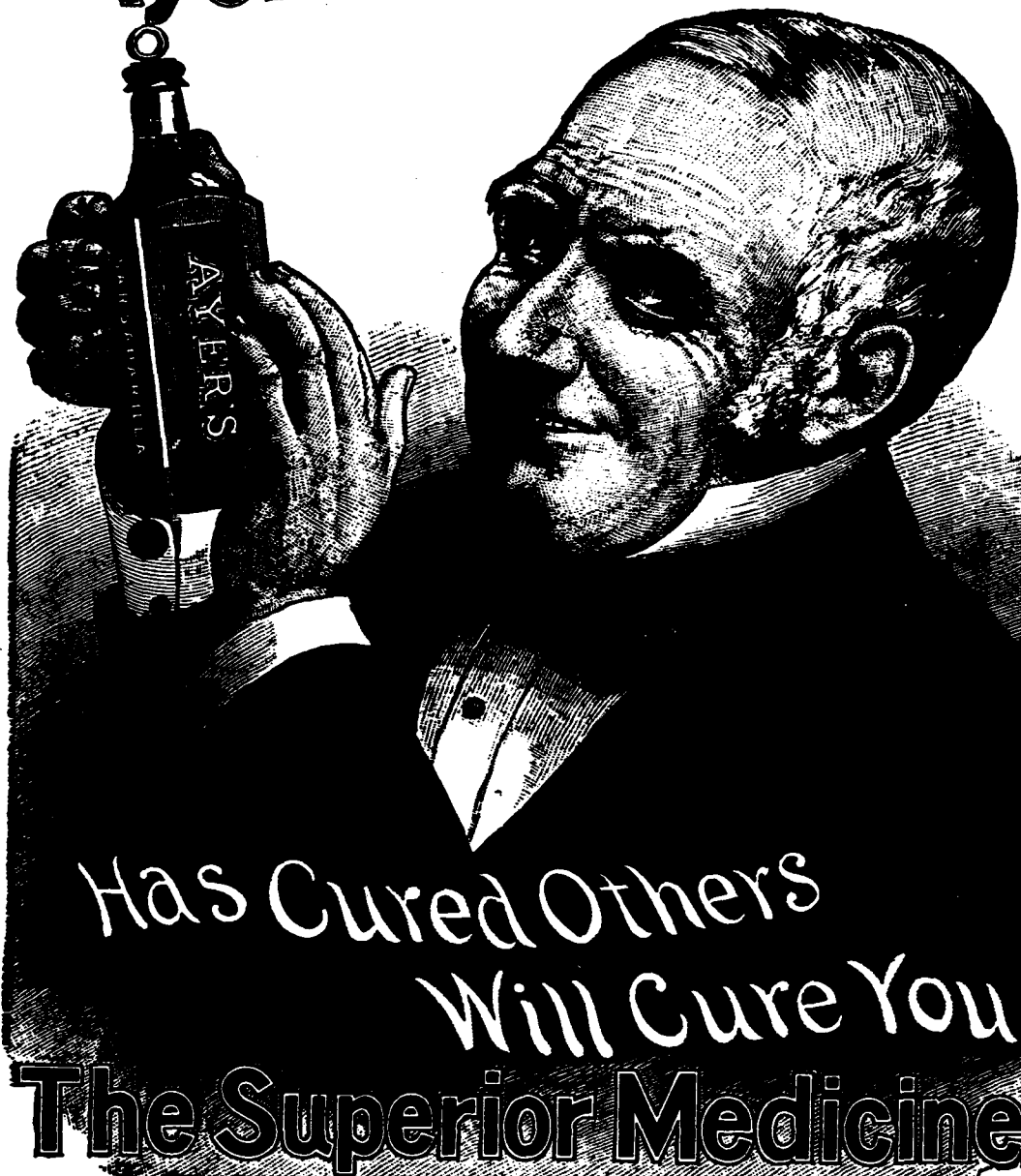
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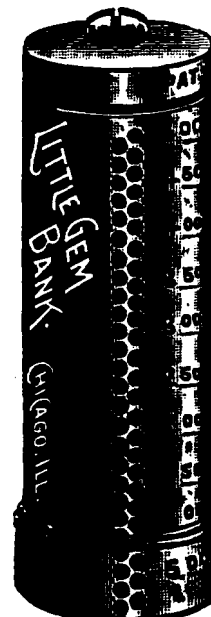
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GROVE MEETING AT NEW ERA, OREGON.

The Spiritualists of Northern Willamette Valley will hold a grove meeting at New Era, Clackamas county, Oregon, beginning Friday, June 12th, and ending Monday, July 6th. Good speakers and mediums are being engaged for the occasion; also half fare tickets on the railroads to those attending the meetings. There will be a hotel open on the grounds during the meeting for the accommodation of visitors or those who do not choose to camp. Camping facilities are good, wood and water convenient, and food for teams obtainable at reasonable rates. This camp is a beautiful spot. The stately firs growing there afford a delightful shade in summer weather.

WM. PHILLIPS.

By order of Committee.

A TEMPERANCE MEDICAL BOOK.

A letter was received by Miss Frances E. Willard recently from a lady in Maine inquiring whether there was a temperance medical book—a book giving instructions "how to take care of the sick without the use of alcoholic liquors." Not knowing of such a work Miss Willard referred the inquiry to Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, whose reply to her she has sent to THE JOURNAL, requesting it published:

CHICAGO, Ill., March 23, 1891.

In reply to the question you ask in the letter just received, I must say that I know of no medical work that gives reliable directions for the treatment of diseases generally, including diet and drinks, without either fermented or distilled liquors, except the volume entitled, "Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine," by N. S. Davis, M. D., Chicago, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

It is a volume of about 900 pages—a full and plain work of the practice of medicine and not a drop of any kind of either fermented or distilled liquors is recommended in the treatment of the sick or the well, from the first page to the last. Yours truly,

N. S. DAVIS

(Dr. Davis' work, referred to above, can be obtained from the office of THE JOURNAL at the regular price. Cloth \$5.00; sheep \$6.00.)

AN INTERESTING SERIAL.

Mrs. J. M. Staats, of New York City, a most estimable and refined lady, and one of the early mediums, has written out, from notes carefully made through a series of years, a history of some of the experiences of prominent people in their investigations through her mediumship. This valuable manuscript is now in our possession and its publication will commence in a few weeks. Nothing superior in interest or value has ever appeared in print. Those desiring to read it should subscribe for THE JOURNAL at once.

Says the Union City (Mich.) Register of April 25th: The lectures delivered at the Opera House on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings, by B. F. Underwood, the well-known Chicago liberalist, were listened to by large audiences. The gentleman never fails to gain the attention of many hearers on the occasions of his appearance here, and his able efforts are duly appreciated. The Detroit Tribune of Sunday states that B. F. Underwood, "the Chicago Unitarian, is lecturing in the State." The gentleman would hardly wish to have his liberalism confined within even as broad limitations as those defined by Unitarianism—he is distinctly a free-thinker (to use the popular term) and acknowledges not the slightest adherence to the Unitarian faith, with which, however, as he recently stated in a letter to a citizen of this place, he "is in sympathy," though the movement is "in a transition stage." It will be remembered that Mr. Underwood had as his subject at the Opera House last Sunday evening Unitarianism in its historical and religious aspects.

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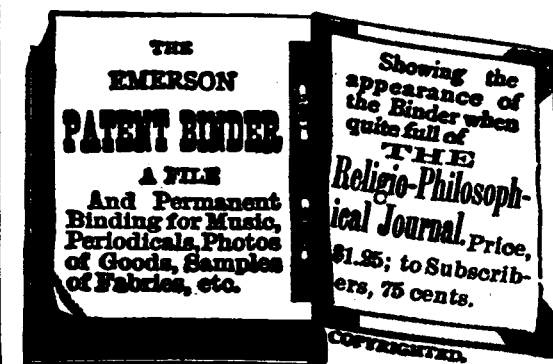
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THE RELIGIOUS & PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, MAY 9, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 50

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

When a man is sick and believes he can obtain just as skilful treatment from a non-M.D. as from a regular doctor, says the *National Advertiser*, it would be interesting to know on what grounds anyone is justified in interfering. Few intelligent persons will deny that irregular physicians have performed a number of astonishing cures, and even the medical schools do not possess a monopoly of all the information on helping sick people.

Prof. J. H. Hyslop, of Columbia College, in the *Independent*, relates some of the observations and experiments that are attested by Prof. William James, of Harvard University, Prof. Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge, Eng., and others, and says, "the facts compel us to conclude, all skepticism to the contrary notwithstanding, that psychology is on the threshold of the profoundest mysteries it has ever discovered, or ever dreamed of. It is not because they have not been attested before, but because they have been subjected, in this case, to a scientific scrutiny which gives them unimpeachable value."

During the National League meeting held last month, the International Press Association of Cincinnati asked 1,000 visitors, who represented every state in the Union, three questions on immigration: Do you favor a restriction of immigration? To what extent? How would you do it? Ninety-five per cent. answered yes, 26 per cent. favored closing the doors entirely, 50 per cent. favored laws that would let in none but skilled labor, and all but 3 per cent. favored reform in the present laws. Forty per cent. would restrict by a heavy per capita tax, 45 per cent. by both tax and educational test, and 34 per cent. by educational, physical, mental and moral tests.

An old man with such a career as Gen. Butler has had, should not be forcibly ejected from a court room without some better reason than has been advanced for his forcible expulsion by order of Judge Carpenter, the other day, from the courtroom of the United States District Court. Gen. Butler's services to the Republic in the dark days of the rebellion are a part of the country's history which men yet in their prime recall with gratitude and pride; his ability and distinction as a lawyer are acknowledged, and his generosity in giving his legal service to the poor is well known;—indeed, when the collision with Judge Carpenter occurred he was working gratuitously for his client. Such a man should be treated with indignity only for the gravest reasons.

At the funeral of Mother Mary Joseph O'Leary, Superioress of the House of the Good Shepherd, at Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons related a dream in regard to the lady whose remains were about to be consigned to the grave. He said he was sitting in his room the other night and fell asleep. He dreamed that both the late Bishop Thomas Foley, of Chicago, and Bishop John S. Foley, of Detroit, appeared before him. The Cardinal greeted them and asked how Mother Mary Joseph was. Both the Bishops replied: "She has

passed away." Cardinal Gibbons thought no more of the dream until the next morning, when he received a message saying that the mother superior had died the night before. The cardinal said he mentioned this, not only as a strange coincidence, but also to show that the dead bishop and his living brother both felt the most ardent interest in the dead sister. The sisters were moved to tears during the simple but solemn service. At the conclusion Cardinal Gibbons gave the absolution, and then six of the sisters, clothed in white, carried the casket to the convent grounds. There, in the presence of the clergy, Father Brodyrick read the prayer for the dead. The casket was then lowered into the grave.

Rev. David Swing said in a recent sermon what has come to be gradually known among intelligent observers. "What most deeply injures the pulpit of our day is the excessive growth of all material things—houses, furniture, money and all display—a palace in the foreground, with a small, half-doubted God far off in the rear. The clergyman's dinner is richer than his worship. We are all so near alike in this humiliating defect that we are interested in keeping silence. ~~The Roman catholics were a fine, solemn~~ face while they were passing a Caesar or a Brutus, but they smiled when they met each other. Their most sincere study of birds was reserved for the birds served with wine at the table." Exhortations to "come to Jesus" from the lips of such men are ludicrous rather than solemn.

How many have had experiences of late that enable them to realize the truth of the following: A little exercise of the imagination will give to moving days almost the fascination of a conjurer's exhibition. We have all seen Herrmann, or some other such skillful performer of legerdemain, extract from a silk hat—our own silk hat, maybe—first a barrel or so of shavings, then a cannon ball, then a pair of white rabbits, then a great gray goose, accompanying the production of the anserous bird with a significant look, as if expecting us to acknowledge some relationship. Hardly less marvelous than the wonder how so huge a quantity of things got into or got out of so small a headpiece will be the wonder how the stack of stuff loaded on these furniture trucks ever got into the apartments you are moving out of or can ever get into the apartments you are moving toward.

The young Emperor of Germany has caused the continuation of the work "The Founding of the German Empire" to be taken out of the hands of Prof. Henrich Von Sybel and intrusted to a certain Prof. Lehman, who is comparatively unknown. It seems that Prof. Von Sybel placed Bismark too prominently to suit the emperor. Lehman having had a personal quarrel with Bismark, may be depended upon to give to the historical narrative the coloring that will be acceptable to his princely patron, and at the same time gratify his own malice. Prof. Von Sybel stands second only to Mommsen among Germany's historical writers. Says the *Times* of this city: The effort of the German emperor to reverse the judgments of history by supplanting an impartial historian by one ready to do the imperial bidding would be amusing if it were less angering. In gratifying his spleen he has

outraged literature. If the world is to be given a history of the founding of the German empire with Bismark left out or with his part in that great feat of constructive statesmanship belittled, it will take more than the imperial power of Emperor William to compel its acceptance. The spectacle of a scholarly historian rudely restrained from fulfilling a long-cherished and honorable purpose is pitiful. The thought that the world of readers is to be deprived of the fruits of Von Sybel's research and genius is more than irritating. The whole affair recalls the state of letters in a past century, when historians, poets, and philosophers, being subjects of shallow, vain, and ignorant monarchs, were forced to flee into exile to prosecute their studies and to publish their writings. It seems possible that a like course may commend itself to Prof. Von Sybel.

According to a news dispatch of recent date, an unmarried lady in the state of New York is, at the age of 101 years, vigorous, sprightly, and able to write legible and interesting letters. She gives as a reason of her long life and well preserved condition the fact that she has lived her entire life in single blessedness. ~~She had nine brothers and six~~ ~~all married~~ and are all dead. She expects to attend the World's Fair in this city in 1893. Although the testimony of the medical profession is that marriage conduces long life, the experience of this aged maiden must count in favor of celibacy from a hygienic standpoint. But it is not likely to lessen the marriage rate in New York or elsewhere. As one of the papers says: Most young people would not be deterred from matrimony even if they knew that a single would carry them forward, alone and loveless, to twenty-first century's dawn. And in spite of the wonderful old maid's belief to the contrary, there is no doubt that the majority of married people are happier, healthier and very much better off in all respects than the majority of unmarried people.

Edward Bellamy thus criticises in his paper the medical registration bill now before the Massachusetts Legislature, a bill which proposes to bring other schools and kinds of medical practice under control of the Allopathic school: He says *The Nation* has nothing against the Allopathic school, and knows little enough about schools of medicine generally, but it does recognize in the principle of the bill an invasion of the liberties of the people, which only needs to be generally comprehended to be bitterly resented and resisted. It is in effect an attempt to establish a therapeutic monopoly, a medical trust, an allopathic papacy. By dint of a good deal of hard fighting the right of the citizen has been established to call in the sort of doctor he prefers, when the soul is sick, and take his own chances of mistaken treatment. Surely, the soul is more important than the body, and the greater right includes the less. A man may choose a doctor for his soul, he surely has the privilege of choosing the doctor for his body. To admit any other idea is to countenance a manner of tyrannies. It is not abolished a state form of state school of medicine. but at present it must be as far from being a science

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

ederick Froebel did not believe that the true od of education consists in repression, but in development, and, not so much by rules prescribed without as according to natural law. Instead encouraging conflict between the soul and the outer world, he sought to bring them into harmony. In a letter to Krause, Froebel wrote: "My experience, especially that gained by repeated residences at the university, had taught me beyond a doubt that the method of education hitherto in use—especially where involved learning by rote, and where it looked at objects simply from the outside or historically, and considered them capable of apprehension by mere exercise-work—dulled the edge of all true high attainment, of all real mental insight, of all genuine progress in scientific culture, of self-contemplation, and thus, of all real knowledge and of the acquisition of truth through knowledge. I might almost go further and say that its tendency was toward rendering all these worthy objects impossible. Therefore I was firmly convinced, as of course I still am, that the whole former educational system, even that which had received improvement, ought to be exactly reversed and regarded from a diametrically opposite point of view—namely, that of a system of development."

In the Kindergarten, when it is conducted on the principles of its founder, regard is had for the choice of the children. They are not required to do unpleasant things merely for discipline. In an atmosphere of sympathy and kindness, fear gives way to confidence; the teacher, instead of talking to the child about its goodness or badness, studies its predisposition, its natural aptitudes, and uses them to develop the moral feelings and the intellectual powers. The child is required to perform good actions only so far as its moral nature responds to their moral quality. Doing, and not merely by thinking about themselves, moral improvement becomes a development out of a constant conflict between duty and desire. The result is a life and freedom from the attitude of formality and conventionalism.

On the intellectual side of life this system applies the same principles. Instead of setting up arbitrary standards and demanding conformity to them, pretorily requiring children to do what is impossible that they do not understand and punishing them for failure, the teacher learns what the children do, awakens their sympathy and interest, draws out their faculties, encourages naturalness, being not seeming or shamming, and that "peacefulness of heart" to which Froebel attached so much importance as a condition of harmonious development according to nature's methods.

One of the most thoughtful and valuable essays on distinguished German philosopher's method of education recently appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* is reproduced in the *Popular Science Monthly* for May. The essay will help to extend interest in the method it vindicates, which, in spite of the pronounced opposition it has received from professional teachers, although some of the ablest and best teachers, including Dr. W. T. Harris, have advocated it—has gained wide favor in the United States. The writer of the paper referred to considers the best way of applying Froebel's principles to children beyond the age of the Kindergarten, of incorporating the system in the education of youth. That the education of the Kindergarten is an excellent preparation for the larger life that must follow the development of the mental faculties is beyond doubt. "We owe to Froebel," to quote from the article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, "the first recognition of the high purpose in children's play, and the idea of ordering and arranging it so as to secure a harmonious development according to nature's methods. Full of sympathy with child-nature, and with a child-like simplicity of mind, he did not see the suppression of natural wholesome encouragement. The world has many inharmonious elements, but in our children's games we have a little of the inharmonious elements which in the adult world is a training for living

the right kind of life. The children do not talk about living right, but they do it. This is the best preparation for the right use of a wider experience." Froebel's principles are applicable not only to the education of the young, in which they are more easily applied because of the child's more simple kind of life, but to the entire conduct of man, and there never was greater need of them in counteracting tendencies of selfishness and artificiality than in the turmoil of life to-day, when the scramble for wealth and a thousand petty ambitions produce social as well as individual conditions unfavorable to moral development, and unfavorable to rounded, complete intellectual development.

A VARIETY OF TESTS.

A contributor to the *New York Press*, in a review of "The Salem Seer," by George C. Bartlett, says: Every chapter in the book abounds in mental tests and cases of identity that are, according to all known rules of evidence, simply indisputable. The writer of this article knew Mr. Foster well for more than twenty years and has witnessed a great many manifestations that occurred in his presence. He has stated, probably thousands of times, that he saw the spirits of those who once lived in the body, as we do now. He described them and his descriptions were acknowledged by friends who knew the departed ones well. Mr. Foster constantly declared that he heard what these spirits said. He was clairvoyant and clairaudient. In these statements he is sustained by thousands of living witnesses, who have testified to the same. This kind of corroborative testimony runs back through the remote ages. So called religions and real religions are all founded upon visions, commands and materializations. (See accounts of Gautama, Jesus, Mahomet and others). We have, then, in evidence by Mr. Bartlett and others: First, the rappings for more than forty years; second, the moving of visible material weighing hundreds of pounds; third, writing by invisible intelligent power on paper, on slates and on the flesh of human beings; fourth, ordinary persons have been inspired by unseen intelligences and have on a simple suggestion of a subject given out over hundreds of fair original poems. Do not all these phenomena point to an unseen, organized invisible (therefore in one sense spiritual) material intelligence? Are we not forced and driven to this conclusion? After nearly half a century of investigation no explanation has been given which will account for these well authenticated phenomena. Is it illogical, then, in the face of the facts to adopt the hypothesis or theory that some of these modern phenomena are from the invisible human world? That they are caused by the survival of an organized individual entity which is supposed to be eliminated from and out of the physical body at the phenomena called death? Mr. Foster's life furnishes indisputable evidence of the existence of invisible (to our physical eyes) beings, human in their character.

THE PAPACY.

Every pastoral and encyclical letter of the present pope—who has never failed to reiterate the demand for the restoration of the temporal dominion of the papacy—traverses the whole direction of civilization by denying that the source of power is in the people. This source he does not admit, for he claims that it is the word of God uttered through the church that is the source of power, and logically in his scheme of thought no power can exist that is not of right subordinate to the vicegerent of God, namely, the pope. It is the ancient claim, not amenable to any influence of progress, and directly antagonistic to the spirit of the age, which finds in the people the only ultimate repository of power and authority of rule. In fine, the pope and the czar are the anachronisms of Europe. It is this hard fact, which no Roman Catholic can deny, that compels the church everywhere to a position of constant interference with the state, and in this country just as surely as in Italy.

But Rome's presistency in adhering to her old policy and her interference with secular matters do not com-

mand the respect that they once did. As a writer in *Cornhill Magazine* says, instead of the homage of an entire city to its spiritual and temporal head nowadays the Roman walls teem with ribald pencilings about the world's primate. The very pillars of the famous colonnade by St. Peter's testify of the change. "Down with the pope!" "The priests to the tiber!" are specimens of the milder and more polite kind of these vituperatory scrawls. Every morning and every night the newspapers lavish some new forms of abuse upon his holiness; it may be a paragraph of two lines with a sting in each word, or a more sounding diatribe a column or two long. The papal journals respond with equal bitterness. It is profoundly unedifying, and one wonders how it will end. If the vatican be transplanted root and branch to London, the Roman press will be much at a loss; and any less emphatic migration fail to protect the pope. A hundred years ago the civilian in Rome who was not a noble was treated with stereotyped indignity. No matter whether he was a lawyer, doctor, professor, school-master, or a citizen of means—if he did not clothe himself in the long coat of an abbe he was good for nothing except to be taxed. If he could afford to ride in a carriage, he was compelled to paint it black. This is a sample of the humiliations which the old papacy put upon the middle ranks of men; it feared their intelligence, and so it persecuted them. But the tables have turned. The most virulent of the Vatican's enemies are now to be found among this very class of doctors and lawyers and professors whose grandsires bowed to the ecclesiastical yoke. And in these days it is the cardinals who drive through the streets in black coaches, drawn by black, long tailed horses, seeking what solace they may find in the elegant little illuminated breviaries, the leaves of which they turn with their jewelled fingers as they jostle amid the throngs which cast spiteful eyes at them."

DR. R. HEBER NEWTON'S DEFENSE.

Dr. R. Heber Newton in a recent sermon at All Souls' church, said that the creeds "are not divine revelations, let down out of the skies. They are human expressions of divine mysteries. They are the result, not of miracles but of study, speculation, and controversy. They were passed by a majority of votes in the councils of very human men. They are not infallible. They are altogether fallible." The church organization and polity he affirmed were still more distinctively human in their origin and growth. Christ he said sent forth his disciples not "to shape the polity and prescribe the order of his church, but to enlighten the minds, inspire the lives, and mold the character of those they taught," and "there is not extant one single explanatory direction concerning the organization of the church." In so far, therefore, as creeds and canons restrain his desire to preach the truths of a religion that is ethical as well as spiritual, and in so far as they narrow his field and deny him the use of means that make for Christian unity, Dr. Newton asserts the right to set against their strict letter the broader spirit of the older, higher, and nobler creed that came from the lips of Christ. The *New York Times* in an editorial on this sermon says: "Unquestionably the Rev. Dr. Newton is in full accord with the religious tendencies of the times. The sermon he delivered at All Souls' yesterday will be read with sympathetic interest by thousands not of the Episcopal church—by the friends of Dr. Briggs as well as by the supporters of the Rev. Mr. MacQueary, and by men and women of every church or of none who are watching hopefully the struggle of the Christian church to free itself from the harmful shackles of worn-out creeds. Though not professedly a reply to the formal protest against his 'uncanonical practices,' the Rev. D. Newton's discourse of yesterday was clearly prompted by his desire to tell the church and the world that his mind was occupied and his course directed by larger considerations than the police ordinances of the Episcopal church. The analogy he developed with such skill of Brahminism and Buddhism, of Judaism and Christianity, served both as an illustration and a warning. It puts before the

minds of those who protest against his liberal practices precedents that, in a religious sense, he is entitled to consider justifying, while, in the historical sense, they should bear some fruit in sober reflections upon the probable future of Christianity. Has it a future of inevitable diminishment in the asphyxiating atmosphere of cramping traditions, of microscopic scrutiny of the letter to the exclusion of an enlightened quest for its great meanings, of a devout and awed respect for the moldering husks with which men have enclosed its divine kernel? Or a future of great increase under creeds liberalized and made accordant with the spirit of the modern world and emancipated from traditions that benumb the mind and palsy the tongue of the preacher?" Dr. Newton's sermon was intended as an answer, but not a technical answer, to the assertion of his clerical brethren and others that he had violated "Title I., Canons XIV of the Digest of Canons of the General Convention," by permitting Christian divines, "not duly licensed to minister in this church," to occupy his pulpit. The sermon was furthermore a protest against the exclusive policy of strict denominationalism and a presentation of broad, practical Christianity applied to the improvement and redemption of mankind here and now.

SUNDAY OPENING.

The *Independent* recently gave the opinion of a large number of ecclesiastics in regard to Sunday opening of the World's Exposition. It is needless to say that most of the opinions are adverse to it on the ground that it would involve the desecration of the Sabbath. Bishop Gains of the African Methodist Episcopal Church says: "I fully agree with the Ten Commandments, which, in my judgement, condemn all manner of work on the Sabbath Day. Therefore, from a religious and moral standpoint, I conclude that the gates of the National Columbus Exposition should be closed on Sundays." But the scholarly Bishop Clark of the Episcopal Church, Rhode Island, thinks that Sunday opening is inexpedient for the reason that man needs periodical rest and stated periods for public and private worship, while he virtually denies the validity of the grounds on which most of the clergy base their opposition to Sunday opening. Bishop Clark says: "There are a great many persons in the Episcopal Church who would oppose the opening of the Chicago Exposition on Sundays, but not on the ground that it would be a violation of the fourth commandment, inasmuch as that prohibits work on the seventh day of the week, and is never observed literally by any one on any day; and still further because its legal observance seems to have been set aside by St. Paul, in common with other ceremonials of the ancient law. Neither would they base their objections on the assumption that the Sabbath has been transferred from the seventh to the first day of the week, retaining all that was essentially obligatory under the Jewish dispensation, there not being any intimation of such a change in the New Testament, or any evidence to show that it was made in the early age of the church, or that any one was ever authorized to do it, the word Sabbath not having been used to distinguish the Sunday, or Lord's Day, until a comparatively recent date." Such a frank and truthful statement must be annoying to those who persist in declaring that Sunday is the Sabbath and its observance as such is divinely commanded.

Rev. John Hall, who has invested wealth aggregating over \$2,000,000 and a salary equivalent to the interest on \$250,000, says that he finds it a means of grace to stand before one of the great shop-windows in Broadway and thank the Lord for the number of things in that window that he can do without. "Such talk," says the *Chicago Evening Post*, has come to be a fad with the enormously wealthy men of New York, who squeeze a rival dry on 'change without compunction, and who miss no chance to make another dollar, even though the making of it means taking it from the pocket of one who can ill dispense with it. Rockefeller founds sectarian colleges, and declares that he must needs pray daily for divine guidance in

the spending of his income, but he crushes and ruins no less relentlessly the man who rashly invests his money in an enterprise which infringes upon the monopoly of the Standard Oil company. Gould prates of thrift and correct living to young men, and if they happen to invest their savings in stocks freezes them out with "ghoulish glee." Dr. John Hall preaches of simplicity and Christian charity in a church where the man not enrolled among New York's golden calves is speedily shown the door if he is rash enough to intrude." Yet what John W. Mackay said of himself, that he "enjoyed poverty and hardship while winning wealth more than he ever enjoyed wealth itself," is probably true of most men who have accumulated great riches.

An African lioness in Lincoln park lately gave birth to a beautiful cub. She wanted to escape from captivity, wanted to take her baby and leave her splendid home in the park, to be free and away from the stare and presence of human beings. She could not be comforted and died in spite of all efforts to prolong her life. Those in charge decided to make the experiment of bringing the cub up by hand with the aid of a female dog. A large hunting dog, a very gentle and affectionate animal, was placed in a kennel and the baby lion was put in with it. The dog gave a sniff or two at the stranger, but as its own pups had been taken away a day or two before, it at once took kindly to the little cub, which in its turn seemed well pleased with its new stepmother. Everything went well for a day or two, but the cub died. The dog licked the body and manifested as much grief over her loss as if the little cub had been her own offspring. She whined and cried piteously when the dead cub was removed to be sent to the taxidermist, and seemed inconsolable the whole day over her loss. When the leonine infant died it was no larger than a good-sized cat and of a beautiful light-brown color.

The Governor of California recently signed a bill which provides that a husband cannot make a gift of community property, or convey the same without valuable consideration, until his wife, in writing, assents. This is in line with other laws recently enacted in that state to protect women in their just property rights. Under the old law a husband contemplating separation or divorce might make such a disposition of community property that little would remain for the court to award to the wife. Under the new law, says the *San Francisco Call*, any conveyance of community property for which a reasonable equivalent was not returned to the stock of community property would be invalid. The male half of mankind, with here and there a discreditable exception, indorse any amendment to the code which gives women a legal hold on property acquired by the husband during the existence of the married relation. The wife may not have figured largely in the business of the matrimonial firm, but she has an equitable and should have a legal right to one-half the property either or both may have acquired.

The competition to obtain a commission as chaplain is greater than in any other branch of the service, and the religious influences brought to bear upon the President by the different denominations when a vacancy occurs is said to be tremendous. There are thirty chaplains in the United States army, two of whom are Roman Catholics and the remainder are divided up between the Evangelical denominations. The Universalists and Unitarians are not represented. The subject is being discussed more or less in military circles as to whether a paid corps of army chaplains are not foreign to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. Those who consider it so take the stand that one of the foundation principles of our government is the absolute separation of church and state, and that the recognition of any one religious denomination in appointing a chaplain is a violation of this principle.

A writer who recently visited Marsfield, Mass., says that Webster's grave is the central object in an old

burying ground which is plainly visible and impressive from its desolation and a certain melancholy grandeur that surrounds it. The quiet of this little knoll, says the correspondent, not more than half an acre in extent, is its great charm. It is away from the main road, with the roar of the surf in a storm joining in the rush of the wind over the sand hills as a requiem, and the whole landscape impressing you with a sense of its dreary, solemn and severe character. It is just the spot which a man like Webster might have been expected to choose for his burial place, and its isolation and comparative neglect are typical of the extent to which Webster has passed from the thought of his countrymen as an active element in American life.

Prof. J. H. Thayer, of the Harvard University School, read an essay in Boston recently, in which he urged that the scriptures were not originally looked upon as the chief source of spiritual light and life. For generations the church was destitute of this record, and it came gradually, and time was required to collect and discriminate. As a result some books were excluded and some that were originally read are now obsolete. These and other facts show that the church has produced the Bible, rather than the Bible the church. He advocated the historic view of the nature of the Bible, not because it regards the Bible as primarily consisting of history or designed to teach history, but as a book to be studied and understood and used in the light of history. The change of view consists, then, simply in conforming our opinion respecting the Bible to the undeniable properties of the book itself.

Prof. Mosso, an Italian physiologist, has shown by experiment that thinking causes a rush of blood to the brain, which varies with the nature of the thought. Mosso proved it by balancing a man in a horizontal position so delicately that when he began to think the accession of blood to his head turned the scale. When the subject was asleep, the thoughts or visions which came to him in dreams were sufficient to sink his head below his feet, and the same thing took place when he was disturbed by a slight sound or touch. The balance even indicated when a person was reading Italian and when Greek, the greater mental exertion required for Greek producing a greater flow of blood to the head.

Justice Maule, of England, it is said, once addressed these words to a defendant, in the presence of the jury that convicted him: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; I think you innocent; but a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not appear to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in prison for one day, and as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."

Some facts given out for publication by the publishers of *Harper's* may moderate the expectations if they do not curb the ambition of young writers who yearn for fame through the medium of the magazine. Last year the editors of that publication read more than 62,000 manuscripts, nearly all of which were submitted by American writers. Less than 2 per cent. of the contributions sent to the leading American magazines are available, and only about 1½ per cent. of them are published. *Harper's*, the *Century*, *Scribner's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and similar publications have their space filled for the next three years at least. The holiday numbers of these magazines for 1891 are already in the hands of the printer, or are ready to be placed there.

All the workingmen's unions in Germany are up in arms against the Polish laborers who are at present swarming into the country and ousting the natives by being satisfied with about half the wages paid to the German laborers.



REFORM MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND.

BY HELEN DENSMORE.

I attended quite an interesting and notable lecture given before the Balloon Society here—a literary society which seems to have no relation to its name—on the subject of reform in burial service and wearing mourning. The secretary of the society, a clergyman of the Church of England, read the paper, which was exceedingly interesting, and I feel sure would entertain and instruct your readers.

The object of the Burial Reform Society, is to induce a return to the old method of burial—that of depositing the body without a coffin, directly in the earth, enclosed only with a winding-sheet. The facts and statistics given were very surprising, and while some of the speakers in the discussion which followed the paper, and the majority perhaps, advocated cremation, it certainly was shown that the "earth to earth" method is far better than that practiced in modern times, of enclosing the body in an air-tight casket; thus preserving it, often for a great length of time, to become a source of great unwholesomeness through the generation of of noxious gases. These gases often force their way through the earth, impregnate the atmosphere and frequently the water with their poisonous exhalations, and thus create disease and death, often unsuspectedly. But the most interesting part of the lecture, and that which I stared out to write to you about, was the eloquent plea made by the revered gentleman for the living. The spirit, he explained, has nothing more to do with the body after it has passed out of it. If we could only realize, said he, that nothing of our friends remain in the cast-off shell, but that the real person is still living, moving, and continuing its being in a more favorable clime and under happier circumstances, how much more rationally we should act in this matter. He dwelt upon this fact with great earnestness and power, repeating over and over again that there is nothing of our friends left in this casket. They have passed on. We cannot find them there, we ought not to think of them as being there, and to dispose of the cast-off envelope, which has served its purpose in material life, in the most wholesome and practical manner for the living, is what we should aim at.

The custom of wearing mourning, of surrounding the circumstance of death with the lugubrious trappings of woe, which are far more repulsive and hideous here than they are with us even, was vigorously demonstrated. I thought to myself as I listened to these remarkable utterances from a clergyman of the Church of England, how little we realize the change that is imperceptibly coming over the minds of the people upon this subject of the spirit. The widespread discussion upon hypnotism, and the doings of the Psychical Research Society are familiarizing the public mind with the unseen world, and so long as it is scientifically clothed and dealt with by savants many are satisfied and do not dream that Spiritualism or the phenomena of modern Spiritualism have anything whatever to do with it. It is very amusing to hear the discussions that are going on in many places regarding theosophy and its various claims by persons who would be shocked to know that it is identical with this 'hateful subject' of modern Spiritualism. I heard two ladies yesterday at an "at home" discussing what they called an experience of sub-consciousness, or the recognition of the other self. One lady explained to the other that she was often conscious of quite another set of surroundings, of other persons and things than those which formed a part of her material environment, that it was another manifestation of her mind, she felt quite sure, and I have no doubt would have swooned to have been told she is a medium. I went with some friends to visit the Aquarium a short time ago and among the various interesting things was a phrenologist who not only explained the phrenolog-

ical conformation of the head but went into the peculiarities and characteristics of those whose heads he examined. He gave very minute idiosyncrasies which it would be quite impossible for anyone to learn scientifically, and each one was surprised at the accuracy of his readings. This man is psychometrist using the science of phrenology as a vehicle for other intelligences to read what no material science could reveal without knowing it himself. I asked him how he accounted for this knowledge which seemed to be quite occult. "O," he said, "I learn it through phrenology; it is a great science, madam." "But," I said, "how can the shape of Madam B's head reveal to you the fact that her parents were infidels, freethinkers, belonging to the new order, as you say, while madam's husband's parents were descendants of the Huguenots. I would be glad to know how physiological conformations of the cranium reveal such facts." By the way, these were truthful delineations, and of course were revealed to him psychometrically while he was entirely ignorant of the power by which he did it. And so the truths of Spiritualism are becoming absorbed by the people without their having the least idea what change is going on, or where it comes from; but it makes no difference in what garb the truth comes—it is the truth that is valuable.

There is a great deal of earnest, progressive agitation in this country. While the great mass of the people are by no means as intelligent as the masses of our people are, there is a great deal more earnestness and culture both of head and heart among a smaller class than we attain to at all. I cannot compare it to anything but the difference between childhood and maturity. It has been brought about by the harder lines of life—the battle for existence, which is so much sharper than it is with us. Poverty and its consequent efforts have, in my opinion, created it.

The women of England, as a rule, do not think. They are housewives, obedient and docile, but they have no interest in the affairs of the world, and know nothing about politics or the social advancement of their own country, to say nothing of the world at large. While this is true of the mass, there is a large class of earnest, cultured, well-educated women to whom it does not at all apply. Five years ago there was not an association in London for the propagation of the idea of women's enfranchisement. There are now over eighty well-organized associations working in various directions for this result. The objects for which they work are different. They do not, as with us, all work for one thing—woman's absolute, unqualified enfranchisement—but they work on various lines. There is one called the Woman's Franchise League having for its object woman's suffrage, and they define suffrage to mean adult suffrage—one vote for one adult. Another, the Women's Liberal Association, has for its object the re-election of the Liberal party to power at the coming general elections. The women of this society ignore women's suffrage altogether, thinking not to excite antagonism by too strong claims, but counting that the Liberal party will do more for the enfranchisement of all classes, they prefer to sink their individual claims for the purpose of advancing this desired object. Then there is another society having for its special object the return of women to the County Council. It seems the members of this council are elected by the respective county divisions, and in the London County Council women were thus elected and served for some time, I think a couple of years, when the question of their legality was agitated by the government, and it was finally decided that they could not legally hold their places and a heavy fine was imposed upon them for each infringement of this new law. I attended a drawing-room meeting of this society at the Earl of Aberdeen's a short time ago. The Earl himself presided and was assisted by Lady Aberdeen, who is very prominently interested in this movement. There were several titled ladies present, and among the speakers were several members of the London County Council, who made valiant plea for the passage of the bill now before Parliament, legalizing the election of women to the council. Mrs. Gladstone was also present. Mr. Gladstone has conceded that women may

possibly, with propriety, serve on the councils. He says he is glad to know there are places where women can be of such service as they evidently are there. Poor old man! He is learning by slow degrees that women can be made useful somewhere else than at home, but like all other questions of public interest upon which he has radically changed front since the commencement of his public life it will not be many years—if he lives—before he will be an out-and-out defender of woman suffrage, that is, if we judge the future by the past, and this is a subject upon which he can well afford to change front. Since women are actively agitating political subjects and pressing for a hearing, they will be heard. Many Conservatives are quite willing that widows and single women should vote, and so there is hope that they will finally come to see the propriety of together conducting the affairs of life to their mutual advantage. For what interests the one sex must interest the other, what is good for one must be good for the other, and this truth the world is fast finding out. And the activity here is very hopeful, for only five years' growth it is a very promising agitation.

MATERIALIZATION.

BY T. W. DAVENPORT.

I was pleased to notice the editorial remarks called forth by the article of Dr. Holbrook, essaying to show from scientific basis the impossibility of spiritual materialization. The tendency of so-called science, as represented by its apostles, is to declare all spirit manifestations impossible. Years ago the *Science Monthly* contained a notice of Epes Sargents "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," in which scientific humor cropped out refreshingly in such phrases as "super-scientific," "pseudo-scientific," etc., and the declaration was made that the so-called facts of Spiritualism are wholly outside of the scientific methods. Now I am without evidence, from personal observation, of the peculiar phenomenon called materialization, but I consider it a risky business to predicate its impossibility upon the materialistic scientific facts given by Dr. Holbrook. There is no doubt that much of the so-called materialization is founded upon fraud and still there seems to be no break in the analogy which would infer materialization from what is undisputed in spiritualization of matter. Dr. Holbrook would say that matter is required to reflect light; in regard exactly how much in grains or pounds he would not hazard an assertion, and would he not be driven to the admission of possibility of materialization from the undisputed fact that spirit forms, exactly corresponding to the present material forms, are seen and described by mediums with ease and certainty? Dr. Slade described my father, whom he had never seen in the flesh, and instantly learned from him his name. How can spirit photography be accounted for except upon the postulate that the spirit must sufficiently clothe itself with matter to reflect the light? How can we account for visible spirit hands of which thousands have been seen? I have seen them under conditions which did not admit of collusion or trickery. And the ghosts, which no longer "troupe home to churchyards," but exhibit themselves under the scientific phrase of phantasms of the dead; how are they seen by scientific investigators except by appropriating to themselves enough gross matter to make an image by reflection?

It is likely that science does not contain all the truth concerning gross or ponderable matter. Is there not something lacking in the fundamentals of science? Are matter and force all? and concerning these what do we know? Sticking closely to scientific actions, and facts it is an easy task to demonstrate the utter impossibility of raising a table except as force is applied to it by contact with ponderable matter, and yet we know that tables of all sizes have been raised and tossed about without force being applied in the only scientific way. Levitation is a fact, but science does not explain it. Science, so-called, condemns it as false. There must be some additions to science that will account for spiritual facts. Why not begin by

enlarging the boundary to include the trinity of spirit, matter and force?

SILVERTON, OREGON.

SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE.

[The interesting article given below is from the editorial columns of Light (London) and is evidently from the pen of the able editor of that journal, Stainton Moses.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Mr. Frederic Myers contributes to the April number of "The Nineteenth Century" a noteworthy essay, under the above title. He sets himself to vindicate for science the final word as to man's future. By the use of the scientific method, "the simple application of well-known methods of research to a group of phenomena which has hitherto been left outside the steady current of experiment and observation," he anticipates the best results for the inquiry into the great question of man's survival of death.

Science hitherto has had little to say on the subject. The affirmative answer has been held unproved, and the negative, unprovable. As a consequence the "larger hope" of man has begun to dwindle, and is insensibly vanishing away. "The silence which surrounds the topic is almost more discouraging than overt attack."

At this juncture, during the last few years, discoveries have been made, especially in the realms of automatism and human personality, which already command scientific assent, and others are being added which must rank with them on a near to-morrow, discoveries that threaten to "revolutionize our whole attitude towards the question of an unseen world, and of our own past, present or future existence therein." This step in advance is due to the application of the scientific method to psychical research.

Mr. Myers puts aside, not indeed as unimportant, but as irrelevant to his present purpose, all moral and emotional arguments, all support which a future life receives either from natural religion, philosophy, or revelation; he does not even insist on the evidence of man's resurrection which has been deduced from that of Jesus Christ—"Because I live ye shall live also"—and pins himself down to scientific investigation. We are still "in the morning of the times," though we be "ancients of the earth." "Still in the first moment of man's awakening intelligence, merely opening our eyes upon the universe around us." "The existence or nature of an unseen world has scarcely, thus far, been treated as a scientific question at all. Yet an unseen world, if it exists, 'cannot exist only of ideas and emotions, of theology and metaphysics, it must be a world of science too.'" There must be a domain of law in it, not moral laws alone, regulating all that goes on in it, and our communication with it.

This question, then, touches "the possible extension of the terrestrial science so as to embrace possible indications of a life lying beyond, yet conceivably touching the life and the conditions of earth." Until lately little has been done towards the solution of this problem. Not until the middle of the present century "did men begin to realize the facts which John Stuart Mill could still treat as unproved—namely, that to every observable thought or emotion of man there probably corresponds some change or movement in the material substance of the brain"—though even now, exactly as these correspondences are demonstrated, "we do not know whether the mental energy precedes or follows on the cerebral change, nor whether the two are somehow but different aspects of the same fact."

During the last quarter of a century events have moved very rapidly. In 1865 J. S. Mill in his "Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy," affirmed that the question whether ideas can pass through the mind without forming any part of the normal consciousness was one beyond the reach of experiment. We all know that it is perfectly easy to decide this question by direct experiment in five minutes. "It is as clear as such a matter can reasonably be made that thoughts and emotions of almost any degree of strength and complexity may occupy a sane mind for hours together, and yet at no time enter into the current of ordinary waking consciousness"—that fragment of the activity going on in our brains. We

know by experiment of a secondary consciousness. We can prove that a man may live alternately two lives with different chains of memory and even different characters. We even know of cases where this secondary consciousness has ousted the primary one, and the person possesses a different self from that with which earthly consciousness began.

So then "no form of human consciousness manifests, or comes near manifesting, the total self. . . . We know not what fraction of ourselves it may be which till now we have taken for the whole."

Nor is this all. "Our notion of personality is being deepened as well as widened." We begin to discern profounder powers, connections between mind and mind outside of the normal channels of communication, which indicate something apart from any process of terrestrial evolution, something "which there seems no logical necessity that death should interrupt or abolish."

But, even so, there is nothing here, nothing in telepathy, which carries obvious proof of anything in man which the materialistic hypothesis might not cover; though the little knowledge we have gained is enough to show telepathy to be far more complex than any physical law can explain. We pass, for instance, to the fact that an experimenter can project an image of himself on to the mind of a person at a distance; and we are forced to note the frequent connection of such an image with the unconscious self. It is often during a time when the normal consciousness is in abeyance that such images are projected, and not as an effort of the waking will.

Furthermore, we pass to the wider range of inquiry whether any of these images can be directly connected with those who have overstepped the boundary of earthly existence. Here Mr. Myers gives publicity to a confession of personal faith which he has before made in the "Proceedings" of the society of which he is so distinguished and prominent a member.

The study of cases of this type (many of which I have set forth elsewhere) has gradually convinced me that the least improbable hypothesis lies in the supposition that some influence on the minds of men on earth is occasionally exercised by the surviving personalities of men departed. I believe this influence to be, usually, of an indirect and dreamlike character, but I cannot explain the facts to myself without supposing that such an influence exists.

I am further strengthened in this belief by the study of the automatic phenomena briefly noticed above. I observe that in all the varieties of automatic action—of which automatic writing may be taken as a prominent type—the contents of the messages given seem to be derived from three sources. First of all comes the automatist's own mind. From that the vast bulk of the messages are undoubtedly drawn, even when they refer to matters which the automatist once knew, but has entirely forgotten. Whatever has gone into the mind may come out of the mind; although this automatism may be the only way of getting at it. Secondly, there is a small percentage of messages apparently telepathic—containing, that is to say, facts probably unknown to the automatist, but known to some living person in his company, or connected with him. But, thirdly, there is a still smaller residuum of messages which I cannot thus explain—messages which contain facts apparently not known to the automatist or any living friend of his, but known to some deceased person, perhaps a total stranger to the living man whose hand is writing. I cannot avoid the conviction that in some way—however dreamlike and indirect—it is the departed personality which originates such messages as these.*

We have now got directly into the domain of pure Spiritualism; and it is impossible to avoid recognition of the skillful way in which phenomena that seemed to hook on to no previous knowledge of mankind have been correlated with the facts ascertained and admitted by exact science. Nay more, it would be profoundly unjust to deny or to seek to hide the value of the service thus rendered to our cause. For it has been one of our greatest difficulties in the past that we have only presented isolated facts for acceptance, and have had no sufficient answer to the scientific objection that our phenomena "find no place among the copious store of verified and systematized facts and inferences" which science claims as her assured possession.

*See "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," Part XVI. (Trubner.)

Mr. Myers is careful not to claim too much. He is writing for an ignorant and necessarily prejudiced class, and he claims only for the facts so far established by scientific methods of research that they are such as would be likely to crop up at first, such as science can assimilate most easily. This point is elaborated in a passage which, though beyond what we usually permit ourselves in the way of quotation, we append without an abridgement which would destroy its force.

We should expect that our first intimation of the true extraterrene character of our evolution might be the accidental discovery of some faculty within us which was not traceable to the action of our terrene antecedents. Here, as elsewhere, we might expect that knowledge of the future might be attained by inference from the past. The comparison of man as he is to the caterpillar, and of man as he may be after death to the butterfly, is a tolerably old one. Let us suppose that some humble larvæ are dissecting each other, and speculating as to their destinies. At first they find themselves precisely suited to life and death on a cabbage-leaf. Then they begin to observe certain points in their construction which are useless to larval life. These are, in fact, what are called "imaginal characters"—points of structure which indicate that the larva has descended from an imago, or perfect insect, and is destined in his turn to become one himself. These characters are much overlaid by the secondary, or larval characters, which subserve larval, and not imaginal life, and they consequently may easily be overlooked or ignored. But our supposed caterpillar sticks to his point; he maintains that these characteristics indicate an aerial origin. And now a butterfly settles for a moment on the cabbage-leaf. The caterpillar points triumphantly to the morphological identity of some of the butterfly's conspicuous characters with some of his own latent characters; and while he is trying to persuade his fellow-caterpillars of this the butterfly flies away.

This is exactly what I hold to have happened in the history of human evolution. I will mention one or two great names alone. Plato was the first larva to insist upon the imaginal characters. His doctrine of reminiscence asserted that our quasi-instinctive recognition of geometrical truths, etc., implied that we, in fact, remembered these truths; that geometrical capacity was a character carried into this world with us from some other stage of being. And the view thus pressed by Socrates and Plato, the very founders of science, is now renewed by the foremost of modern naturalists. Mr. Wallace holds, as is well known, a modification of Plato's view. He considers that these sudden increments of faculty—mathematical, musical, and the like—which appear without apparent hereditary cause, indicate some access of energy outside the order of purely terrene evolution. Somewhat similarly I would suggest that telepathy and cognate faculties, now beginning to be recognized as inherent in the subconscious strata of the human intelligence, may be the results of an evolution other than terrene or physical evolution whose successive steps and slowly-growing capacities we can in some rough way retrace.

I place together, then—as I claim that history me a *prima facie* right to do—certain experiments which have, so to say, gained general acceptance but yesterday, and certain cognate experiments which are on their way (as I think) to general acceptance on some not distant morrow; and I draw from all these a double line of argument in favor of human survival. In the first place, I point to the great extension and deepening which experiment has given to our conception of the content and capacities of the sub-conscious human mind, amounting, perhaps, to a shifting of man's physical centre of gravity from the conscious to the unconscious strata of his being—and accompanied by the manifestation of powers at least not obviously derivable from terrestrial evolution.

And, in the second place, I claim that there is, in fact, direct evidence for the exercise of some kind of influence by the surviving personalities of departed men. I claim that the analysis of phantasmal sights and sounds, treated by careful rules of evidence, indicates this influence. And I claim that it is indicated also by the analysis of those automatic messages which, in various manners, carry upwards to the threshold of consciousness the knowledge acquired from unknown sources by the sub-conscious mind.

I do not say that these are such facts as might be selected from the whole universe of facts to edify or to console us. But I say they are such facts as we should have been likely, on any scientific method, to get hold amongst the first, and to assimilate the most easily.

Yet one more point to complete the parallel which I have suggested between the man and caterpillar. We have discovered (as I hold) that we men can occasionally communicate among ourselves in a fashion at once inexplicable and practically useless—a fashion for which no origin suggests itself in the history of

terrene evolution. And we observe also, that information not attainable by ordinary methods is sometimes conveyed to us by this method. I argue, as the caterpillar argued about the butterfly, that here is a similarity of structure between our own intelligence and some unseen intelligence, and that what that unseen intelligence is we too may once have been, and may be destined again to be. And, addressing myself for a moment to the religious and philosophical side of man, I point out that our small, or even grotesque, cases of telepathetic transmission between living men, or between the men called living and the men called dead, stand towards certain of the central beliefs of the Gospels and of some high philosophies in the same relation in which laboratory experiments stand to the vast operations of nature. That same direct influence of mind on mind which we show in *minimis*, would, if supposed operative in *maximis*, be a form of stating the efficacy of prayer, the communion of saints, or even the operation of a Divine Spirit.

We have thought that those among our readers, and the number of such are steadily increasing, who are not content to neglect such investigations as those which Mr. F. W. H. Myers refers to throughout this paper, will welcome some account, however inadequate, of his position. It is not ours precisely. We occupy ground more advanced, an outpost in the field that he has not yet reached, or which, at least, he has not avowed himself as having occupied. We hold a middle position between the investigator who would refer all phenomena to the action, understood or as yet occult, of the human personality, and that more heroic but less wise observer—if a misuse of the term may be permitted—whose all-sufficient explanation for the whole range of psychical phenomena is found in the intervention of an external intelligence, loosely called "spirit," and assumed invariably to be the soul of a departed being who has once lived on this earth. Such beings, it seems to us proven, do at times communicate with earth, and on the fact of such communications we rest much of, but not the whole of, our claims as Spiritualists. The unexplored region, the *terra incognita* of our human personality, we have done little with. It is the happy hunting ground of the society in whose name Mr. Myers has often written, though he expressed only his own conclusions here, and it would be unfair and churlish to deny the value of the work which has enabled him to put forward this present essay.

REALITY OF APPARITIONS. *

On the subject of apparitions, M. L. Gardy, of Geneva, in his excellent and instructive work entitled, "Cherchons" (let us seek), cites a French author who has devoted himself to the study of the question.

is, says our Genevese brother in the belief, a M. Adolphe d'Assier, who does not believe in the spirits, prides himself on his positivism and would "free the men of our epoch from the enervating hallucinations of Spiritualism," who furnishes in his "Essay Sur L'Humanite Posthume" (Essay on posthumous humanity), valuable information on the reality of apparitions of deceased persons. Having been brought by circumstances to the conviction that apparitions are not so devoid of foundation as is believed, he seeks for an explanation of it, and thinks he has found it in the duality of the human body, which must be composed according to him—besides the material substance—of a fluid of certain density, persistent for a short time after death only, and permitting in certain conditions of the production of the phenomena which we are discussing. I shall not examine the value of this theory, making the observation, however, that like many other savants, M. d'Assier puts aside the facts which could not be explained by his system, and I selected among the examples which he relates the following, the recital of which he says he has from the witnesses themselves:

"About twenty years ago, M. X——, aged about 50 years, inhabiting a commune of the canton d'Oust (Ariege), died after a very short sickness. Immediately after his death, his house became the theatre of a multitude of night scenes which lasted several years. 'On the evening before Easter,' said a gardener

to whom I addressed myself, 'I was delayed one evening in a garden by some work which I had not been able to do during the day. My work ended, I began preparations to leave. I heard the sharp noise as of a knife which was trimming a vine. At this noise I turned around and found myself face to face with the deceased M. X——.' 'How was he dressed,' I asked. 'As was usual in life, hat upon his head and a comforter about his neck, and a smiling air.' Why did you not talk to him? 'I was going to do so, then I hesitated and, then reaching the garden gate I withdrew. Did you remain a long time face to face? 'Long enough to say an *ave maria*.' Were you afraid? 'No, I go day out and day in and I never see anything. However, on entering my house after a little while I was seized with terror.'

The second fact which took place the same night, had for a witness the grave-digger of the commune which M. X—— had inhabited and where he had died. Here is his story: 'The evening before Easter, having to dig a grave, and being deceived by the clocks which were sounding the reveillon (midnight meal) towards midnight, in a neighboring village, I believed it was the angelus and betook myself to the cemetery to go to work. On opening the great gate, I was surprised to see near the great cross, and at a little distance from the tomb of M. X——, a man standing near by. Hold! here is a fellow who has risen quite early in the morning to follow the stations(?), and as I was trying to comprehend who this could be, I remarked that the individual advanced towards me, and I recognized M. X——. Then I closed the gate of the cemetery, seeking to put the pillar of the gate between this personage and myself, and went back into my house, not without being seized with great terror.'

How was he dressed? As was usual while he lived, with his comforter and his hat. Why did I not wait to speak to him? I should have taken good care to avoid this. As his comrades used to joke him sometimes in regard to this story, he used to answer invariably: Believe or not believe, it don't matter to me, I am telling what I have seen, I have nothing else to say to you.'

The third experience passed under the eyes of a retired custom house officer. I reproduce exactly his words. It is to be noted that this event took place the same evening with the two others. 'On the evening before Easter, I was on guard with another employé, near a property belonging to the the deceased M. X——. I saw a person who kept going and coming near me, opening and closing an entrance door. I said to myself: This man of affairs of M. X. is quite early to-day. Then, observing more attentively, I recognized M. X. himself. My first movement was to awaken my comrade to inform him about this extraordinary apparition. However, I abstained.' How was M. X. dressed? 'As usual in life, with hat and comforter which he always used to wear.' As soon as you recognized him, did you have some fright? 'I am an old customs officer, I do not have any fear, in proof of which I did not awaken my comrade. However, for the rest of the night I confess I was not in my usual tranquil mood.'

Here certainly is a series of spontaneous manifestations, which, attested by a skeptic, well deserve to be taken into consideration.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XIX.

FRAUD.

The advocates of fraud divide themselves into two camps; those who view with just suspicion some particular phase of alleged phenomena, and those who adopt the sweeping charge of fraud against the subject in all its branches. This article has reference solely to the latter.

The strange character of the alleged facts and the startling explanations put forth, were among the chief causes which inclined men at first, so generally, to the suspicion of universal fraud. Although clumsy and infamous pretenders to mediumship were often

detected, yet as the inquirer reasoned more strictly, he found that the probability of a genuine character belonging to the phenomena, was strengthened by the very incredibility of their nature. As a fraud, the inception of the scheme was utterly contemptible and it would not have lived a day. It was the climax of idiocy to have devised a matter so glaringly absurd, if built upon mendacity and trick. It is absolutely certain to all but the most irreflective minds, that pretensions of this extraordinary character must have something of truth behind them, to occasion so profound a revolution in the minds of men, unfavorably disposed by education and habits of thought.

A very slight examination must satisfy us, that fraud as a full explanation, is so preposterously inadequate, that the controversialist who stumbles along this irrational line becomes more and more the victim of false conclusions. Still we may assume, as a matter of course, that fraud is practised by pretenders wherever the opportunity offers, and is not confined to them alone. The fraudulent performer and the professional exposé are born of the opportunity, and the dupes of the latter outnumber those of the former. But we may not rationally suppose that hundreds of people, embracing men of education, little children and ladies in private life, would all at once compass the dexterity of practised jugglers. The experiments by men of acknowledged capacity have been so numerous and exact, that a negation becomes inexpressibly worthless, when it practically holds modern inquiry to be a source of error and the old ignorance a well-spring of knowledge. We owe it to our own self-respect to have no part in this weak and senseless reasoning.

A belief in spirit-intercourse owes much of its rapid progress to a superficial method of opposing the facts. The insistence upon fraud was so irreconcilable with the evidence of the many thousands who studied the subject, that personal experiment was found to be the only means to arrive at a dispassionate view. From this study, if seriously made, the observer always arose with the conviction that the opponent had no knowledge of the facts, or at the best a most superficial one and had denied them as the easiest reply to the spiritual hypothesis. But it did not appear to justly reasoning minds that the conclusions of millions, founded upon actual experiment, were in any manner answered by arbitrary negations, not due to the light of knowledge, but depending altogether upon its absence.

The rapping phenomena, known more or less in every age, was the early form through the Fox children, and if a fraud then was a fraud with Dr. Johnson, a fraud with the Wesley family, a fraud with Justinus Kerner, and miraculously enough the same style of "fraud" has occurred at every reappearance, with children who never could have heard of the previous tricks. The belief has continued to exist in some degree through all this period, and at the lowest ebb, we see it growing at once into a life of such fabulous proportions, that no reasonable doubt can exist of its permanence and progress.

The disproportion between this suppositious fraud and the effects produced, became at length so vividly apparent, that the vague generality fell into disrepute as the feeblest babble, and the effort to revive it, especially from the pulpit, comes with an intensely comic aspect, much to the ultimate discredit of religious teaching. Let us place side by side, for the sake of comparison and incidental amusement, some of the many sided fancies, imagined, it is needless to say with a superb disregard of the facts. Videlicet: Unconscious pushing of things we cannot stir with all our normal strength; conscious pushing of things we do not touch; rooms full of complicated and ingenious machinery, invisible of course to the spectators; dynamite; jugglery of the first order, sometimes by little children, with their feet and hands held; ventriloquism; 'second sight'; the Genesee Falls; asbestos gloves on cushions; reservoirs of hydrogen gas; masses of red hot platinum sponge; electricity; fine steel wires; ordinary looking pocket-pens that open out to the length of a fishing-pole; loose bones in the knee joint; slack muscles in the ankles; walnut shells on the big toes and strings passing up the petticoats; big toes plai

*Translated for THE JOURNAL from the *Messenger* of March 15th.

a gift of causing a room full of spectators to see what is not present; creaking bed-steads; broom-sticks in the cellar and rats in the ceiling.

Some of these accessories were of a remarkably inconvenient size and shape to be invisibly carried about to private houses, and it required consummate skill to manipulate red-hot platinum, the bag of gas, or the water-fall in a lady's drawing-room. We must remember, however, that this is a subject peculiarly open to all-round nonsense, and it is praise to say that this list is not worse than the automatically written communications of Shakespeare or General Washington.

We can hardly be brought to believe that a rational being could assert—that thousands upon thousands of observers, hundreds of books, numerous weekly journals, scores of experiments by men of science, schools, lecturers, mediums in private families, costly buildings, camp-meetings and psychical research societies all over the world—have no other foundation than childish tricks practised by two ignorant little girls, still living, without any detection after the lapse of nearly forty years.* It is not reasonable or honest to reject the pregnant fact, that every critical observer who makes an intelligent and sufficiently prolonged examination, has, notwithstanding his original incredulity, finally pronounced in favor of these phenomena. Wherever we find fraud advanced as generally applicable, experiment shows it to be incompatible with every real feature of the subject.

Mediums are also to be found in private life—mothers—sisters—daughters, whose powers are unspoken of outside of their own homes, and who view the subject in a sacred light. This one fact closes the argument of fraud, for such mediums are only held to be consciously dishonest through an irrational condition of the mental faculties. Some mediums are in the habit of holding séances every day, and if strong enough, twice a day. About twenty persons are usually present, strangers from all parts of the country. Names of the living and of the dead, incidents of life, secrets long buried in the grave are narrated as if living friends had met, and this goes on for years. The study of tomb-stones, and the tattle of the town can scarcely furnish these details.

It is to be deplored that educated and presumably thinking minds should, with no personal knowledge and in the face of all the evidence, lend their aid to clog and obscure a question involving so naturally the errors of prejudice and so earnestly demanding the most exact experiment. In common decency we ought not to be obliged to listen to idle comparisons between the vigorous experiments of Hare, Crookes and Wallace, and the dextrous manipulations of practised showmen, the value of whose stock in trade hangs upon the professional and dubious statement that their tricks are done under similar conditions to the genuine phenomena. Only the most irrational line of argument can sustain the fallacy that the imitation of a fact offers the slightest proof against the reality of that fact. We may conduct our experiments under conditions which render sleight-of-hand a physical impossibility, and relegate the conjurer to his proper sphere. Those who have laboriously studied the question and have instituted vigorous scientific experiments stand upon safer ground than these feeble sophisms.

It is a gross improbability we cannot entertain, that thousands upon thousands all over the world, unknown to each other, could erect upon a fraudulent basis so large and consistent a body of physical and mental results. When the Big Toe is advanced by even the highest scientific authority as a sufficient foundation for this enormous superstructure, the hypothesis of fraud dwindles to a farce.

*These two women, by their own statement, have led a life of falsehood and fraud for forty years, and in the forty-first year assume a character for veracity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN AMERICAN SCIENTIST.

Professor Elliott Coues is well known to readers of THE JOURNAL as one of its contributors on various subjects. Of the actual scientific standing of Prof.

Coues the reviews now appearing in England, in the most critical quarters, of his ornithological works, would be sufficient proof if any were needed. The following notice of his "Handbook of Field and General Ornithology, a manual of the structure and classification of birds with instructions for collecting and preserving specimens"—a work published by MacMillan, is copied from the *Academy*, London, of March 24th:

No one who aspires to be an ornithologist in the true sense of the name can afford to be ignorant of the contents of this book. It aspires to showing us everything about the nature and structure of birds, so far as a single volume can epitomise the extent of present knowledge; and it fulfils its aspiration to a degree hitherto unknown. It is practically a reprint, for English readers, of the first third of the illustrious author's second edition of his "Key to North American Birds," published at Boston, U. S. A., in 1884; and it contains some excellent figures which appeal more to English ornithologists than did those of the original work. It consists of two divisions. The first is entitled "Field Ornithology." Here we have minute directions as to how to collect birds and their nests and eggs; how to prepare them for the museum, according to the latest and most refined methods; and how to preserve them. It may hardly be considered credible in a scientific treatise, but we can faithfully avow that almost every page of this part reads like a novel; and it is much more interesting than most of them. The genius of the author alone makes each page as pregnant as most people's chapters could have been. Only those who know him "in the flesh," as he would say, can conceive how it is that he puts dry details so brilliantly. It is part of the man himself, his own way of work; and may it be long before the world knows from his biographer the secrets of the way in which he crystallizes the results of his trained enthusiasm; we shall all want to copy him then. Here we are only his critic; and we cannot find anything to criticise, but only to admire now a part of the life-work of a man who concentrates within himself the advanced ornithology of the age. Prof. Coues's second division is called "General Ornithology." General it is, indeed, in the widest signification. He defines birds: he tells us what a bird is, and shows us how it differs from other vertebrate animals, adducing more facts in evidence than we might think necessary if we had lived in pre-Darwinian times. Then he gives us a philosophical disquisition on the classification of birds, such as perhaps has never been equalled. Definitions and descriptions of the exterior parts of birds follow this, wherein everything known is summarised with a master's skill. Illiger was great; but Coues is greater. That is what those who know must feel. The second half of the book is devoted to the entire anatomy of birds. As we close it, we wonder what else there is to be learnt about the matter: it is all so clearly explained and illustrated that Dr. Coues's successors will find it hard to supplant him in anything like the same compass.

PECULIAR INSANITY.

H. H. Brigham, M. D., of Fitchburg, Mass., in a letter printed in the Boston *Globe*, addressed to Rev. M. J. Savage, says:

Last fall I was called to a patient who appeared to be insane. I could find no trace of disease. Her insanity was peculiar. She was almost if not wholly quite demented as far as her own personality or mentality was concerned. She was dazed and bewildered. Her own children seemed strange to her. She was restless and uneasy, and particularly desirous to go home, although she was in her own house, with her family about her. She would talk but very little, and did not remember her past history. I made several calls and at last hit upon a plan which succeeded admirably. I began to ignore the presence of the lady and addressed her as she appeared, as another personality. At last I succeeded in obtaining the following story: I asked the question, "Who are you?" but not verbally, of my patient. I wrote this question and put the same in an envelope, sealed it and placed it in my patient's hand. She was lying upon the bed and I seated myself to watch results. Soon she aroused from a sort of stupor and gave me a name. Then followed the name of a city in this state. Then by questions which I asked verbally I received quite a history. It ran thus: "My name is so and so. I lived in Salem. Have a family there. I fell July 3d, from a building upon which I was working. I passed away soon after, the next day, I think. I want you to write to my wife. Tell her to proceed with her lawsuit, not to settle with them; and tell her not to change her residence, as she is intending to do."

All this I wrote down, and immediately sent the same to the wife, whose name was given me, and in due time received a reply confirming all the spirit had

said, even to the moving from the house, etc. So after this my patient recovered, and has shown no sign of insanity since. Now for my second point. One illustration is as good as a hundred. At the close of a rapping and table-tipping séance, after the party had all moved away from the table, I perceived the latter to be moving. I examined it carefully and found no physical agency at work. After getting an affirmative answer to the question, "If this is a spirit moving the table will you spell out through the alphabet your message to us?" I sat for two hours with a card in my hand containing the letters of the alphabet, and as I pointed to the right letter the table would move. When I had finished, the letters which I had written were not divided into words, but presented one unintelligible mass. After marking off the words I read the following: "My name is so-and-so. I passed to spirit life yesterday at 8 p.m. My body will pass through your city to-morrow on its way to Mt. Auburn." This I found to be true. Now, if these points can be explained without the aid of de-carnated spirits, I would like to ask these reverend gentlemen [of the new Society for the Investigation of Spiritualism] what evidence they have of immortality?

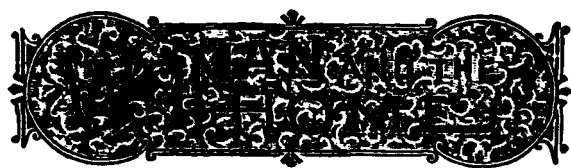
HYPNOTISM AND DENTISTRY.

A very interesting exhibition of hypnotism and clairvoyance was given in the parlors of Dr. A. M. Parker, No. 1112 Franklin avenue last night, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. The experience, besides being in the line of many already given, opened a new vista in dental surgery—namely, the localized deadening of pain for the performance of painful operations. At 8 o'clock Prof. Otto Laroge, the hypnotist, entered the physician's office in company with Louis Lauer and Miss Nellie Moore. Mr. Lauer was the patient for hypnotic and cataleptic experiment and Miss Moore was the clairvoyant. Mr. Lauer has been under the dentist's care for some time, and has been much troubled by the aching remains of an upper left side molar. Scarcely more than the roots of the grinder were left in his jaw, and the pain experienced from the decayed portions has been excruciating. Dr. Parker first cleaned the patient's teeth and was then ready for the operation. Prof. Laroge approached the chair, and after making half a dozen passes before Mr. Lauer's eyes, remarked that "the tooth has stopped aching!" Immediately the pain-drawn features relaxed and Lauer admitted that the aching had stopped. "When the doctor pulls the roots," continued Prof. Laroge, "you will not feel anything." Dr. Parker then arranged his instruments and set to work. Taking keen blades he cut into the gums deeply in order to give his forceps space to "catch on" to the ugly roots. The flesh bled freely, but Mr Lauer's face gave no sign of pain whatever. He smiled contentedly at Prof. Laroge's chat and once in a while commented upon the quantity of blood shed after spitting the fluid from his mouth.

"Now we will pull them," said Dr. Parker. "Don't hurt me," exclaimed the patient; "the last one you pulled nearly killed me." "It won't hurt a bit," replied Prof. Laroge, with confidence.

Adjusting the wicked-looking pincers, Dr. Parker extracted first one, then another, and still another, fang from the bleeding gums. Meanwhile, Mr. Lauer was listening to what Dr. Laroge was saying with the greatest of interest. After all were out he gazed at the specimens in astonishment. He could scarcely believe that the aching roots were out. Prof. Laroge then took Mr. Lauer in hand and by a long earnest gaze threw him into the cataleptic sleep, fell over like a log and submitted to a long process as any corpse might. Needles were thrust through his tongue and cheeks and hands and different joints in his limbs were thrust repeatedly out of joint. Lastly, Lauer's body was stretched across the space between two chair backs, and the professor, the doctor and the *Globe-Democrat* reporter seated themselves upon this human bridge, the unconscious body supporting their combined weight as solidly as a span of iron. By a process nearly similar to that which threw him into the cataleptic state, Lauer was brought from it to consciousness. Prof. Laroge then hypnotized Miss Moore, and while in this state she answered without hesitation the most difficult questions propounded to her by those present. The name, occupation and appearance of absent and unknown persons were unerringly answered by her, also the accurate description of far-away and strange places.

In the current number of *Harper's Magazine* deacon F. W. Farrar gives the world his contribution to the Salvation Army and its work. The article is struck in the opening paragraph: "We admire or despise it, whether we thize with it, the Salvation Army is the most remarkable religious organization."



SHARING ALL.

Dear, it is twilight time, the time of rest;
 Ah! cease the weary pacing to and fro;
 Sit down beside me in this cushioned nest,
 Warm with the brightness of our ingle glow.
 Dear thou art troubled. Let me share thy lot
 Of shadow, as I shared thy sunshine hours.
 I am no child, though childhood, half forgot,
 Lies close behind me with its toys and flowers.
 I am a woman, waked by happy love
 To keep home's sacred altar fire alight!
 Thou hast elected me to stand above
 All others in thine heart. I claim my right,
 Not wife alone, but mate and comrade true;
 I shared thy roses, let me share thy rue.

Bitter? I know it. God hath made it so.
 But from his hand shall we take good alone,
 And evil never? Let the world's wealth go,—
 Life hath no loss which love cannot atone.
 Show me the new hard path that we must tread;
 I shall not faint nor falter by the way;
 And be there cloud or sunshine overhead,
 I shall not fail thee to my dying day.
 But love me, love me, let our hearts and lips
 Cling closer in our sorrows than in joy;
 Let faith out shine our fortunes in eclipse,
 And love deem wealth a lost and broken toy.
 Joy made us glad, let sorrow find us true;
 God blessed our roses, He will bless our rue.
 —ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

An item going the rounds of the press says: "Miss Emily Howard, director of the First National Bank, at Auburn, N. Y., is the first woman in the United States to hold such a position. Miss Howard is rich and for several years has maintained at her own home a school of farmers' sons and daughters." The statement that Miss Howard is the first woman in the United States to hold the position of bank director is not correct. According to bank statistics, Mrs. L. McCall, who was elected director of the First National Bank of Canton, Ill., in 1874, and who still holds the position, is entitled to the distinction of being the first bank director who was a woman. The second woman director of a bank is Mrs. Mobias Bradley, who was elected director of the First National bank of Peoria, Ill., in 1875. She is the Mother of Mrs. C. McCall Black, of Canton, Ill., who is a subscriber to THE JOURNAL. Miss Maggie P. Raymond—of whom Mrs. Black is a nephew—has also been director of the First National Bank of Canton for eight or ten years.

I can remember well that it seemed, even after women had conquered their place in medicine, that the twin professions of law and divinity would still remain closed to them, writes T. W. Higginson in *Harper's Bazar*. Yet the preacher's desk has been occasionally occupied by them from the foundations of the colonies. Anne Hutchinson almost revolutionized the New England churches; Mary Fisher and Anne Stinson taught publicly the doctrines of the founder of American Methodism, as English sect had been largely established by Susanna Wesley and the countess of Huntingdon. Oberlin college sent out, some forty years ago, its first woman graduate in theology, but has only just printed her name as such for the first time in its triennial catalogue; and her ordination in 1853 was the first bestowed by any American of her sex. There seems as yet to be no trustworthy statistics as to the whole number of women ministers in this country. The Society of Friends has about 350, the *Universalist Register* for 1889 contains the names of thirty-five, the *Congregational Year Book* five, and the Unitarian Theological school at Meadville, has had sixteen women as pupils. The Disciples of Christ have forty-three women teachers. The Free-Will Baptists, the Primitive Methodists, and the Protestant Episcopalists have also ordained women on a large scale, and the institution of deaconesses being revived among the larger churches. To illustrate how the work of a woman may be rewarded, the Rev. Ada H. Brown, following dialogue, in a nursery, The little unced her intention

of "helping mamma preach" whenever she should be old enough, her younger brother stoutly declared that he would do the same. On this the sister, looking at him with some doubt and misgiving, yet finally assented in these terms: "Yes, man's do preach sometimes."

The graduation of nine women as physicians from the New York Medical College for Women has quickly succeeded the graduation of the fourteen women lawyers from the University of the City of New York, says the *Press* of that city. All the reasons which support the fitness of women for the bar can be urged in favor of their entrance on the field of medicine. The keenness and quickness of an educated woman's mental processes, the ability in which she surpasses men in intuitively grasping truths, her hatred of wrong and her prompt sympathy for every kind of suffering, all point to her capacity for both the great professions of law and medicine. But in addition to this there is a most important argument to be urged in favor of women physicians. By far the greater portion of medical patients in the United States are women. And in medicine, as in most other things, no one can minister so naturally and effectively to the needs of women as women themselves. The experiment is not a new one. Women have already achieved a certain measure of success as physicians. They have been greatly hampered by inadequate educational facilities and the course of conservatism, which is nowhere more potent than among the feminine sex. But in all directions the paths of education are being opened to women who have the intelligence and energy to take advantage of them, and the prejudice against women's work outside the home circle is lessening very rapidly. It would be rash to prophesy, but it does not seem impossible that before the noon of the twentieth century is reached, women may have established themselves beyond all question as to skilled and generally popular physicians of their own sex.

When Miss Fawcett surprised all England a year ago by being bracketed above the senior wrangler for excellence in mathematics at one of the great English universities, she attracted wide attention chiefly because her achievement was that of a woman. A much greater than Miss Fawcett died recently. This was Mme. Sophie Kovalevsky, the professor of mathematics at the university of Stockholm, who was not yet 38 years of age. Her genius in mathematics was very early developed, indeed, her professorship was the ultimate result of her paper on differential equations published in 1874 in the *Journal für Mathematik*, when she was hardly 21 years old. Mme. Kovalevsky was a Russian, born in a country town, her father's name being Gen. Krukowski. She studied at St. Petersburg and in 1869 was admitted to Heidelberg. For distinction in higher mathematics she was made a doctor of philosophy at Göttingen while she was yet 21 years old. Meanwhile the Krukowski girl had become the wife of Prof. Kovalevsky, the lecturer on paleontology at the university of Moscow. This union was apparently most fortunate in that her opportunities for exercising her genius were in no way curtailed. The professor's death in 1883 left her free to accept the offer of the university of Stockholm. Mme. Kovalevsky was still further honored by the French academy which conferred upon her the "prix Baudin," doubled in this instance by reason of the "quite extraordinary service" the recipient had rendered to mathematical science. This remarkable woman's genius was not confined to mathematics. She has written a few novels, which have never been printed in Russian for the same reason that many other things fail to pass the Czar's censor, and her "Reminiscences of Childhood" are highly esteemed. Her fame, to be sure, rests upon her achievements in mathematical science, and in that field of mental activity very few women have ever approached her.

There is no race of young people yet born with old heads upon their shoulders, nor should we desire it. The unreasonableness, the extravagances and the illusions of youth are part of its charming conditions. But a husband is to be chosen not alone for the quickly fleeting hours of youth; he is to be a friend and supporter through the burden and heat of the day, and a companion for the long shadows of the evening of life. Therefore no girl should be allowed to choose a husband as she would choose a partner in a dance, and yet this is what many girls are inclined to do.

Mothers ought to supplement by their own experience the inexperience and emotions of their daughters, and to warn them against passions which bring evil unless guarded and directed to good ends. For the marriages of affection, on which we are apt to pride ourselves, are very often marriages of youthful caprice. Too often love in a cottage comes in for all the hardships of a cottage without love. Let mothers, therefore, guide their daughters at this most important time.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The terms on which women enter the British civil service are given as follows: "They entered as second-class clerks, receiving £65 a year, rising by £3 a year to £80. Here the maximum, which is certainly small, is reached, but there is promotion by merit to clerkships rising to £110 a year, and a few higher places which go up to £170. Three female superintendents each receive up to £400 a year, and four assistant superintendents each £200. The work is not difficult, and the hours are seven a day. An annual holiday of a month is allowed. Candidates must be between the age of 18 and 20. It is an enforced condition that on marrying they must resign their appointments."

THE MARTIN ROPE TRICK.

A correspondent, who seems to have more confidence in himself than experience, writes that he has seen materializations at Mrs. Martin's in New York and believes them genuine. He asks us to explain if we can how trickery is possible. We are heartily tired of trying to educate the average investigator in the cheap legerdemain palmed off under the guise of Spiritualism. Martin's cabinet tricks with rope-tying, etc., are of the same character generally as Kellar's well-known performances on the stage, although Kellar is a more skillful operator. The supposed "materialization" that is said to occur when Mrs. Martin is tied in the cabinet depends upon a cheap form of trick. A long rope is tied round the neck of Mrs. Martin, the ends of the rope hanging down behind. She is then seated on a chair in the cabinet and the ends of the rope are passed through two holes in a piece of the woodwork and drop down outside the cabinet. At this stage of the performance Mrs. Martin's neck is placed close to the holes. The cabinet is then closed up and knots are tied on the outside of the cabinet just where the ropes pass out from the holes. But owing to the position of the doors of the cabinet, the opportunity is given for Mrs. Martin to pull back some of the slack rope through the holes before the person chosen to do the tying can get round to the outside of the cabinet for that purpose. It is then easy enough for Mrs. Martin to loosen the knots on her neck, and widen the noose, and so free herself from the rope altogether. The door of the cabinet is afterwards opened and Mrs. Martin appears disguised in a light fabric. At a recent seance, marks were made on the rope just where the two pieces came out from the holes in the cabinet. These marks were made just before untying the outside knots. Examination afterwards showed that about thirteen inches of rope had been pulled into the cabinet as above described. It also appeared that the knots on the neck of Mrs. Martin had been tampered with, and experiments made with the rope proved that it was easy to slip it over the head, using the slack fraudulently drawn inside the cabinet.

"LIGHT OF EGYPT" FREE TO FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The author has authorized THE JOURNAL to distribute one hundred copies of "The Light of Egypt, or the Science of the Soul and the Stars" among free public libraries. Application must be made for the book, and naming the library and enclosing fifteen cents to prepay postage. The work is a large 12 mo. of about 300

pages, printed from large type on fine paper and beautifully illustrated; for further particulars see description in the advertising columns of this paper. The book has been the subject of wide comment. Those who oppose on *a priori* grounds its central claim are vigorous in their criticisms, those who have no well-defined preconceived opinions and those who favor the doctrines advanced are equally robust in their commendations. Whatever its merits, it is a book likely to be freely called for when catalogued in public libraries.

INTERESTING AND SUGGESTIVE.

It will interest our readers to know that the building in which THE JOURNAL is located has been in process of reconstruction for six months, and now resembles a modern pandemonium. To get out THE JOURNAL in good shape and keep business moving is no easy task. Expenses are also largely increased in various ways. We have a considerable number of subscribers in arrears. Never could their remittances come in better time than now. If you are behind in your dues please regard this as a personal request to pay up and renew and thus make our task easier by that much.

A Mrs. Smith, of Brooklyn, vouches for the mysterious third party who is alleged to have written the sealed letter whose "reading" was palmed off on the Everett Hall people as genuine by the Davis-Martin combination. With all due respect for our unknown correspondent, we must continue to doubt the existence of any third party. If there is any such person then he was in league with Mrs. Martin. But why should useful members of the community spend time or thought over these inconsequential, dime museum Martins? Is the position of Spiritualism so desperate in Gotham and her sister cities that the Martin class must be pressed into service? Not by any means. Even with all the folly of the Newton-Williams-Wells-Roberts combination, things are not so bad as that.

Mrs. M. C. Morrell informs THE JOURNAL that she has organized a society to be known as "The People's Spiritual Conference," which will meet every Monday evening at her residence, 151 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. "The purpose aimed at in establishing The People's Spiritual Conference," says Mrs. Morrell, "is to make the meetings helpful and educational to all who attend by taking up the consideration of psychic science, mediumship, and psychical phenomena in all their varied aspects and also by studying the laws of spiritual development, whereby all may be taught how best to unfold the latent powers of each human soul, and thus be better fitted for usefulness and happiness both here and hereafter." Dr. J. C. Wyman delivered the opening address and was followed by Mr. H. L. Whitney.

Hon. C. O. French, formerly of Fort Scott, and for eight years presiding judge of the sixth judicial district of Kansas, from which he retired to resume practice, has located in Chicago. Judge French was for some time at Salt Lake City, but like some other men, he believes there is plenty of room at the top and that the only way to get there is to travel the Chicago route. He is located in suite 409 Rookery Building, corner La Salle and Adams sts.; and, by the way, that "Rookery" is one of the finest office buildings in the world.

Rev. H. H. Brown, who has been in charge of the Unitarian Society at Salem, Oregon, for a year, writes that he has found plenty of work and is satisfied with the results of his efforts in the new field. Under the title of Captain Brown, this gentleman was for many years a Spiritualist

urer, as a majority of our readers will remember.

THE JOURNAL offices will remain in the same building—the Merchants' Building—where they have been for this past fourteen years, but are now in suite 58, across the hall from the old location. When the remodelling now in process is completed they will be the most convenient and best arranged the paper has ever had.



AN EXTRACT FROM GEN. SHERMAN'S "MEMOIRS."

TO THE EDITOR: Soon after he had graduated from West Point, Gen. Sherman was among the number sent by the government to California to take possession of, and hold the country.

After a voyage around Cape Horn, which lasted nearly two hundred days, he landed at Monterey and established the military headquarters. When everything was all fixed up in their new place, he and Ord—they were both lieutenants then—were granted permission to explore the back country.

I will now let Sherman himself tell the story as set forth in his "Memoirs."

I can well recall that Ord and I, impatient to look inland, got permission and started for the Mission of San Juan Bautista. Mounted on horses, and with our carbines, we took the road by El Toro, quite a prominent hill, around which passes the road to the South, following the Salina River. After about twenty miles over a sandy country covered with oak bushes and scrubs, we entered quite a pretty valley in which was a ranch at the foot of the Toro. Resting there awhile and getting some information, we again started towards a mountain called the Gabillano. It was quite dark when we reached the Salinas River, which we attempted to cross at several points, but found it full of water and the quick-sands bad. Hearing the bark of a dog, we changed our course in that direction, and, on halting, were answered by voices which directed us where to cross. We finally reached a small adobe-house on the banks of the Salinas, where we spent the night. The house was but a single room, without floor or glass; only a rude door and windows with bars. Not a particle of food but meat, yet the man and woman entertained us with the language of lords; put themselves and their house, and everything at our "disposition." We made our supper out of beef, and slept on a bullock hide on the dirt floor. The next day we cruised about until nearly dark when we came to a two story adobe-house, with a fence in front of it, well up in the foot hills of the Gabillano, situate in a beautiful valley. It was the residence of Señor Gomes. We hitched our horses to the fence as the señor was about to sit down to a tempting supper of stewed hare and tortillas. We were officers and caballeros and could not be ignored. After turning our horses to grass, at his invitation we joined him at supper. The allowance for one was ample, but rather short for three, and I thought the Spanish grandiloquent politeness of Gomes was not over cordial. However, we sat down, and I was helped to a dish of rabbit, with what I thought to be an abundant sauce of tomato. Taking a good mouthful, I felt as though I had taken liquid fire; the tomato was "chilic colorado," or red pepper of the strongest kind. It nearly killed me, and I saw Gomes eyes twinkle, for he saw that his share of the supper was increased.

I contented myself with bits of meat and a good supply of tortillas. Ord was better case-hardened and stood it better. We stayed at Gomes that night, sleeping, as all did, on the ground floor. Next morning we crossed the hill by a bridle path to the old mission of San Juan Bautista. The mission was in a beautiful valley, smooth and level, surrounded by hills, with everything thriving.

It was Sunday, and all the people, about a hundred, had come from the country around to church. Ord was somewhat a Catholic, and entered the church with his clanking spurs and knelt down, attracting the attention of all, for he had on his uniform of an American officer. As soon as church was out, all rushed to the

various sports. I saw the priest with his robes tucked up playing billiards. Others were cock-fighting and some horse-racing. My horse had become lame, and as soon as it was known that I wanted to make a purchase, several came to me and displayed their animals. I obtained a splendid one for ten dollars.

C. W. SMART.

FROM AGNOSTICISM TO SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR: I had tried orthodoxy, and from some defect either in the religion or—as my friends in the church maintained—in me, finally drifted into that unsettled condition called agnosticism. I do not think this is an entirely satisfactory creed. In reality, the agnostic is like a ship-wrecked mariner, always groping about for some shore upon which to set foot. If he does not find more promising harbor, he will, in all probability, land upon the barren rock of total unbelief, and remain there, trying to delude himself into the notion that he has found a despicable abiding place. But he is not happy. Life that ends in the grave must often seem a futile and purposeless existence. That the mind must decay and fall to earth with the outworn body, is not a cheerful thought. However, I started out, not to discuss any "ism," but to narrate what has recently occurred to "set me thinking" in earnest. Through a friend of mine, I was induced to visit a spirit medium, whom I found to be quite different from the medium my fancy had pictured. She was a lady of prepossessing appearance, and impressed one as being of very superior intelligence. A further acquaintance has fully convinced me that she is a lady of character and culture, and of whose honesty of purpose and high-mindedness there can be no question. Had I been so unfortunate at this stage as to encounter a medium who practiced deception, I would probably have, sooner or later, discovered it and thenceforth perhaps denounced Spiritualism as a myth and all mediums as unmitigated frauds.

The phenomena I witnessed, wonderful and incredible as they appeared to me, were not new nor strange to those who knew more of the nature of Spiritualism. They are such as may be seen by anyone who is fortunate enough to find an honest medium. For the most part they consisted in tests of slate-writing, rappings and similar phenomena, under conditions which made fraud impossible. I saw apparitions but once, and then in a materialization circle. The figures were vague and misty, and I could see no features, although there were those present who declared they recognized friends. This, however, may have been an illusion on their part. In broad daylight writings repeatedly appeared on clean slates under my hands. Some received correct likenesses of deceased friends, who could not have been known to the medium, under similar conditions.

It is easy for the skeptic who has seen none of these phenomena to dismiss them all with the hypothesis of fraud, but to me there is conclusive proof that the effects were produced by some intelligence other than my own or the medium's. I feel sure that any reasonable person who has witnessed similar phenomena under similar circumstances must agree with me in this. The unbeliever must give another reason than that of chicanery to be listened to in this age of individual research, when people are breaking loose from "ready-made" ideas and seeking knowledge on their own account.

W. H. J.

FROM AN AGED INVESTIGATOR.

TO THE EDITOR: The writer has seen many modes of spirit communication between this world and the more exalted spirit domain by what is known as rapping, table tipping, clairvoyance, audible invisible speaking, involuntary hand writing of the medium, however ever bearing in mind an early spiritual caution: "Knave's deceive other people. Fools only deceive themselves."

It should be early understood by inquirers that people pass from this world under various degrees of intelligence. We must therefore expect in their remarks to their friends that they will manifest various degrees of knowledge. As a specimen of some of the more elevated messages that I have received through the raps I have translated the ones given below: The medium was a stranger and an unpretentious illiterate girl, staying at a neighbor's house. The raps were unusually loud and rapid. The message purported to come from a beloved sister who had died about fifty years preceeding. It was

received March 3rd, 1854. Hence it will be perceived it dated a great way back. Fortunately for me, I have journalised every message I have ever received with the incidents therewith connected, which now swell in size to two stout volumes.

After this Miss Irish left my neighbor's house, I hunted her up in New York city, but she declined giving me a sitting; saying she was under special contract to some Jewish rabbis to sit for them exclusively. They got their communications by painting the Hebrew alphabet, which was painted on a strip of sheet tin. She laughed when I asked her if she understood Hebrew.

March 3rd, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER: "Almighty is the power of Deity and that Deity sways the great mass of mind or spirit which is in the regions of space, either definitely or indefinitely. I would have you now study and question your reasoning faculties on this point and upon Deity. You no longer need question our influence. You know it is not the mind clothed or incumbered with the form of earth. Our individuality you can never fully understand or comprehend until you are one among us. Then let your watchword be "onward," and remember me ever your sister,

ANN.

March 11, 1854.

Through the same rapping medium it was given—

BROTHER: Attract a high and holy order of spirits around you by pondering and placing your spirit mind upon the things of Deity. I have before requested you to do this. By Deity I mean to take him as he is in all. All light, all matter—all living matter, and that which seems to you inanimate. All matter which moves and acts from the will and influences of individual spirit. I would have you study and question on these points. For all things that have motion—and there is naught without, moves in Deity, and forms a part of Deity, or God, for your individual spirit forms a mite in the great mass of omnipotent matter which is God. From your sister, ANN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

D. BRUCE.

FROM DELPHOS, KANSAS.

TO THE EDITOR: Hon. R. A. Dague, late editor of the Phillipsburg, Kansas, *Herald*, delivered an address before the First Society of Spiritualists, Delphos, Kans., on Sunday, April 12th. Dague is a very able exponent of the spiritual philosophy; a man of much research, brilliant and accomplished as a public speaker. His wonderful experiences as narrated by him, hold the attention of an audience in rapt applause. He is identified with the reform movement and will use his influence both in public and private to help better the state of affairs.

The First Society of Spiritualists, Delphos, Kans., celebrated the forty-third anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday, March 29th, Rev. James De Buchananne delivering the address. He is a power in the hands of those who have passed to the other side of the veil. His clear conception of the Christ principle as made manifest in Jesus' time, and now about to be revealed again, was startling in its revelation. The doctor has taken up his residence here till after our campmeeting this fall, and will devote his time to furthering the cause which is so dear to him.

I. N. RICHARDSON.

THE WORK AT GRAND RAPIDS.

TO THE EDITOR: The work has gone grandly on during the month of April through the mediumship of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Fring. She came to us claiming to be no lecturer, but her "talks" have left lasting impress. Her words of love and kindness have been strengthened by "Ichabod" who in his droll way has manifested the same soulful earnestness in the welfare of those about him. Whoever he may be in reality he will long be remembered here by those who received messages. While all this is true it would be as difficult to transcribe it to paper as it is, as to paint sunshine with this pen. Some of our workers have objected to tests in Sunday meetings. But the results of the interest that has been awakened by the work of this medium lead me to believe that if we are working to reach the people, to do so we must present the phenomena. If we are working for ourselves alone, being already convinced, we do not need the tests, especially in public. I do not think it wise or just to suppress from an anxious audience phenomena such as have been presented by the speakers engaged by our society during the past year. These tests and readings all point to a law somewhere and they make people think and investigate.

THE JOURNAL has a place in the literature that is brought to the notice of our people every Sunday. I wish a great mass meeting of Spiritualists might be called somewhere, and we might have a real awakening that we might understand each other better. When I cease to work to maintain gatherings where Spiritualism can be promulgated and studied then I will be in truth, and so state it, no longer a Spiritualist. The great crying need is workers—those who are willing to assume some responsibility, to do, to be, in all the fullness of the possibilities within. THE JOURNAL has added dignity and strength to the cause of truth, and that it may continue under the present leadership for many years is the wish of yours in the work.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

A MEDIUM'S VIEWS.

TO THE EDITOR: Feeling deep interest in the new Psychical Association, to be composed among others of ministers of all denominations, I will write a few lines in regard to it. This new organization is greatly needed, and many times I have questioned myself what can be done to get ministers and church people more generally interested. Let the ministers and leaders of the churches become interested and it will not be long before Spiritualism will receive a new impetus that has not been realized in many years. Local organizations are good as far as they go, but they are composed mainly of persons who are already believers, many of them radical in their ideas. It goes out to the world, for the ministers and people say, "Oh, they are infidels; don't believe the Bible is true; don't believe in Christ, and that ends it." They give the subject no further thought. Mr. W. W. Currier's suggestion was good. Let them form circles among themselves, select those in whom they have confidence. It would be well for them to form a circle of twelve. There were twelve of the apostles. It would not be long until manifestations would come. They could not ignore. I believe the day is not far distant when Spiritualism will be preached from every pulpit and an orthodox minister will be unknown. Truly, every true Spiritualist must feel an interest in this new movement.

OMAHA, NEB. MRS. MARY J. NEW.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

TO THE EDITOR: Since modern science has demonstrated that a great many diseases are due to micro-organisms, the use of the strongest antiseptics which are known as disinfectants, to destroy the germs in the living body, has been a desideratum. The effective ones, corrosive sublimate at the head, in sufficiently large doses to kill the bacteria, would also kill the man. Professor J. Stilling, of the University of Strassburg, has discovered a substance of the greatest permeating power, which is harmless to the human economy, whether applied to open surfaces, injected into the blood, or introduced into the natural cavities, but effectually kills every germ that absorbs it. Its application is, therefore, illimitable. The metallic antiseptics applied will precipitate organic matter and form walls around colonies of germs. Dr. Stillings' disinfectant is of such a penetrating nature that it will enter through the walls and annihilate the bacteria. The substance is known as plectanin. My authority in the matter is the scientific bureau of the well known Darmstadt chemist, E. Merk, and his standing is unimpeachable.

KARL CROLLY.

PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

MRS. LENA BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR: Eight or ten of our citizens, mostly Presbyterians or Episcopalians "in good and regular standing," secured Mrs. Lena Bible, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to give a free lecture here last evening, on Spiritualism, and she gave a strong, lucid exposition of what Spiritualism means, what it has done and what it will do for the world. When she came to the answering of questions to be propounded to her on the subject, we did not know enough of it, aside from what she had told us, to ask her anything. Her psychometric readings did not have much value because hardly any, except young girls of the working class who were almost unknown, had the courage to present her anything for reading. Mrs. Bible is one whom a sight of begets confidence in at once.

EUGENE C. DANA.

NILES, MICH.

TOTSEY AND THE MOON.

Little Totsey was brim-full of questions,
And kept asking "the what and the why."
When he saw the full moon
He asks very soon,
"What's 'at yellow ding in the sky?"

Then Susan, his nurse, who was wearied
With his questioning, said, "Totsey, try
To go to sleep, please:
Some say it's green cheese,
And some say it's a big pumpkin pie."

Not many nights after the question
Totsey saw the half moon in the sky,
And cried with delight,
"Some one's took a bite
Write out of the big pumpkin pie."

—HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD IN ST. NICHOLAS.

"I always thought that Curtins was a superior man, but I will have to change my opinion, I fear."

"Why so?"

"They say he treats his wife as if she were a mere society acquaintance."

"It is true."

"It is?"

"Yes, he always treats her with the utmost courtesy and politeness."

HIS UNHAPPY LOT.

Again the swarthy son of sunny Italy
To rural scenes repairs,
And plays upon his instrument quite prettily
The latest opera airs.

And though his music sometimes makes us weary,
Still we should bear in mind
That life to him must be most darkly dreary,
In fact, "one horrid grind."

We who have heard his music oft and fear it,
"And call his art a crime,"
Should think that we but for a brief time hear it—
He hears it all the time.

Take the Monon Route to the Grand Land Sale, May 13th and 14th, at Harrogate, Tennessee.

This superior site adjoins the famous Cumberland Gap Park and is five miles distant from the flourishing manufacturing town of Middlesborough, Ky., of whose wonderful resources, progress and development you are familiar.

The prospectus compiled by the projectors of this enterprise, explains fully the merits of this locality as a resort for pleasure seekers and capitalists, desiring home comforts, country and mountain life, a beautiful climate and fine mineral springs.

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General Offices, Monon Block, Chicago.

The Mayflower is a 16 page illustrated monthly paper published at Floral Park, N. Y., and is devoted entirely to flowers and gardening. It has the largest circulation of any paper of its class. Subscription price, 50c. per year.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combe. More than three hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages, and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work: The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.

A new edition of "The Voices," by Warren Sumner Barlow is out and we are prepared to fill all orders. It is meeting with as great sales as the preceding editions, and is a most appropriate gift book. Price, \$1.10, postpaid. For sale at this office.



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One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade.....15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream.....15 "
One Cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice.....10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented.....10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented 25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline.....25 "

Or for postage stamps any single article at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept from your druggist any Vaseline or preparation therefrom, unless labelled with our name, because you will certainly receive an imitation which has little or no value. Chesebrough Mfg Co. 24 State St. N. Y.

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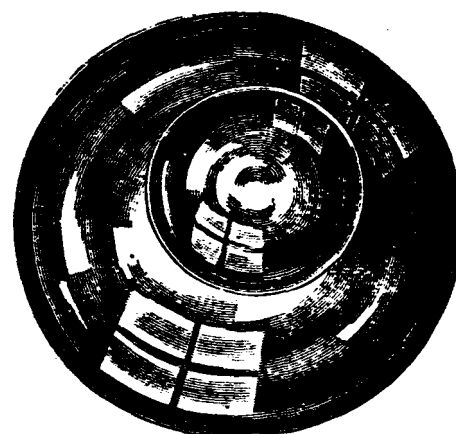
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While I propel thy cradle to and fro.
Let no involved res inter alios
Prevail while we're consulting inter nos.

Was that a little pain in medias res?
Too bad! too bad! we'll have no more of these.
I'll send a capias for some wise expert
Who knows how to eject the pain and stay the hurt.

No trespasser shall come to trouble thee;
For thou dost own this house in simple fee—
And thy administrators, heirs, assigns,
To have, to hold, convey, at thy designs.

Correct thy pleadings, my own baby boy,
Let there be an abatement of thy joy;
Quash every tendency to keep awake,
And verdict, costs, and judgment thou shalt take.
—F. H. COGSWELL IN BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

A FIRE LIGHT REVERIE.

The fire burns bright on the hearth to-night,
With a cheerful, crackling sound,
And the bright sparks leap from the glowing heap
And are gone e'er they circle around.

The household sounds have died away,
And now, in a dreary tone,
Comes the beat of the rain on the window pane,
And the sullen wind's low moan.

And I sit and think in the quiet old room,
As the flickering shadows fall,
Of the faces bright that have passed from sight
In the days beyond recall.

And one there comes, with grave, sweet smile,
And hair of waving gold,
Blue are her eyes as the soft June skies
When never a cloud they hold.

And now she comes with quiet tread,
And stands by my side as of yore,
While her dear hands stray, in their loving way,
To soothe my forehead o'er.

The fire burns low on the old hearthstone.
The wind and the rain are o'er.
On my life's drear night dawns the peaceful light
That comes from the golden shore.
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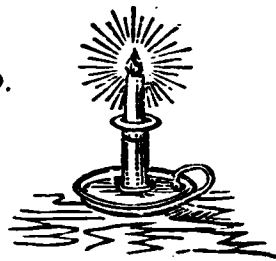
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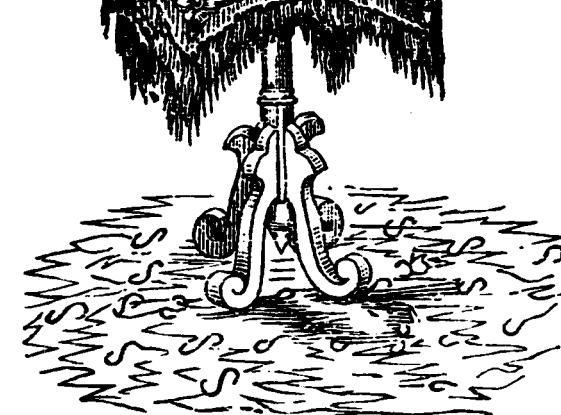
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BABY'S LOGIC.

She was ironing her dolly's new gown,
Maud Marion, four years old,
With her brows puckered down,
In a painstaking frown—
Under her tresses of gold.

"Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in
Exclaimed with a look of surprise,
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day the Lord sanctifies?"

Then lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot:
"Now don't you suppose
The good Lord he knows
That this little iron ain't hot?"

"Down in my district," the story began,
"there lived a saddler who wanted to be-
come a politician. So he secured his
appointment as sub-elect, who in our
country means a man who can make
speeches, but for whom no one can vote.
Well, this young harness-maker started off
to make speeches and he ended his cam-
paign in the Democratic stronghold of the
district.

"The hall which he had hired proved
too small, and he went out under
an oak tree, prepared, as he says, to shake
the acorns. In the front row of the crowd
sat Major Blank, the bell-wether of the
Democratic flock. The amateur orator
was vastly pleased. 'If I can make an
impression on the Major,' he said, 'my
political fortune is made.'

"After a great display of oratorical fire-
works, during which he kept his eye on
the major, he descended from the impro-
vised platform on the side nearest the major,
who, much to his delight, beckoned to
him.

"I have heard the greatest orators,"
said the major, 'and never before did I see
the fire of eloquence kindled as it was in
your eyes to-day—'

"O, thank you," said the blushing ora-
tor.

"And your gesticulations were perfect.
If I had been deaf I should have under-
stood all that you said—'

"I am delighted," murmured the saddler.
"And your voice is as musical as a
deep-toned church bell—'

"You flatter me, major," interrupted
the listener again, 'you flatter me.'

"And if you only had some ideas, young
man, concluded the major with crushing
emphasis, 'just some ideas, you would beat
the world!'

The Oft Told Story.

"I am glad, my child," says Mother to her eldest
daughter, "to see you improving in health so rapidly.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing wonders for you this
Spring. You look better every day."

"Yes, mother, I feel so much stronger, too. Why,
I can play all day, and not feel tired. And Hood's
Sarsaparilla is so pleasant to take. Sister always
wants a taste when I am taking it."

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What is meant by the system of reciprocity?"

"Tis a system arranged between two nations
For the fostering of friendly trade relations,
A system of mutual interchanging
Which Blaine has a long time been arranging.

"You don't understand my explanation?
Then I will give you an illustration:
I kiss you thus—this is not audacity—
And you kiss me back and that's reciprocity."

She kissed him back, and a flush as tender
And soft as the sunset's dying splendor
Stole over her face as she giggled sweetly,
"Tis a system that takes my heart completely."

A LINGUISTIC VICTIM.

I'm a victim to a curious fad I can't seem to es-
chew;

'Tis using foreign phrases where an English one
will do.

For instance, naught is "proper" in my writings,
for, you know,

I can't refrain from saying that the thing is comme
il faut.

When talking to my wife it comes, this habit vile
of mine,

Into my conversation with a rush as from the
brine.

Do I wish to say "you're lovely," "you're precious,"
or "you're fair,"

I let it go in Gallic-wise, and round up with ma
chere."

If I start to write of widows or of orphans, I will
say

All that I have to say, and add "hinc illa lachry-
mae."

"Tout lui rit," I write instead of "with him all
goes well;"

And "si je puis" for "if I can;" and salt is always
"sel."

I've spent a day, a month, indeed all of one sum-
mer season,

In mad endeavor to eschew this fad sans rime et
raison,

But try as hard as e'er je puis, I say it to my
shame.

This dictionary lingo vile doth get there tout de
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—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS IN HARPERS BAZAR.

Cholly—I can't believe it, ye know.

Ethel—Believe what, Mr. Stumleight?

Cholly—The statement that—ah—a perfectly
sane person, ye know, can be made crazy by daily
intercourse with one who is—ah—is non compos.

Ethel—I do. You have driven me almost mad
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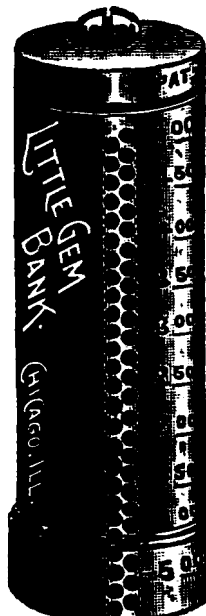
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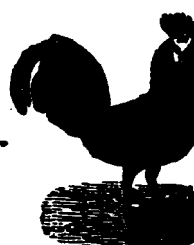
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MRS. JENNIE M. WEEKS.

What an elysium the higher spheres must be, peopled as they are with the countless hosts of sweet and beautiful characters who have gone hence, and augmented by other hosts who have painfully toiled and struggled upward from the lower spiritual spheres where naturally they found themselves after leaving earthly life. Among the many whose departure THE JOURNAL has been called upon to chronicle within a few months none surpass the radiance of character and perfection of development of Mrs. Jennie M. Weeks wife of Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vermont. For thirty-two years this loving couple lived together. What a wealth of experience, of happiness, of soul-growth and discipline is covered in those years. Mr. and Mrs. Weeks have been our personal acquaintances for years; we have met them from year to year, and to bid adieu to the mortal presence of one of them is like parting with a member of the family circle. To the older Spiritualists of New England especially was Mrs. Weeks well known, and her family will have the sympathy of a circle of friends extending from ocean to ocean, to England and Australia. Mrs. Weeks was ill only six days, being first attacked with grip, followed by pneumonia, she was unable to withstand the complication, and breathed her last on the evening of April 24th, at her home in Rutledge.

M'CARTHY AGAINST INNIS.

In the Supreme Court of New York, in New York city last week, Mr. C. P. McCarthy obtained a verdict against Mr. W. J. Innis, of Oil City, Penn., for \$400 and costs. Mr. Innis seems to be one of those plastic creatures who are like putty in the hands of fakirs such as Mrs. Minnie E. Williams and the Keelers. Mr. Innis was made to believe that he ought to publish a newspaper, and *The Celestial City* was for a short time published at his expense, and mainly for the benefit of Williams, Keeler & Co. This was at the time Rowley was successfully working his "occult telegraphy" humbug, and of course the Keelers had to have a line of their own. Among other messages that came either over this mythical wire or through their slate-writing, was one purporting to be from the mother-in-law of Mr. McCarthy. It reflected on his goodness and was indeed very hard on him. As the respected relative was still in the flesh, Mr. McCarthy felt justified in denouncing the thing as a swindle; and as it was published in the celestial sheet owned by Innis, he sued the Oil City man with the result above stated. Judge Dailey prosecuted the case, which was defended by one Benn, of Newton-Wells fame. In his address to the jury, Judge Dailey made some strong statements as to the character and practices of Mrs. M. E. Williams, which must have been far from agreeable to Mr. H. J. Newton and his First Society flock over which Queen Minnie holds sway.

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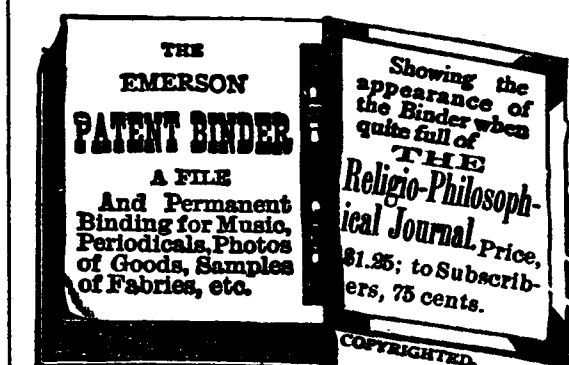
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THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, MAY 16, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 51.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

In Russia the expelled Hebrews are being treated with great cruelty. They are marched out of Moscow chained in bands by the wrists. The Russians afterwards pillage their shops. Priests and pastors of Moscow are overwhelmed with requests from Jews for baptism in the Greek church in order to avoid expulsion. The law prevents such conversions, except in cases of Lutherans and Catholics, and then permits conversions only in limited numbers.

In Kansas City a young woman, who fraudulently secured dry goods to the amount of \$1,000 by personating another woman, made the plea that a bad man whom she had never before seen compelled her by the power of his will to obtain the goods. An exchange remarks that if this woman is so very sensitive to evil hypnotic influences as this she ought not to complain if the law should carefully seclude her for a time in a place where she will be entirely safe from the magnetic wiles of strong willed and too acquisitive strangers.

"Christian endeavor" took a vicious turn at St. Louis the other evening. There has been for some time a factional fight in the Christian Endeavor Society of the People's Tabernacle Congregational church of that city. After a meeting at which officers were elected, and at which intimations of fraud were made, one of the members named Kellar drew a knife and stabbed another member named Ellis three times, inflicting ugly wounds. The dispatch says that many ladies were present, and that all the parties are well connected. Evidently there is great need of reform in the spirit of that St. Louis Christian Endeavor Society.

In a recent sermon in New York, Father Ignatius, referring to R. Heber Newton's liberal utterances as to the doctrine of the incarnation and resurrection, asked: "Are there any clergymen here who have the courage and the manliness to come forward on Jesus Christ's side and protest against this outrage?" A young man who gave the name of Dr. Floyd, and Rev. Dr. Borum of the navy yard, came forward to the rostrum, followed by a red-faced Jerseyman. The latter squared himself in the centre of the stage, and brandishing an umbrella, said: "I am a Roman Catholic, a poor Irish peasant, and if this meeting is to protest against Mr. Parnell, I am with you." The stranger then prepared to read from a manuscript, but Father Ignatius quieted him, saying, "I think there is a little confusion in our friend's mind between Heber Newton, Jesus Christ and Mr. Parnell."

A. Tolman Smith, in an article in the *Independent* referring to science and philosophy, at Washington, D. C., and to various projects for the increase of liberal culture, such as the Methodist University and the University Extension movement, says: It is interesting to note that just at this juncture science itself is beginning to give recognition to a class of phenomena that have an important bearing upon the doctrine of

immortality. The well-attested facts of hypnotism and telepathy, the demonstrated existence of unconscious mental processes, the attention which foreign savants, like Lombroso in Italy and Mesmer and De Puységur in France, are giving to these phenomena, have had their influence upon our own scientists, more than one of whom stands ready to avow that the "question of the survival of man after death has become a branch of experimental psychology."

Says Dr. Felix L. Oswald in *The Voice*: The increasing number of bald pates among the western nations has been explained on the principle that nature is too economical to perpetuate any useless portion of the animal organism, and that hats and night caps have made our natural head cover rather superfluous. The increasing demand for artificial teeth might be traced to a similar cause. Hot coffee is said to crack and destroy the enamel of our teeth; a passionate fondness of that same beverage does not, however, prevent the Turks from having excellent teeth; but like their Arabian neighbors they eat hard barley cakes, while baking-powders and hash-mills forestall the functions of our natural masticating apparatus. Unless hygienic reforms should change our present modes of life, the coming man risks to get toothless and nailless, as well as hairless.

The pretence that the Czar is persecuting the Jews because they outwit their fellow Russians in trade is hardly to be credited, says the *New York Press*. More probable, unfortunately, is the statement that the Czar is a good deal of a religious bigot, and that the motive for his action is religious prejudice. Some months ago it was seriously reported in an English newspaper that the Czar indorsed on a memorial which asked mercy for the Jews, "This is all very well, and the arguments excellent, but it cannot be forgotten that the Jews crucified our Lord and Saviour." Now, this anecdote seems absurd. Yet it was gravely reported, and has never been denied: It is not out of line with the course pursued by the Czar, not toward the Jews alone, but also toward some Christian sects. There is every reason to believe the Czar a religious bigot, of a type common enough among the kings of two centuries ago, but quite out of date to-day.

A striking tribute to the power of Bismarck is the adoption by Chancellor Von Caprivi, acting without doubt under the directions of the kaiser, of a line of policy conciliatory toward the various factions of the German parliament. The latest faction to receive flattering overtures from the government is that of the Poles. The group of members representing the population that came to Prussia as the result of her share in the iniquitous partition of Poland numbers sixteen. In view of the re-entrance of Bismarck on the scene, the emperor and his advisers have thought it worth while to treat the Polish members in the Reichstag and the constituencies which sent them there with extraordinary courtesy, the wishes of the German Poles in regard to school and church matters having been met with alacrity by the government, the attitude of which toward this people has been hitherto one of distrust and sternness. These attempts to solidify parliamentary groups in support of

the crown are taken as an indication of fear of what the ex-chancellor may do.

Some of the state legislatures have taken action looking toward greater uniformity of statutes among the states in relation to subjects concerning which the various state laws are now widely different. This reform is an important one. There should be uniform laws in all the states in regard to inheritances and the settlement of estates, the transfer of real estate, the collection of debts, insolvency, the rights of the wife in relation to her husband and his creditors, marriage and divorce, the qualifications for citizenship and for the suffrage. Congress has the power "to establish an uniform rule of naturalization," and has done so, but this rule has been made a dead letter by many of the states so far as determining the right to the suffrage is concerned. Congress has gone as far as it can probably in such legislation, within the limits of the constitution; for the states can fix their own qualification for the franchise. The only way to attain the desired uniformity is by concurrent action of the states, with whom

little interference as possible. Congress cannot do nothing for the states which they can do as well for themselves. The process of adjustment has been going on and will be more rapid as the intercourse between the states becomes more intimate and the people more homogeneous. Other states should join New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania in taking steps to secure the needed uniformity without increasing the centralizing tendency by unnecessary congressional legislation.

Charles Ford, alias Rudolph, murderer and criminal by trade, who was born in the slums of New York, who had served two terms in the New York reform school, and a term in the Joliet penitentiary, was executed at Ottawa, Ill., on the 9th inst. He requested the priest who attended him, Father Keating, to declare his innocence of the main charge against him, and to say "that he goes without fear before the greatest of all tribunals, asking only that you pray for him to the merciful Father of us all." Then he kissed the crucifix held to his lips by the priest, the shroud and black cap were adjusted, and the poor wretch paid the penalty of the law for the murder. His family has a hideous record which shows its exceptional depravity. His father was hanged at Sing Sing; his mother's brother is in the same prison for train wrecking; his sister keeps a house of ill-repute in Toronto; his stepmother was driven from a street in New York where years ago she kept a thieves' den and her second husband, also named Ford, is in the State penitentiary of Indiana. Considering the expense and trouble that a family of criminals may exact upon society, the need of some more efficient method than is now followed of dealing with persons who are by inheritance criminally inclined is very evident. Charles Ford never should have been let loose to prey upon his fellow beings when his real criminal tendencies had been discovered. He should have been restrained by local or state authority and made to earn his living, while subject to all the disciplinary exercises and educational influence needed to repress the evil and to develop the good that was in him.

INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING.

Some years ago Prof. H. Ulrici, referring to certain facts in regard to Spiritualism verified by the experiments of Prof. Zöllner and several of his associates from the Universities of Leipsic and Göttingen, declared in substance that it was no longer admissible to dismiss the subject under the pretence that it was jugglery or illusion, that the wider a man's philosophic fame may be and the greater his talent for investigation, by so much more is it his duty to use this extended knowledge, discipline and experience to examine these results and decide on their scientific value, and that through these very advantages he is bound to the exact truth. Reference was made to the experiment with the self-writing slate pencil on which Slade's reputation chiefly rested. Zöllner bought two slates, marked them, washed them, and bound them together with cord, after a small piece of a new slate pencil had been placed between them. These slates were laid close to a corner on the flat surface of a walnut table, which had only a short time previously been purchased by him. The sitting took place at Zöllner's house. When Slade's hands were more than two feet from the slates, writing suddenly began quite noisily between the two untouched slates. When they were separated several lines of writing were found on one of the slates. Another example was the following: A double slate, bought and cleaned by Zöllner, in which a piece of slate pencil was shut up, was held by Slade over the head of Prof. Braune. Soon the well-known scratching was heard and on examination a long communication was found upon it. At another time one of the several slates that were always kept in readiness was picked up, washed by Zöllner, and with a piece of slate pencil on it, laid on the floor under the table. "Now, while Slade had both his hands joined with ours upon the table, and being stretched sideways were constantly in sight, writing began upon the slate loud enough for us all to hear."

In order to refute the statement that the slates were prepared and that the words had been written on them beforehand, in such a way that they were at first invisible, Slade at one of the sittings proposed that Zöllner should tell him beforehand what should be written on the slate. Zöllner answered, "Littrow, Astronomer." Immediately scratching began as usual upon the slate which Slade had shoved half way under the table in a manner that admitted of careful watching of his hands, and when Slade lifted up the slate both the words which had been given by Zöllner were on it perfectly distinct, with the letters widely separated from one another. Numerous similar experiments were performed in the presence of Weber, Fechner, Scheibner and other companions at the residence of Zöllner, by whom all the slates were purchased and marked with private marks. Slade left behind many such slates with writing on them, so that any chemist could test them by reagents to try the alleged or suspected prepared surfaces. The writings were often in a number of languages of which Slade was ignorant and had peculiar characteristic styles of writing. Of the genuineness of these independent slate-writing feats, Profs. Ulrici, Zöllner and others who witnessed them seem to have been convinced.

The testimony of a few eminent investigators of the phenomena which occur in the presence of Slade is here adduced because with many it will carry more weight than that of a multitude of persons who are unknown to fame. But the same kinds of manifestation of psychical or spiritual power have been witnessed by thousands in this country, under circumstances precluding fraud or deception. But a few days ago a Chicago gentleman of education, trained by his studies and by the demands of a professional life in scientific habits, a gentleman who is practical, wide-awake, alert and full of resources for detecting fraud or trickery, related in the office of THE JOURNAL his experience with Slade during very recent sittings with him in New York. On double slates, with a piece of pencil inside, were written in broad daylight, the slates visible all the time, messages purporting to come from intimate friends, whose names

were signed, making numerous, definite, identifying statements in each case, and in one case referring to an affair that was known only to himself and to the person from whom the message purported to come. Facts like these which have been confirmed and verified by the most searching and exacting investigators, by men who in many instances made their first visit to the medium in utter disbelief of the genuineness of the phenomena alleged to occur in his presence, and only by the strong solicitation of friends, cannot be fairly disputed, cannot be wisely ignored, and must soon receive the consideration of all men of science, as they now do of not a few, and to what other conclusion do they point than this: that the so-called dead still live and can manifest themselves to and communicate with those who are yet in the flesh.

A CURIOUS CASE OF MEDIUMSHIP.

The *Messenger* of recent date copies from *Petit Parisien*, an article, prefacing it as follows: Under this title, "A Picture of M. Sardou," we read in the *Petit Parisien* of the third of February the following article relative to a curious case of mediumship, known without doubt to many of our readers: M. Sardou has been so much talked about this week by reason of riot about the play "Thermidor," we may call up perhaps a curious souvenir of the youth of the dramatic author. We have received during the last few days a slight review of spiritism. Among the personalities of note that this question of Spiritualism has interested, may be mentioned the author of "Thermidor." M. Sardou, was in fact a while ago an ardent disciple of Allan Kardec or at least he manifested some sympathy with his theories. It is related then that M. Sardou was engaging in some communications with the spirit of Beaumarchais—he could not have selected a worse spirit to whom to address himself—and that, with formalities used by the Spiritualists, he consulted him frequently. He conceived one day, we are assured, the idea of asking where in the infinite spaces Mozart was to be found. He was in point of music the master for whom Sardou professed the most admiration. "Take a pencil" he answered the author of "Marriage de Figaro" with a very obliging manner, from the great recesses of the unknown world. M. Sardou set himself to tracing under the mysterious inspiration, lines and strokes; all at once the paper failed. The dramatic author was preparing to take another sheet when some little sharp raps on the table announced that the spirit had something to say to him. "Go to such a street; to such a number" it said to him; "there you will find the paper necessary." M. Sardou took a carriage and hurried to the indicated address, arrived there he might for an instant have believed—to speak as Spiritists do sometimes—that he had been made sport of by the caprices of the spirits. He did not find the semblance of a stationary store. He came back to his house and anew set himself *en rapport* with the shade of Beaumarchais: "Return," said the shade laconically. The author of "Des Pattes de Mouche" learned after some effort that there was in fact in this house a wholesale dealer in paper; he went up stairs into this house and obtained the desired paper; took it and went to work. He sketched at great length. When the pencil stopped in his hands he had under his eyes the most marvelous palace which could be dreamed of, but a supernatural palace, without doors, a palace made for winged beings. It was here he was to find Mozart. It was so perfect a work that M. Sardou, quite taken by surprise, wanted to have it reproduced by an engraving—they did not have then the same methods of reproduction as are in vogue to-day, but no artist ventured to undertake the task; in fact he would have been lost a hundred times in curves and angles multiplied in every way with which the sketch was filled. It was then that the complaints spirit intervened anew and counseled M. Sardou to begin again, this time on a lithographic stone, the surprising picture, which was done in less time than it takes to tell it. This sketch, known under the name of the House of Mozart (Maison de Mozart), the brother of M. Sardou, who was librarian at Brussels, edited for some confes in Spiritism, and such is the

origin which is attributed to it, such is the history which is told in regard to this confusing maze of lines—a very singular one it must be confessed, and which seems to have been traced under the influence of a hallucination. This design, which is very difficult to be found to-day, is considered by amateurs as a curiosity of high taste. The editor of *Messenger* affirms that Sardou is still a Spiritualist, though "meditant."

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

T. M. Draper, Humboldt, Neb., writes:

I have read your articles in last two issues on immortality with great interest. I dislike to bother you but I want to ask you one question. You refer to the fact of man's body being renewed every seven years, while the mind remains the same, as evidence of immortality. Now, I have a scar on my hand that has been there twenty-eight years, and will be there as long as I live. Does any one believe that the scar is immortal? I think not. I am aware that you may say there is no comparison, but to me it offers a serious difficulty to an otherwise sound theory.

In the living body the molecules are displaced and replaced, but in the same order and in the same relations. There is a force as Cuvier said that "obliges the substance to come and follow the same direction." In spite, therefore, of the continual change going on in the materials of the body, the form of the structure, even the features of the face preserve nearly the same character. The scar also remains. But the identity of the scar of to-day with that of years ago is an identity of form, in this respect like the identity of a petrified substance with that of the vegetable organism in which the molecules that made it a vegetable have, without alteration of form, been replaced by mineral ones.

But in such displacement and replacement of material particles what basis is there for the consciousness and the remembrance of identity? How can remembrance inhere in the molecules or elements of an object that is continually changing? If the memory of a landscape which was once seen exists in the molecules of the brain to-day, how can that memory still exist when all these molecules have disappeared? Will any one say that the molecules as they depart communicate their knowledge to those which arrive? In the case of the scar to which our friend alludes what persists is identity of form. But what persists in the individual is identity of person. Mr. Draper is the identical individual that he was twenty years ago. If consciousness be a product of material organization, since this organization is in a state of perpetual mutability, is in fact a continual vortex, how can personal identity, the unity of the mind, persist from childhood to old age? How can the molecules which replace those that depart at the age of eighty remember incidents and scenes of childhood which occurred seventy years or more before those molecules became a part of the bodily structure? The comparison which Mr. Draper makes is with materialists a popular one, but it is nevertheless essentially fallacious.

A MARVELLOUS FEAT.

There is a concurrence of testimony among those who have lived in India and associated with the natives, that feats are performed which have the appearance of being miraculous. They are commonly referred to by people at a distance who read about them as sleight-of-hand performances, illusions etc.

One of these remarkable feats is the production of a mango tree in a short time right before the eyes of the beholder. In a recent number of *Chamber's Journal* is an article written by a gentleman who saw the trick—if a trick it may be called,—performed in the veranda of his own house, himself and three other incredulous and sharp-eyed persons, all Europeans, witnessing what occurred. The juggler mixed something with the earth and in it planted a dry mango seed, watered it and covered it with a sheet of cloth. He and his only attendant then proceeded to perform a few yards off, says the writer, many other astonishing feats of jugglery for the remainder of the audience. The four confined their attention to the mango, determined that no deception should be practi-

The sheet gradually rose higher and higher in the middle as if pushed up from below with a stick. When it was about eight inches above the flower-pot the juggler approached the sheet and seizing two of its corners, without even touching the pot, drew off the sheet carefully, the four observers looking on with astonishment. There was a young shoot of a mango plant with its stiff stem and four little leaves—apparently about a week old. The juggler replaced the sheet over the pot and plant without touching either, and returned to his performances, while the four continued to watch. The sheet rose higher and higher and when it was about two feet high, showing a rounded dome-like shape, the juggler again removed the sheet, when there appeared a young plant like a two-year-old mango tree. It was again covered. It rose slowly to the height of four feet when the performer once more uncovered the mysterious tree which was now a mango with two small green fruitlings on it. When it was uncovered the next time it had two ripe mangoes, which the juggler, now touching the tree for the first time, plucked and handed to the observers, who cut the fruit and found it fresh and good. The tree was then plucked up, handled and examined by the four Europeans who during nearly an hour had been watching the whole thing and attending to nothing else. It was a genuine dwarf tree, root, stem, branches, leaves, all complete. The performer was a native almost naked having only a loin-cloth on; the flower pot, untouched during the entire time, was right under the eyes of the observers, in daylight and in the veranda of a house owned and occupied by one of the watchers and the writer of the account, who says: "All the stock objections of sleight-of-hand, optical delusion, etc., fail in this case, to my own certain knowledge; and others can vouch for its not being a very rare thing in India. But how explain it? Are there hidden forces in nature, of which some succeed in learning the secret, and utilize their knowledge to work what seems an impossibility or a wonder? Do not gardeners force early plants? Do not the Chinese grow miniature forest trees, showing every sign of premature but fully developed old age in a dwarfed body? Who can dogmatize as to what is or is not impossible in nature?" Certainly the power of some of the Indian performers is marvellous, and they are worthy of more attention than has been bestowed upon them by scientific men of the Western World, but it is not likely that a genuine mango tree can be made to grow from a seed in an hour!

EXPENSIVE FUNERALS.

A New York correspondent gives figures that represent, he says, accurately what it costs a rich man to die in that city. It is assumed that the interment is to be in Woodlawn cemetery. A choice lot there is worth \$1,000. It will accommodate ten graves, provided they are put closely together. The ground for a vault or a mausoleum costs from \$1,500 to \$5,000, according to the size. The cost of the mausoleum is anywhere from \$5,000 to several hundred thousand. For instance, the mausoleum built by Senator Leland Stanford in California, in memory of his son, cost nearly \$250,000. Patient inquiry has developed the fact that from \$10,000 to \$25,000 is the average price. The wealthy rarely erect a monument that costs less than \$1,000, and from that up to \$10,000—\$5,000 would be a fair average. Now come the last rites for the dead. The coffin is about to be placed in its final resting place. Nothing has yet been said about the cost of this casket. A casket that would be selected for the remains of a rich man would not cost less than \$100 nor more than \$500. Probably \$250 would be about it. This means solid silver handles, solid silver plate, solid silver nuts and screws, a box made of the finest wood and lined and covered with the choicest coverings. The grave is closed and the funeral has been very impressive. How much did all this amount to? Let us sum up. Souvenir to the minister, \$100 to \$1,000; Sexton's fee for opening the grave, \$50 to \$250; flowers, \$20 to \$100; the choir, \$50 to \$250; gloves, \$20 to \$100; hear

ment or mausoleum, \$5,000 to \$10,000; casket, \$100 to \$500; total, \$6,615 to \$14,180.

READING SEALED LETTERS.

A correspondent inquires if we believe a sealed letter can be read by any one. We have never witnessed the feat, but on the testimony of others we believe it has been done and that it is not so very rare that a sensitive can get the substance and purport of the sealed contents, though seldom the exact verbiage. Mrs. Eldred, the psychometrist, at 2138 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, has frequently obtained the drift of a sealed letter, but does not claim to be able always to do it. So much depends upon conditions that it is hazardous to predicate success in advance of trial. An eye-witness testifies to the reading of a sealed letter by Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter, of Boston, whose integrity as a medium and lady has never been questioned. We have repeatedly seen psychometers take a letter and by holding it, without seeing a line or word of the contents, give a very good general idea of the subject-matter, but not in the language of the letter. In such cases the mental state of the writer and his moral and intellectual characteristics are apt to be made more prominent than the concrete expression of himself in the written words. Mrs. Mary V. Priest, now of Seattle, Wash., is one of the finest psychometers we ever met. Some of her "readings" have been startling in their accuracy and completeness.

The girl may learn her lessons more easily than a boy and take the prize even in mathematics, but there is one thing that a girl cannot do as well as a boy—she cannot throw a stone either gracefully or with force. This "inequality" is natural and one which woman is not likely to overcome. Here at least man may claim pre-eminence, satisfied that he is in no danger of being left behind by woman. At least this seems only inferable from the following statements taken from the *Washington Post* as to the difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body and the forearm at an angle of forty-five degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar-bone in the feminine anatomy is some inches longer and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

Arthur Kennet, who has spent most of his life in India, says that the recent act of the English House of Commons to prevent the further cultivation of opium in India, has produced great indignation in that country. If the prohibitory law is carried out, India, he says, will lose a revenue of \$30,000,000. In reply to the question whether the law was demanded in the interests of philanthropy, Mr. Kennet said: "The opium trade is identical with the facts of the trade in liquors. The people of southern China desire the enjoyment of relief from despondency and ill health, and opium taken in limited doses produces a charming sense of tranquillity. The over-worked Chinese people call it an essential of life. The statements so general in this country that the drug is injurious is an assumption based upon the effects of those who abuse the habit. The most powerful and smartest men of India are the Rajpoots, who use the drug as you use coffee. In some parts of England it is used to foil malaria. Users of the drug in European and Asiatic countries avoid excess as the English gentlemen avoid drunkenness." A trip to Clark street would change you

difference between that and the substitute used States as between a clay pipe and the purest H perfect. The substitute used by the Chinan. London, America and Australia is a poison com to the Indian drug. There is one feature abou law which will be received very kindly by ente ing Americans. Smart Yankees will import I poppies into Southern States, prepare the juice manufacture opium at a profit of from 500 to 60 cent. If the law is not repealed Louisiana at Southern States will be growing acres of poppie a year. Smyrna planters are already making sive arrangements to supply merchants who purchase the drug in India.

The February number of *Review of Reviews* contains a letter from Walt Whitman, written last January says: "I am totally paralyzed from the old Secession war time strain." This leads an old soldier who served active service during the Rebellion was not written in irony, but in will probably relieve the critics. Whitman's pension. At the time he received his the poet was about forty years old, and although he did not overstrain himself enough to go to the war, he did not escape its calamities, for now, at the age of seventy, he finds himself paralyzed by the 'old Secession war time overstrain.' It is not necessary to pretend like that for sympathy, because all men will be sorry for a poet in distress; and if his poems entitle him to a pension, let him have it, for poetry, and not for a 'war time overstrain.' The old poet had the grip and numerous other ailments last winter, and his reference to war times, when it is said he made a good hospital nurse, should not be too severely criticized.

A strange story is furnished from Dubuque, Iowa the truth of which is vouched for by the city officials. About ten days ago a man named Conley died, not being discovered in an outhouse on the Jeffers house premises. His body was taken to the morgue and the old clothes he wore when found were thrown aside. When his daughter in Chickasaw county heard of his death she fell into a swoon. In her dreams she saw the clothes he wore when dying, and received from him a message saying he had sewed up a roll of bills in his shirt. On recovering she demanded that some one go to Dubuque and get the clothes. She quiet her mind her brother visited the city, received the clothes from the coroner, and found the money sewed on the shirt with a piece of her red dress exactly as she had described, though she knew nothing about the patch or the money until after her father's death.—*Connecticut Catholic*.

The following is given as a sample of ideal veracity. "Did you ever read the history of America, Mac?" "Aweel, I canna say that I hev," replied Mac. "Ah, I must lend you the book. You ought to read about George Washington," said his friend, quietly. "An' whit about him?" inquired Mac, curiously. "Well, you might learn something from that great man's character," was the reply. "George Washington, you know, is celebrated in history as the boy who could not lie." "Could he no?" returned Mac. "Man, there's no muckle to boast about in that! He couldna lie, you say? Noo I hiv a higher standard o' veracity than that. I can lie, but I wanna dae't"

Gen. Butler very sensibly refuses to sanction a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, to protest against the action of Judge Carpenter in ordering his removal from the court room, and at the same time declares that the case will be taken to a tribunal without the presence of Judge Carpenter can be

THE INCOMING AGE—II.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

the thought of the writer of these articles is in some respects the same as this thought is continued from one paper to another it is to the author that we give a resume of article No. 1. The article is out in sententious form the leading contribution of Swedenborg to the philosophy of the age, the doctrine of appearance, by which Swedenborg means and Mr. Church means that which stands in the way of reality, that truth in the past has appeared to the thinkers of the world as reality. For instance: prior to Copernicus mankind believed that the sun revolved around the earth. This was the appearance. But he gave the reality—thus reversing the old form of the world. Again: up to the time Swedenborg wrote the uniformity of the world's conclusion was that man is free. Swedenborg, meeting the requirements of scientific thinkers, declares that man is in appearance only, that there is but one Supreme and he only is the law or mode of his manifestation of his life. "Further maintains the eternity and integrity of the atom." Hence pre-existence—not re-incarnation. His age, as it was in the ages of the long ago, of that this atom descends into time and space conditionally for the gaining of the knowledge which comes from the experience of "good" and "evil," that the latter is an extension of the former and brings forth issues which "good" alone could not accomplish, that man through innumerable ages, descended to the plane of so-called matter and after getting its time experience, the human atom re-ascends the stairway of existence, until it finally reaches its home in God, a self-conscious god-man, that this entire experience is under law; and by law we understand Mr. Church to mean the mode of the manifestation of the divine intelligence. We commend these articles to the reader's attention as containing suggestions of thought out of the beaten track of our ordinary everyday thinking. We say this without endorsing in full Mr. Church's views.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Swedenborg supplemented the grand philosophy of Spinoza—a philosophy which makes God the one "free necessity"—with the doctrine of the law of Appearance. It is the presentation of this law that gives the modern scientific world the formula by which to solve its problems. If man is free, absolutely, then the teachings of the church are true. If he is not free, except in appearance, then Plato, Spinoza, Bruno, Hegel and the modern scientists are to be accepted in the future conclusions of their logic. There is no escape from this position, and he who tries to reconcile the two, except by the law of appearance, and claims to be in the advance, shows his own ignorance or perversity. But, says one, the world has been "run" on the assumption that man is responsible for his acts because he is free. So it has, and humanity has the consequence. Having worked out the law of freedom in all its sequences we come now to its co-relate, Necessity or Law. The plenitude of the Divine Life—the Prodigal Son—having wasted itself through the Personality of the race and having no existence except in appearance, the Elder Brother comes upon the scene to conserve, to reduce to order, to mould and fashion a form for the Divine human to dwell in. We call it science—evolution. So it is.

What is this law of appearance which Swedenborg was the first to proclaim and which is the reconciling factor, solving our problems and making God's outcome in history, in all human experience, appreciable and comprehensible?

Swedenborg claims that the purpose of God's dealings with the race is to endow man with his own self-conscious life; to make, not only a heaven of angels, but to make each atom of life an integral part of his own God-head. How can this be done if the atom is only a form of life—receptive of the Divine Love and Wisdom? Swedenborg maintains that it can only be done by the atom descending into time and space conditioned with an environment of "good" and "evil"—the projections of the Supreme's own life—and feeling that this "good" and "evil" are his own; and yet not his own except in appearance! That as the human soul is differentiated and descends into time a feeling of selfhood—a feeling of otherness than God intervenes and this rich experience of so-called "good" and "evil" is the Divine becoming the involution of the human. The atom feels that he is becoming a part of the Divine.

this appropriation of the Divine Life, we have the state and the church. That through angelic societies pivoted in time through great representative men—representing cyclic epochs of the Divine Truth—we have the avatars of the past such as Brahma, Buddha, Krishna and Christ. That the one Supreme Life, through these angelic societies and through their representative composite men in time infills the race with Divinity, so that, not isolated God-men but the one God-Man—the Race—is now beginning to shadow forth the Infinite I Am in Law as the one Supreme Power in ultimates and so that God will be the alpha and omega of all existence.

Hitherto the process of involution—now evolution—has been under this law of appearance—man supposing that he was free when in reality he has had only the appearance of freedom. As the age moves on and the fallacies of the past are obliterated we will see the Divine as the one Supreme Intelligence, the one Supreme Will and the one Supreme Power as the one Life of all this movement of the race. Freedom, so-called, will be taken up into Necessity; and Law will reign "through all extent"; and we shall have the golden age, not of the past, for that never had an existence, but the golden age of the present and the future—where Humanity—as one—shall worship the triune God of Love, Wisdom and Power within the sanctuary of its own Heart!

The writer is aware what his friend, the moralist, will say to this, to him, sophistry. He will exclaim, "Are you going to overturn the well-established laws of society?" No! my dear friend; do not be alarmed. You, and such as you, will never see God and your relation to him in this light. Your high-toned respectable Phariseism will protect you from the profanation of the truth. You are a Jew. You will go on thanking God that you are not like that poor publican—the sinner! Your supposed righteousness, derived to you from your supposed freedom, is too sweet a morsel to roll under your tongue for you to ever see yourself as God and his angels see you. You will have to pass through hell and taste its bitter-sweet before you can know what makes the true man, the angel and the god!

I repeat, do not be alarmed, my friend, the moralist. If the editor of THE JOURNAL permits I will show you that the Church and the State are the forms that the Supreme has assumed, through Humanity, in utilizing the waste force of freedom. Through these he has made the New Age of Law possible. Through these we have the Moral Law as a fact in the consciousness and outcome of the Divine in the race. Through these we have the monagamic marriage—the highest achievement. Through these human life and property are made secure and sacred. Through these we are having the beginning of a new social order. Through these we can realize the highest ethics:—To be true to one's self, one's fellow and one's God!

PARKERSBURG, W. V.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

By N. B. ARNOLD.

We look at objects, and when we have examined them carefully and discovered that one to some extent resembles another, we commence to classify. This we call learning. One class of objects is pleasing to us, while another is the reverse. But these objects after all are only forces, concerning which we know nothing, except that they produce in our consciousness mental states or conditions. The mind is only conscious of those mental states. An object produces a simple idea. The simple ideas produced by objects produce more complex states of consciousness and complex states still more complex. This we call growing or advancement.

In order that our ideas may become more complex, it would seem that these mental states we call sorrow and suffering are necessary. Hence we must consider suffering as necessary to the advancement of our consciousness is all

fish, and still more advanced when man has become a discarnate spirit.

It has been said that when a spirit materializes, it appropriates material from the medium or those around the medium and forms that material as it is assumed while in the flesh. I cannot regard such a thing with favor. When our friend was in the flesh he formed in our mind certain pleasant states of consciousness, and since he is divested of the physical body, it seems to me, that he is able to produce, under proper condition, that same state of consciousness which he produced in us while in the flesh. It is useless to speculate how discarnate spirits affect our consciousness, for we know nothing as to how what we call material substance affects it. We certainly have good reason to think that both produce in us mental states; and some of our friends have more influence over our moral nature when out of the flesh than they have while in it.

It is said that it is only a conception of the mind that affects us. There is a way to tell a conception of mind from what we call a reality. When we see an object, without any volition on our part, we do not call it a conception. When I see my friend who is no longer in the flesh, without any volition on my part, I must conclude that the intelligence or complex force that was, and still is my friend, produced that mental state which he alone produced while in the flesh. Whether it was necessary for him to use matter to do so I care not. It seems to me that it is a question of no importance to the Spiritualists.

Spiritualism is a philosophy that will redeem the world. It destroys the priesthood, expands the human intellect and is the force that will produce that condition, the kingdom of heaven, that was proclaimed more than eighteen hundred years ago.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XX.

IMPEDIMENTS TO AN INQUIRY.

The obstacles which discourage the examination of any matter claiming a spiritual character are numerous and powerful. We have been trained to condemn spiritual forces by social, scientific and theological education, until doubt has become a functional part of the brain. Gradually we have seen superstitious fancies yielding to the progress of knowledge, and occult causes merged into recognized forces of nature.

The subject is approached with hesitation, or altogether shunned through the prejudices implanted in us from our early childhood. It is a sacrilege to entertain the possibility of converse with those who are enjoying the far-off blessings of heaven, and a sin to seek communion with those who are not. We dogmatically hold that death erects a barrier the living or dead may not overleap. The ideal we entertain of the spiritual perfectness of a happy future forbids us to accept communications, so strongly flavored with humanity, claiming to be of that future. So powerful is the mental bias, that we hardly have the capacity to open our understanding to any proof, should it be vouchsafed to us.

Not being in accordance with our experience we look upon the alleged facts, if true, as essentially miraculous, and thus miracles are brought down from the high standard of specific and divine agency to the level of natural events always occurring when the conditions are present. Science and the church are thus arrayed against the study of these forces, obliged from their position to collectively deny the facts, whatever may be the evidence; the first cannot patiently view a revolution which would stamp some of its surest conclusions as fallacious; the last does not fail to see that, admitting the facts, the spiritual hypothesis will draw immense numbers to its side, undeterred by the feeble issue of demoniacal interference sometimes urged as having no weight outside of the pulpit.* If the spiritual interpretation is true,

*Persistence in attributing facts to a fallacy. Mr. Lunardi

"In mental or physical facts to a fallacy. When frightened people have nothing to lose, they will believe anything."

theology seems sorely wounded, and the two systems in their entirety appear to be irreconcilable. Thus the Christian belief of the world tells against the strange doctrine with all the weight of its exalted character and its reverend antiquity.

Not an unusual objection to the examination of the spiritual side of this subject arises from the idea, natural enough and apparently reasonable, that the spirits of our dear friends, if they communicate at all, would establish direct relations with us and not through the intermediacy of some stranger, often of small honesty. This feeling has great weight and is unfavorable to any interest in the phenomena considered simply as such. But as a matter of fact these intelligences at a séance do represent themselves as coming to us when they find suitable conditions prepared, and would not come if we were not there. It is an objection of sentiment alone, and it would be quite as unreasonable to dispute the occurrence of the visible facts because they do not take place through the organism of every person. Evidently it is not for us to prescribe conditions, but learn them as they are presented. The consensus of opinion also against this subject exerts a powerful antagonistic influence, and overshadows the consensus of experiment unanimously in its favor.

Advancing from general considerations to special and more practical objections, some of the pretensions loudly insisted on, are not less repellant. A mingled mass of weak credulity and bare-faced nonsense in the literature of the subject confront and drive us back in disgust. Constantly the automatically written communications, alleged to be spiritual, fall miserably below the capacity of mortals, when purporting to come from men of well-known requirements, betraying little of culture and nothing whatever of science.

On the very threshold of the inquiry we are repulsed by sordid surroundings, weak habitudes and coarse dispensers of spiritual pabulum. Human greed panders to human folly, and darkens what there is of light with a double shadow. Men with a chronic turn for knavery, and women too, with an added touch of hysteria, graduate as seers, in the school of moral and physical disease. Worthless rogues of both sexes, driven from town to town by detection, gather around themselves, in fresher fields longing hearts and silly heads who find the wisdom and graces of angels in the stupidities and antics of clowns. Whenever a visible form has been seized and held, it has proved to be the medium or a confederate. The fine-spun theories of spiritual writers of an enthusiastic type, which attempt to explain that the seizure of a living being may be the sure proof of a disembodied one, do not reach the public, and would be properly ridiculed if they did. Only the detection appeals to reason, and carrying the weight which justly belongs to it, discredits the whole subject. Even when from favorable circumstances, or from our own persistence, we have our attention drawn to genuine phenomena, it requires a volume of unexceptionable personal proof to overcome our natural and proper incredulity. In our investigation we find the matter loaded down with abnegation of reason, pointless evidence and villainous fraud. Some of the very journals that support the movement fill their sensational pages with wonderful things, that shortly are proved to be the effects of adroit knavery, yet still continue obstinately to defend them.*

If at length we reach an absolute certainty of some great law behind the facts, the difficulties seem at first to grow upon us, when we attempt to apply the hypothesis of an exterior and independent intelligence. The communications we receive, in some of the forms are not only so often puerile and unmeaning, but so frequently of matters within our own knowledge and so rarely of matters without, especially in the public circles that are open to us, which we may verify afterwards, that we cannot feel how large a part of them we ourselves may unconsciously furnish. The hands and voices, which if genuine, so indisputably prove an exterior cause, demand such continuous

*THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, has resolutely insisted upon a scrupulous regard for truth and fact, and it is largely owing to its exertions that falsehood and fraud have ceased to be profitable, and are dying out.

minute and exact experiment, that good opportunities and vigorous conditions are only to be found with much perseverance and labor. When these preliminaries are mastered, we shall have before us the apparently hopeless task of exactly proving an invisible intelligence to be, as it asserts, the veritable spirit of a deceased friend.

Then at last when all the evidence has been given that the senses can receive, in our hopeless ignorance of spiritual methods, if such they be, and in our blind reasoning the result still seems vague and incomplete through the very picture our fancy draws of what we think it ought to be. It is this work of a lifetime to disentangle truth from falsehood, fallacy from fact, yet under better auspices and with truer mediums* our search through all the motley clothed upon the subject will not be in vain. There is another side to the picture, and a naked truth somewhere, of some kind, to be accepted on its merits alone. The most sacred belief could not withstand the follies and frauds which beset this. Those who struggle with reason and truth, are few in comparison with the numbers who lend themselves to the abasement of the subject, by the inanity of their advocacy on their defense of fraud. Scientific demonstrations of fact, and the most vigorous adherence to truth, even though the whole fabric falls in ruins, are the only foundations to build upon.

*This refers to mediums in private life and to those public mediums, whose self-sacrificing character and strict integrity demand our highest respect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LAWYER ON BIBLE MIRACLES.

Recently George B. Wellington of Troy, N. Y., gave a lecture in that city as a contribution to a discussion going on there, respecting the Bible, between freethinkers and representatives of the churches. Mr. Wellington's reputation as an orator, as well as a scholar, attracted a large audience. "A notable feature," says the *Troy Telegram*, "was the generous patronage of prominent divines and church people as well as a large representation of the fashionable element of the city." Although the lecture is entitled "In Defense of Christianity," much of the thought advanced is more like what has for centuries been denounced as "infidelity" than what has been held as Christian belief. It is not surprising that, as a friend writes to the editor of THE JOURNAL, "many clergymen went to hear him but they did not join in the emphatic applause that greeted Mr. Wellington at the close of his discourse." That part of the lecture which relates to miracles is given below. Mr. Wellington claims that Christianity does not consist in intellectual beliefs, but in right character, in purity of heart, in unselfishness and loyal devotion to truth.

I shall not attempt to argue either that the story of creation or of the flood or of Joshua or the scores of other miraculous events, related in the Bible are true or false, though I shall take occasion to set forth some general principles that seem to apply to the subject of miracles. If you believe in the miraculous stories, nothing that I could say would be likely to change your opinion. If you disbelieve them, probably no amount of argument on my part would raise in your minds the first element of belief, for matters of that kind are not conclusions based upon statements logically connected, but are simply matters of alleged historical fact that are believed, and can only be believed by the human mind upon evidence. If that evidence seems sufficient to you, then you believe them; if the evidence is insufficient then you reject them and no amount of argument or threats or entreaty will avail anything. You might be induced to pretend, to believe or to disbelieve, and you might thereby deceive others, but you could not deceive yourselves.

At this point in passing, let us ask whether the claim that the church as a whole welcomes the results of scientific investigations be quite sincere. The position taken by many of its defenders in the matter of the story of creation in Genesis is so suggestive that it may be a sufficient answer to the question. It is said in Genesis that the creation of the world was accomplished in six days. Upon this record was based the doctrine of the church that in the beginning God created or made of nothing "the world and all things therein whether visible or invisible in the space of six days, and all very good."

When some brave men first taught that the world was not created in six days, they were treated as en-

emies of the church. They were undoubtedly the creed. When however the fact that creation was a process extending over unknown periods of enormous duration, came to be too well established, denied, the church was forced either to deny the torical accuracy of the story in Genesis or to Genesis a new interpretation. At this point two ties in the church parted company. The advanced or so-called heretical party were not blind to the revelation of truth given by this scientific fact. They admitted and now admit that this truth came to be established in spite of the church, and that it did once a vast work for liberty and free thought. It established the fact admitted in some of the creeds "all synods or councils since the apostles' time whether general or particular may err and many have erred." As a matter of fact I may add that any particular instance of error is only admitted with great reluctance by most clergymen and then only in private—very rarely in the pulpit. This discovery of science broke the spell of superstitious fear that has bound men like slaves to the dogma that the church held infallible truth and had the power to decide the awful question of man's eternal destiny. But the conservative party in the church gave a new interpretation to Genesis. They say the word "day" in Genesis means an indefinite period of time, and this is seriously urged in spite of the descriptive words "evening" and "morning" that are used to mark off the days, and in spite of the fourth commandment which gives as the reason for resting on the seventh day that in six days "Yahveh made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is and rested the seventh day." But the difficulty still remains, for according to Genesis the world was created before the sun and stars, which was quite consistent with the early notion that the earth was at the centre of creation and the planets and moon, the stars and sun were placed in a solid firmament for the sole purpose of giving light to the earth. And the further difficulty that geology does not recognize six periods in creation. There are so-called ages in which certain kinds of life predominate and seem to reach their full development and then decline and new forms take their places and reach their maxima and decline. But there are not six of such maxima and any resemblance between the account in Genesis and the true history of the pre-Adamic world as given us by science is purely fanciful. It is a question whether the "harmony" between the two that is so frequently pretended by zealots, is not a mechanical one brought about by pressure which the distinctive features in both accounts are crushed and obliterated.

Among the things believed by Christians generally and as essential to Christianity according to the critic and admitted by most clergymen, are the Biblical miracles. The subject is one about which the conflict between the church and skepticism has been very bitterly fought. Let us enter the arena, not to defend any creed or to sustain the critic, but simply to discover whether there is any rational ground that may be taken by all thoughtful men. It is often said that a man has no right to deny an alleged fact simply because he does not understand how the fact could be. It is also said that some scientists unable to explain miracles, reject them on the ground that they are impossible. Then having shown that they may be possible, the claims of all scientists are disregarded, as it is not supposed any different position from the one stated is taken. It may be admitted that no one has a right to deny an alleged fact because he does not understand how the fact could be. The grass grows, and no man can tell how it grows. An attempt to find out its secret, leads at once into a mystery, and yet no one denies the fact. A search into the "how" of every existence can proceed but a few steps through so-called secondary causes before absolute darkness is met and the mind is powerless to distinguish anything. There is an unthinkable somewhat back of all existence, which baffles thought, which cannot be expressed, which is not known, which is a mystery, and yet no one rejects a fact on account of this mystery. So when it is said that one rejects a miracle simply because he cannot understand it, or as an impossibility, it is sufficient to answer that one may reject miracles for a very different reason. A nice distinction is here to be made, and it is thought by some that science insists upon it. It is as follows: It is not claimed by every critic that an alleged fact outside of or contrary to the usual course of nature is an impossibility, but rather that it is an improbability. This unlikelihood of miracles deserves attention; it appeals to every one; a scientist need not assert it, for every man in all his thinking recognizes it, or at least in all his conduct acts upon it.

There is, plainly, a uniform and usual course of nature in certain phenomena. The same conditions being present a given force acting in the same manner upon the same matter, always produces like results and this course of nature is fixed and extends throughout the known universe. Gravitation constantly acting within the solar system, keeps the planets revolving about the sun and the satellites about t

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Gravity constantly acting keeps the earth's ring toward the earth's centre. The apple on the branch invariably falls, as we say, round. It is simply acted upon by gravity ywhere, on and about the earth is constantly all bodies within its superior attraction to earth's centre. So far as our sight has gone mass in the universe has weight; that is, is upon by gravitation, the laws of whose action ed and unchanged whether we observe it here our earth planet or seek it in its work among o far away that their gigantic distances from us ond our thought and each enormous mass ap-out as a point of light. Perfect faith is placed unity of nature and in the persistency of all mena. We have observed that all bodies that heretofore come into the superior attraction of earth always seek the earth's centre. We have served that morning invariably follows night, and t the hours are measured off with the exactness of rfect mechanism, and alas! humanity has seen forms, the dearest forms of earth, cold in death d through the long ages no whisper of returning e has ever broken the silence of the tomb.

And so of a thousand other phenomena. Indeed, look with the telescope at the most distant star lions of millions of miles away with a mass equal our entire solar system, and we turn and look rough the microscope into a complete microcosm ntained in a drop of water; and from the mass too ormonous to compute, to the organism too small to measure, we find the same forces, with invariable per-sistency, ruling according to the same universal laws. From the pervasiveness of this unity we infer that hroughout the material universe the known forces of ature, subject to the known laws of these forces, old sway; and from the constant recurrence of fa-liliar natural phenomena we infer that they have lways been the same, and that they will under the same conditions continue. This inference we act-on with implicit faith in every relation of our daily e. If then this inference is natural, invariable and inevitable, we arrive at the first general principle which must lie at the basis of all inquiry into the al-eged facts of the past. Which is: The usual course of nature being known, the conditions being the same, he usual uniform results are to be inferred; which nference is valid for any age. Or, conversely, the rsumptions are against the truth of alleged phe-ich are outside or contrary to the usual course of nature; or, stated in another form, he who alleges a phenomena outside the usual course of na-ture or contrary thereto has the burden of proving the truth of his allegations.

Connected with the life of Jesus, in the only history of his life preserved to us, are related some strange events that have been the cause of controversy from the first. Once those miraculous events were urged to prove the divinity of Jesus. The great difficulty felt in regard to them, and the open disbelief of them by many within as well as without the church, caused that argument to be abandoned; and instead of their proving the divinity of Jesus, his divinity was urged as evidence for the miracles. This is the position of many theologians to-day. Just what this means is that it might be presumed that one who lived and thought as he did, and was possessed of divine life as he was, would be endowed with the power to work miracles. That is, strip the life of Christ of all its miraculous incidents; then it might be expected that such a being would be a miracle worker. But why? Consider Jesus only as a superior man to Socrates or Hillel, what in nature, what in God's dealings with man would lead us to such an inference? On the con-trary, no such thought *a priori* arises; for the only reasonable inference would be in harmony with one first principle found, that is to say, that the usual or-dinary life of a natural man would follow. Or, con-sider Jesus removed from Socrates and Hillel by the gulf that is supposed by some to separate humanity from divinity; add to his human nature that unknown quantity of the theologians which makes Jesus divine; and upon what grounds could the inference be drawn that he would be a miracle worker? He at once becomes a being outside our experience. We have met none other like him, and how until he has worked a miracle could we say he naturally would work a miracle? Indeed, no *a priori* inference in the matter can be sustained, for as we do not know his nature, we cannot guess what he may do. Moreover, the power of God in an individual does not raise the expectation of a miracle; for the power of God is manifested constantly about us in all nature; and the or-dinary usual course of nature we observe and rely on s God's method of operation. So that, having given he power of God in a being, no presumption in favor 'miracles arises, but on the contrary the presump-on is against them and in favor of the usual course nature, which is the manifest method of God.

is evident that in our use of the word miracle the action made in defining the word by different rs may be disregarded. It is not material to the sion to determine whether raising a man from

the dead be an act above nature, contrary to nature, or a natural act merely superior to our idea of nature. Whatever may be the proper analysis of the phenom-ena, and whatever our hypothesis respecting the na-ture of Jesus, the only question respecting the events is the question of fact—did they occur? Are the al-legged events true? We arrived at the conclusion that the presumptions are against these alleged phenomena, and the burden of proof is upon him who asserts them; that some evidence must be offered to prove them, and not only some evidence, but sufficient evi-dence to overcome the presumption. Shall this evi-dence be such as we accept to prove the ordinary events of history?

Shall hearsay evidence be sufficient? We accept such evidence to prove the natural events of the past, and are well satisfied with it, particularly when it ap-pears that the story told agrees with the account gen-erally accepted by those living at the time of the event. But, it will be observed, this evidence is not sufficient to prove events within and consistent with the usual course of nature. On such testimony we do not believe in the Phoenix, or that Al Borak carried Mahomet to the seventh heaven. Events not within or contrary to the usual course of nature are uniformly utterly rejected, except those contained in the Bible, whether the evidence be hearsay or direct, and inex-plorable if rejected. When Julian had fairly under-way the restoration of the temple of Jerusalem, with the intention to make it an everlasting monument to the failure of a supposed prophecy of Jesus, it is re-lated by contemporary historians of a reputable class that fiery eruptions drove away the workmen and de-stroyed the well-laid foundations, and that the cross was indelibly stamped as by fire on the garments of spectators. It is also fairly proved by direct testi-mony that the infidels of the times did not deny the preternatural phenomena.

This is but a single instance of a miracle attested by fairly good historical proof. There are volumes of instances recorded where the proof is overwhelm-ing. But we do not believe in them. We offer earth-quake, electricity, and superstition as the analysis of the Jerusalem miracle; and if this does not find favor we call the whole thing a fabrication or a myth, or anything, in fact, rather than what it is claimed to be by the historians of the times.

What evidence have we for the Biblical miracles? As those related in the Old Testament may fairly be said to rest on less evidence than those recorded in the New Testament, only the latter need be consid-ered. The gospel, according to Matthew, is the only one we know was written by an apostle of Jesus. If we call him as a witness we meet serious difficulties. It does not appear what miracles he personally wit-nessed. Some of them he clearly knew nothing about of his own knowledge. Some he may be understood to assert that he saw. But as to these we have only *ex parte* statements, and these are in many instances not mere statements of fact, but involve the conclu-sions of the writer. For example (Matt. 8), the record states that many possessed with devils were brought to Jesus and he cast them out with a word. Here is a two-fold conclusion of Matthew: First, that there were demons, and second, that these sick folk were possessed by them. How did he come to these conclusions? The answer does not appear. His sources of information respecting the afflictions and the cure are not given. At the most, we have but an *ex parte* statement, which might readily be modified sub-stantially if one might be permitted to ask Matthew a few questions as to the extent of his personal knowl-edge, the basis for his conclusions and his predisposi-tions and general mental attitude toward the marvel-ous. It may be said his judgment would not be likely to stand a searching criticism; for he belonged to a superstitious race in a superstitious age. The belief was general at that time among his people that dis-ease was the work of demons, and that the power to work marvels was possessed by many, and had from time to time been manifested by the Jewish prophets and by the thaumaturgists of the heathen. The scien-tific method of investigation had not dawned upon the world. The idea that phenomena are the results of forces acting according to laws had not occurred to them. The natural was but the direct action of an omnipotent arbitrary will outside the universe; and that this action was uniform, according to ascertain-able rules, was not so much as thought of. So that any event, however unusual, was to them quite as "natural" as the onward flowing of a river or the hiding of the sun by a cloud. Is the evidence suffi-cient to overcome the presumptions against the alleged events?

There is, however, connected with the miracles of Jesus a puzzling question. It may quite fairly be dis-missed by saying that the burden of showing how the stories arose is not upon those who reject miracles; and yet the question will not be dismissed. No such stories are told about any other man that ever lived. Why are they told about Jesus? Why was he selected? If he lived only as a prophet, teaching the people some spiritual truths they had for the most part once known

but had forgotten, how did these stories ever gain credence? Not how did ore spring up, but scores, and he a man at 30 years of age, unknown except to his village friends, who knew him as the son of a carpenter and who, in a limited territory, taught only for a space of three years? The style of the narra-tives as well is consistent with the events. The ele-ment of the grotesque, save in one or two instances, is wanting. The alleged miracles, moreover, are with very few exceptions harmonious with what we know of the character of Jesus.

The people are the tribunal in this matter. Each must decide for himself. No church has the wisdom to decide fairly and no hierachy the right to force its conclusions on the mind of any one. However vexa-tious the whole subject may be, and though many may not be convinced that Jesus possessed a natural through rare power to heal certain nervous diseases, and from the beneficent exercise of it, exaggerations at once were indulged in, which finally grew into the gospel miracles; and that spiritual illumination and love—deep, pure, strong, personal love for Jesus, their master, aided by excited imaginations, and their Jewish beliefs concerning a messiah, explain the dis-ciples' meeting on that memorable morning of their resurrection and their subsequent fearless loyalty—though may be not thus convinced—yet at least one important truth may be reached by all. Let us con-sider it. The theory of the church in urging its doc-trine upon the people has been that each man is born into the world with a tendency, which, unchecked, will lead him into eternal misery. Some have declared that more than a tendency is not heritage; that sin itself, with its eternal penalty, is imputed to him by reason of the transgression of the original man. That to escape this future, whether it be an arbitrary pun-ishment or a "natural" penalty attached to wrong doing, it is necessary to believe that certain statements formulated by the church express absolute truth, and these statements must be incorporated into one's be-liefs. That, as these various statements are so logi-cally and vitally connected each to the other to deny one affects all, the rejection of any one of them is of vital importance and in the highest degree dangerous. This attitude, though at first assumed for the benefit of the people who were sincerely thought to be in great danger, has not always been main-tained in the same spirit. Attacks have awakened pride of opinion and love of power and authority.

Among these beliefs heretofore regarded as of para-mount importance, and still so regarded by the mass of Christians in this country, is the belief that the re-corded miracles of Jesus are genuine. The belief is in its nature historical. The question is not as to the possibility of miracles, which is so often made the vital question by some who, after proving from a promise of a personal omnipotent deity the possibi-lity of miracles, go on to assume their probability, and thus mislead many by pretending that all the serious questions have been disposed of by such a line of argument.

The question is not one of philosophy, metaphysics or theology. It is a simple question of fact. Did the events take place? All that is required is a cate-gorical answer to the question. For example: "Do you believe Jesus actually raised a dead body to life?"

Now if a belief that he did be essential to man's highest character, and if a man disbelieve, he is to be eternally and irreparably injured thereby, then it must be true that the event alleged must be so proved that a fair mind cannot reasonably dispute it.

That is to say, to entitle an alleged historical event to be dogmatically taught to be of such importance that a belief in the event is essential to man's charac-ter and destiny, such event must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. For so long as a doubt may be rea-sonably entertained, so long will men be found who do not believe the alleged event to be a fact—and thus were the beliefs essential, would be condemned be-cause of the rational normal operation of their mind—over which ultimately their wills exercise no control.

With the burden of proof on him who alleges the miracles to be historically true, with the strong pre-sumption against them, does the evidence in their favor prove them true beyond a reasonable doubt?

If a candid mind might possibly be justified in con-cluding that the evidence for the miracles recorded in the New Testament is not sufficient to overcome the presumptions against them, surely it cannot be de-nied that he would be clearly justified in affirming that such evidence does not prove the alleged facts beyond a reasonable doubt. The result arrived at may be thus stated:

1. The presumption of facts is against an alleged miracle or marvel.
2. The burden of proof is upon him who alleges a miracle or marvel.
3. Not only must some evidence be adduced, but sufficient evidence to overcome the presumption against the alleged event.
4. To sustain the hypothesis that belief in the re-corded miracles is essential to man's highest character and destiny—the evidence for them must not only

be sufficient to overcome the presumptions against them, but must be sufficient to prove the alleged events beyond a doubt.

This position is rational and self-evident. It is the truth, and I feel authorized to say it is recognized by many Christians.

The time is passed for the enemies of the church to claim to monopolize truth.

WHAT MOVES THE PENCIL?

Although I have often searched for it, I have never been able to find the name of the genius who invented the little table on wheels with a pencil on it. At any rate he deserves the thanks of the many people who have been entertained by the little instrument. A man of an inventive turn might doubtless greatly improve upon it. I first heard of planchette about thirty years ago; but the first one I possessed was made by my own hand out of a bit of a cigar box in 1884. Summer visitors were staying with us and there were half a dozen children always on hand. I expected to amuse them for an evening or two, but the fun lasted three or four months, and was even renewed the following year.

The grand initial truth is that planchette will move. When you first sit down to it the idea seems so palpably absurd that it is with difficulty you compel yourself to remain in position. After ten minutes of silence and immobility you are tempted to give the thing a jerk on your own account, and you are morbidly suspicious of your partner in the transaction. All of a sudden planchette, with a faint preliminary crash, starts off and makes a long, swinging sidelong movement, marked by the pencil with a straight dash. It takes you by surprise and you know you are innocent in the matter; but you are convinced your partner is guilty. He meets your glance and you see in his eyes his own corresponding conviction regarding you. No, you are both alike blameless. But then, what made the planchette move?

I confess this question interests me more than any ghost-story I ever heard. A more curious sensation than this movement beneath your hand of a thing which is not alive, and which you are not yourself propelling, is seldom experienced by mortal man. We see iron-filings move about the poles of a magnet or bits of paper flutter to a piece of rubbed sealing-wax, but this is different, for planchette moves in no fixed direction toward a certain objective point, but in all directions impartially; and, moreover, it moves intelligently. It writes, draws, and does other things which I shall presently describe. Barring certain habits that it falls into, its manifestations certainly contradict expectation; it does not do what some think it is going to do. In vain you ask it a question which seems to necessitate a particular answer; planchette replies from quite another standpoint and current of thought and its reply is a surprise. In pursuance of the theory of "unconscious centration," you explore your mind and memory for the source of planchette's remarks, with no very satisfactory results. Besides, admitting that the contents of your memory and the springs of your character lie open to planchette to make therefrom such selections and combinations as it chooses—how does it do it? How do the contents of your mind get into the piece of tobacco-box, and how does it contrive to write them out?

I have spoken of the attraction of a magnet. If you hold a small piece of iron close to a strong magnet you feel a slight pull. The pull the planchette gives to your fingers when it proceeds on its peregrinations is very similar to this. But in writing out a word, it pulls in a dozen different directions within the space of a few seconds. The effect is not like that of a machine, however complex, or of a body obeying fixed and inevitable laws, but of an independent personality, endowed with intelligence, purpose and memory. For it remembers what it has said and done in the past and knows what it is about to do. Our planchette, in answer to questions suggested by its own answers, related to us in daily installments extending over three weeks, a long story comprising upward of ten thousand words. It was so good a story that it was afterwards accepted and published by a leading periodical word for word as it was originally written down, and from beginning to end there was not an inconsistency. Nor was it all written through the mediumship of one pair of people; a dozen different couples, at different times, sat down to the work and the tale proceeded uninterruptedly. In short, the complete story must have been stored up in planchette's "mind" before it began to write it.

After we have become accustomed to the thing and familiar with its ways many queer things are noticed. Planchette has no morality and no regard for truth. If we ask a question as to a matter of fact or about something in the future, its reply is always ready and generally very explicit, but never true save by accident. By far the best method is to let it take the lead in conversation. "Will you write, Planchette?" "Yes." "Well, who is writing?" "John Smith" (or any other imaginary person). You now proceed to

question John Smith on any imaginable detail of his person, his life, death, occupation, desires, recollections, purposes and sentiments. By and by John becomes a human and recognizable individual to you, and you are even able to tell by the preliminary sensation in the nerves whether it is John or some one else who is about to write the next sentence. Planchette never confesses its own *dramatis personæ*. Sometimes three or four different persons (to call them that) will each write a sentence one after another; but the sentences are all characteristic in style and conception. Occasionally I have seen two communicants contend for the possession of planchette, jerking it away from each other, tripping up each other's writing, fighting, in a word, like two angry children, and in one instance breaking the pencil in their struggle. Planchette often betrays faults of temper, vanity, mirth, cynicism, scorn—all manner of human foibles. "Tell Mary," it once suddenly wrote, breaking in upon some yarn it was spinning, "she had better shut up." Now, Mary did not have her hands on planchette, but she was sitting at the table, distracting our attention by making frivolous remarks. Planchette always wants the whole attention of everybody in sight, and is apt to grow sulky or abusive if this is not accorded.

It only does its best work, in fact, when the general interest and curiosity of the spectators is at its height. We also found that, other things being equal, it wrote better on a warm day than on a cold one, and that the hands of those who are working it should be warm. The best wood to make it out of was the resinous varieties. The proper shape was that of a heart (on a playing card), and the dimensions seven inches by five. Wheels are not necessary on the legs; it writes more steadily without them.

It will do other things besides write. Let some one hide an object, say a key or a glove, somewhere in the room, and let two others who don't know where it is hidden take up a planchette and let it rest on their right and left hands respectively, the forefinger hooked on the legs of the instrument. Now tell it to find the object and you will immediately find a slight pressure of the legs against your fingers, indicating the direction in which planchette wishes to go. You step in this direction, carefully heeding and obeying the pressure. Thus you will be led all around the room, and in three cases out of five, perhaps, the object will be found.

If one take it outdoors it will act like the witch-hazel of tradition; it will dip very perceptibly in passing over certain places. Whether, underneath these places, there was water or gore I never made an investigation, but the movement was always repeated at the same spot. Planchette will perform such feats, however, only after it has become thoroughly domesticated, so to say, and of course one of the persons handling the instrument must be a "medium," whatever that may mean. About one person in five, according to my observation, has more or less of this faculty, and one out of twenty will have it in a marked degree.—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE GROWTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

A gentleman who has given much attention to Spiritualism, was interviewed recently by a representative of the *Washington Post*, to whom he said: It is almost generally understood and is talked of and written about in the most reckless manner, leaving the impression that only long-haired, brainless men and short-haired, gullible females are believers in what are usually termed so-called spirit phenomena. Now, the facts are quite the contrary. If they were not, Spiritualism would have died out long ago or would have at least but a few followers; but as it is not the thing the scoffers and critics believe it to be, it has grown very rapidly, until now there are over one million people in the United States who are pronounced Spiritualists. What is the underlying reason for this phenomenal growth? Simply this: Spiritualism is a science and a religion; it is demonstrable and can be proved as surely as any other science. Hence it does not rest on mere faith, and requires no faith of any kind for its investigation. It is open to all—Christian, Pagan, Jew, or materialist—and is not confined to those who have already some faith in the matter. Its growth has been a sure and steady one in all the civilized countries of the world. Its phenomena and philosophy prove beyond a doubt the immortality of the soul, a continuous and progressive existence in the Spirit-world, personal responsibility for all our deeds here; yes, even for our thoughts, and the reward or punishment is exactly graded to our deserts. It teaches a belief in a vast spirit power, a Supreme Intelligence called God, of whom mortal man can have no conception. It teaches the universal reign of law and a better understanding of the purposes of life here and hereafter. It consequently teaches no fear of death, of which Gen. Sherman had the proper conception when he said, "It is as natural to die as to be born." It is not so great a mystery as

orthodoxy teaches. The cold grave is not the end, but rather the beginning for which life on earth is a preparatory state. The great Apostle Paul fully understood it when he said, "There is a material body and there is a spiritual body." All nature sustains this assertion and Spiritualism holds the proof within its grasp ready to give it to all who honestly seek it. It will no longer, therefore, be sufficient, even to make skeptics more skeptical, to laugh at and ridicule this wonderful proof of life after death, and a writer who has not thoroughly investigated the philosophy of Spiritualism is certainly an incompetent critic, condemning what he knows nothing of and in his conceit virtually saying, "What I don't know cannot be true." Spiritualism is not what one usually sees advertised in flaring posters or in newspapers at fifty cents a head. It is not of the "Seventh daughter-of-the-seventh-son" sort, and it is to be regretted that so many people are deterred from its investigation by fakirs and mountebanks. But with all the dead load it has to carry and still carries it thrives as no other religion has ever done.

SPIRITUALISM PERTAINS TO THE SPIRITUAL.

A gentleman from whose pen many articles have appeared in *THE JOURNAL*, L. A. Clement, contributes an article to the *Denver, Col., Republican* in reply to some strictures on Spiritualism which had been inserted in a previous number of that paper.

Spiritualism, like the Christian religion, pertains to the spiritual and while men who lift up their souls in aspirations either in prayer to lead or send them out and up to the spirit power become stronger and brighter in their daily work, those who seek communications from the spirit world through the fortune tellers and "business mediums," advertising as such for material gain, will find that the course leads to ruin and that the business sought to be built up is quickly destroyed. It is in the pure temple of the home and in the human heart where Spiritualism is able to convince men that life beyond the grave is a real life and to prove to them that the key of honest investigation will unlock the rich resources that will lead to angel ministries and will bring inspirations to a higher life.

It is a well-known fact, accepted by scientific men that fully one-half of mankind are negative and may be classed as sensitives, susceptible, to a greater or less degree, to the influence of others, and that they may be mesmerized, magnetized, hypnotized, or psychologized, and that when in these states they may be controlled by spirits in the flesh, mortals, to do the will of the operator, and if in the latter state they may sometimes be made to believe almost any absurdity or truth suggested to them. It is also a well-known fact that when in these states the operator sometimes loses control and the subject is taken possession of by what purports to be a disembodied spirit, and if there is no interruption, and control being perfect, the communications are just such as might be expected from that person if he were still living in earth life. Valuable suggestions as to health or business are often given, and disease is correctly diagnosed and warnings and exhortations given which prove of material value. There are those who are able to place themselves in these magnetic or hypnotic states, and while in these states they profess to be able to commune with those who have gone to the spirit side of life. These communications are sometimes intensely interesting, and often of great benefit to men and women, but sometimes are imperfect and of no value. I have heard inspirations purporting to come from Poe, Burns or others, superior, if possible, to the best earthly efforts of these authors; and in other instances I have seen communications as unsatisfactory from every possible standpoint as a telephone message would be where the lines are crossed and all sorts of conflicting interests appear to be using the same instrument.

I have seen the somnambulist in his magnetic state answering truthfully questions concerning which in his normal state he knew nothing. I have seen a child 7 years old controlled and describe accurately distant lands and tell truthfully events happening in those lands, just as thousands have seen Blind Tom controlled to play faultlessly the most difficult music. A sensitive described to me the progress of Jenny's expedition to the Black Hills, and I had in my note book days before it was possible for the news to have come through any material source a fairly accurate account of the discoveries made. About the time of Lieutenant Kislinsky's death in the Arctic regions a sensitive in my presence purported to be controlled by his spirit, and gave the date when the remainder of the party would be rescued. During the control his medium seemed to suffer from extreme cold, and the cold influence did not leave her apparently until the next day.

I have seen a materialized arm strike a blow its fist that jarred the building, and a material hand write intelligent communications upon paper, as Belshazzar saw the handwritter wall, and I have seen and heard the sensitive

languages wholly unknown to them, as those who attended on the day of Pentecost saw and heard the same things.

The Spiritualists believe in God and the angels, and in the life beyond the grave, but they believe that happiness in that life results from correct living here, not from a belief in any one or thing. They do not expect to make their garments white by washings in the blood of the lamb, but through living and doing and thinking as he taught us to live, do and think. He is their savior through the power of his example, and in his resurrection they have proof of immortality, and in his promises, every one of which they accept as true, they find precious comfort.



THE GREEK GIRL'S SONG.

To-day my lover tends his flocks;
He roams with them through fragrant meads,
And guides across the barren rocks
With his own hands the lambs he feeds,
And soothes them when the winds are cold
Or terror comes among the fold.
They soon forget the night's alarms
When folded in his shielding arms.

So good and true to them is he,
I know he will be kind to me.

My lover walks in paths of peace
He would avoid the conflict's noise,
And bid the warring legions cease;
He is content with simple joys:
He fain would always journey through
Tall grasses shining in the dew,
And tend his sheep and dream his dreams
Beside the quiet mountain streams.

So faithful is his love of home
I know his heart can never roam.
—MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

The evolution towards equality with the Swedish man furnishes instructive reading for the sex everywhere, says the *Illustrated American*. It is a capital illustration of the rich fruits to be gathered when the gospel of moderation is faithfully preached and practiced. As wise as serpents, yet harmless as doves, those ladies of the fair north won, without striking a blow, every concession for which their sisters over here have fought gallantly to snatch from the grudging hands of mankind. They worked warily from the inductive system, judged the individual, and applied the knowledge thus gained to the whole body. Then, appreciating the folly of attacking the citadel before storming the walls, they laid siege to small tithes of mint, anise, and cummin before assailing weightier matters of the law. With wit deserving of success, leaders of the woman movement ignored political privileges at the very outset, and devoted their energies to righting small grievances, knowing that the natural course of events would bring the ballot in good time. Their first effort marked by the dignity and an entire lack of combativeness, was directed toward opening the universities on equal terms to the sexes. This accomplished their next request was for the privilege of practicing on equal terms the learned professions acquired side by side with male students. All commercial pursuits were then petitioned for as proper callings for women qualified to fill such positions, and thus, one after another, barriers were laid low by the strategy that no violence could have captured. Had there been the noisy campaign of the uncompromising suffragist to drown their voices it is extremely doubtful how fast or how far the progressionists would have been permitted to advance. But there were no battle-fields, no heroines, no martyrs, and so, with cordial grace, the Swedish men granted whatever the prudent, forbearing Swedish woman wanted. It is pleasing and grateful history to read of the gradual unfolding of womanly ambitions, fostered by manly sympathy.

The course of lectures delivered by Miss ne Meade Welch, in New York, on American history, is finished, but the interest is so great that many of the anxious to continue work on so it is proposed to form a class meet at private houses to be Miss Welch. Miss Welch be-
pate of the venter of Angli-

cism affected by many Americans there is at bottom an honest and fervent patriotism, and it is to this spirit that she appeals in her lectures. It has been her aim to rouse Americans from the indifference which besets them as to their political duty. She said, not long ago: "Americanism essentially is the responsibility of the individual for the government. Many men shirk this responsibility, but James Bryce says no other country owes so much to its women, and it will owe them yet more if once they fully recognize the power they might exert in keeping the breath of life in the old faith in American hopes, aspirations and ideals." Among those who have been most interested listeners at these lectures is Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, who was moved to write Miss Welch a letter of congratulation. Dorman B. Eaton, too, was delighted, and being one of those who went to the first lecture with the misgiving that no woman could possibly grapple successfully with the constitution, remained to become a complete convert to Miss Welch's eloquence. Laurence Hutton, one of New York's literary lions, and Seth Low, president of Columbia, have also attended these lectures and expressed their gratification with the manner in which Miss Welch had treated the subject of American history.

The daring travelers of this age are not all men. There is Miss Isabella Bird, of London, known to her friends as Mrs. Bishop. In accordance with the provisions of her late husband's will, Mrs. Bishop went to Cashmere in India and founded a hospital about two years ago. Her mission accomplished, this adventuresome woman decided to accomplish a feat never before accomplished by a European since the days of Huc and Gabet, the French missionaries. This was to visit Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. She ultimately failed to enter the city, although she reached the outskirts of the province. The Tibetans hardly knew at first how to treat this strange personage from the heathen world. Men travelers they expelled under menace of death, but here was a woman asking admission to the sacred city of the Buddhists. Mrs. Bishop was finally circumvented in an odd, clever way. She was told that she might go to Lhasa, and that no one would molest her, but the chief official of every village through which she passed would lose his head for permitting her to advance, and every district that received her would be heavily fined. This was too much for a woman's tender heart and the traveler retraced her steps. She passed, however, through Beloochistan to Persia and Armenia, and was the first European of modern times to look upon the sources of the Karun river.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spence was ordained and installed as pastor of the Bell street chapel, at Providence, R. I., recently and she can now perform all the functions of a minister. Mr. William J. Potter, president of the Free Religious Association, delivered the ordination discourse in which he said: Women have been ordained to the ministry in several of the religious denominations in this country, but it is believed that this is the first instance of the ordination of a woman in Rhode Island. But the State which under Roger Williams gave a hospitable refuge to Anne Hutchinson, who was the first woman preacher in New England, though not ordained,—the State that gave her a home and freedom when she was banished from Massachusetts for heresies, should not be behind in that progress which recognizes woman's fitness for the pulpit; and the pastoral "soul liberty" which Roger Williams preached and Mrs. Hutchinson practiced, has no distinction of sex. And the congregation of Bell street may be congratulated that today you have made a new illustration of this ancient doctrine of Roger Williams and Rhode Island by investing a woman with all the official functions of a minister.

The death of Mrs. Mary A. Gough at her home near Worcester, Mass., will be felt more by the circle of personal friends—and their name is legion—than by the community at large; yet the loss to the one is no less than to the other, says *The Independent*. Few but those most intimate with John B. Gough have ever realized how much he, and through him the cause of temperance in America and England, owed to the quiet, unobtrusive yet powerful woman who stood so nobly by him during the earlier years of his career, and who watched over every period of his later life. Anything but an iron constitution would have broken speedily under the strain of those years when she went with him on every lecture trip, made his ar-

rangements, met and warded off attacks, some of them so venomous that nothing but Christian faith and fortitude could have borne them, and then when the fearful strain of the lectures was over, cared for his almost shattered nervous system and nursed him to strength that he might renew the battle.

TRANSITION OF BENJAMIN E. DAVIES.

In no year since *THE JOURNAL* was founded has it been called upon to chronicle the transition of so many correspondents and subscribers as during 1891. This week it is our painful duty to notice the departure of a warm-hearted, enterprising man whose enthusiastic approval of *THE JOURNAL* and devotion to Spiritualism in its higher aspects have been valuable and inspiring to us. We refer to Mr. Benjamin E. Davies, who passed to spirit life from El Paso, Texas, on May 2, at the age of 62 years. Mr. Davies was among the early pioneers of California, a soldier in the 1st California Cavalry during the war, and afterwards proprietor of a large cattle ranch in New Mexico, from which he removed about a year ago to El Paso. Mr. Davies and family had been called upon in a most tragic way to prove their confidence in Spiritualism and they stood the test triumphantly. The father has now gone to meet the beloved daughter whose departure was attended with such suffering—dying from the bite of a rattlesnake. Mr. Davies was a splendid specimen of manhood and we mingle our tears of affection and sympathy with those of the bereaved family; but with them we rejoice to know that the parting is not forever, and that he may still approach and impress his loved ones here.

"D. D. HOME, HIS LIFE AND MISSION."

This is a standard book which should be in the possession of every Spiritualist and investigator and on the shelves of all free public libraries. No medium surpassed Mr. Home in integrity of character or in the marvellous nature of the phenomena occurring through his mediumship. The book is well worth the price, \$2, being much less than the same edition not so well bound is sold for in Europe. We have not yet exhausted the number which Madame Home generously authorized us to distribute among free public libraries. Requests for the work from librarians or duly authorized agents of free public libraries accompanied by twenty cents to cover postage will be duly honored. The terms on which this work as well as "The Light of Egypt" can be gratuitously sent out are rigid and must be implicitly complied with; neither book can be sent to private institutions, or individuals who desire to circulate it among their friends. This statement is rendered necessary by letters already received.

"LIGHT OF EGYPT" FREE TO FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The author has authorized *THE JOURNAL* to distribute one hundred copies of "The Light of Egypt, or the Science of the Soul and the Stars" among free public libraries. Application must be made for the book, and naming the library and enclosing fifteen cents to prepay postage. The work is a large 12 mo. of about 300 pages, printed from large type on fine paper and beautifully illustrated; for further particulars see description in the advertising columns of this paper. The book has been the subject of wide comment. Those who oppose on *a priori* grounds its central claim are vigorous in their criticisms, those who have no well-defined preconceived opinions and those who favor the doctrines advanced are equally robust

in their commendations. Whatever its merits, it is a book likely to be freely called for when catalogued in public libraries.

Applications for the book can only be received from librarians or some officer of the library for which the book is desired. Readers of *THE JOURNAL* interested in having the work in their respective free public libraries should see to it that the application is made through the proper channel. The reasons for these conditions must be readily apparent on reflection.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

The following letter was not intended for publication, but as it records an exhibition of practical charity worthy of emulation, we bespeak in advance the forgiveness of Doctor Coues and put it before our readers:

Though I receive, like yourself, doubtless, many appeals for help, one could hardly touch me more deeply than the following:

"DEAR BROTHER E. COUES: Am writing you to see if you can see your way to help a poor unfortunate brother to a little comfort and cheer, by sending him a little literature. Am a chronic invalid, having had back crushed and both legs broken." This unfortunate man writes me from England, signing a name I never heard of before, and I have no idea who he is. I enclose my check, for which send him *THE JOURNAL* for the period thus paid for, to the enclosed address.

Truly yours,

ELLIOTT COUES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Chicago Athenæum on the evening of May 9th entered its new home, a fine, large building at Nos. 18 and 26 Van Buren street, which was crowded with people who had helped the famous institution with money or who first saw within the walls of the older homes how they could use their heads and hands to advantage. Among those present at least 1,000 were former pupils of the school. Mr. Ferd W. Peck, president of the school, presided at the dedicatory exercises in the assembly hall, which consisted of speeches and songs. President Peck said that the institution, born out of the great conflagration of 1871, had passed through perils and vicissitudes and trials until it had finally reached a permanent and suitable home for practical education of young men and women. For demonstration of what the Athenæum had done toward practical education, go, said President Peck, among the employes of our leading manufacturers and merchants. Thousands of young men and women are now earning their livelihood because of the advantages they have enjoyed at the Athenæum; and besides the mental development obtained from the many departments and branches which are included in its curriculum many a young man owes his present health and strength to the physical training which he acquired at the Athenæum gymnasium. No citizen should hesitate to give encouragement and aid, knowing by its record that its platform and the motto which it bears upon its standard assure educational success, and that this splendid structure assures its permanency. A short address was delivered by Prof. David Swing, and congratulatory letters from Mayor Washburne and others were read. Among the directors of the peoples' college are: Lyman J. Gage, Franklin H. Head, Joseph Sears, W. R. Page and Henry Booth.

In the next number of *THE JOURNAL* will begin the publication of Mrs. J. M. Staats' "Reminiscences" which will be found extremely valuable on account of the facts which the narrative gives, and as interesting as a story. Thousands of Spiritualists and investigators not now on our list should read the testimony of this trustworthy witness and medium. Our friends will confer a favor on their acquaintances

by inducing them to subscribe for THE JOURNAL forthwith. We cannot promise to supply back numbers.

Mr. Homer J. Field, favorably known as a young medium of superior powers and character, has gone into the heavy hardware business at Helena, Montana, the firm being Irwin, Field & Co., Messrs. Irwin and Field being the active partners. THE JOURNAL wishes Mr. Field the best success and commends him to the people of that new and thriving country.



A LETTER FROM MRS. WATSON.

TO THE EDITOR: Never before have I seen such a sea of blossoms as at our last Easter-tide. Every fruit tree and flowering shrub (and there are millions in our valley), was a mass of delicate, odorous garlands, God's love-words to his world just waking from its wintry sleep. No wonder that the nations, both Pagan and Christian, chant resurrection songs at this sweet season, when every inch of earth seems pulsing with a quickened soul. Where the busy husbandman wrought with nature, cleansing fires sent up blue wreaths of curling smoke from all the hill-sides, looking in the rosy light, like grateful breath of incense from the altars of the gods. And now, swiftly following that magnificent symphony of universal hope and promise come such perfect, June-like days as set me to thinking of the many camp-grounds that will soon swarm with happy, eager crowds, come for a taste of country air, social interchange and spiritual blessing. The subject of campmeetings is so apropos just now that I am tempted to turn back to the closing period of my last letter and review somewhat my impressions of Lily Dale. I agree with THE JOURNAL that there is need of an evolutionary movement in our present efforts to educate the masses of mankind in the redeeming principles of the spiritual philosophy; and it appears to me that Mr. Brown's suggestions reprinted in THE JOURNAL of April 11th can scarcely be improved upon. I am not converted to the idea of arbitrary rules for the investigation of our phenomena, and think every individual must judge for himself or herself as to the credibility of any phase of evidence in relation to spirit return. But the friends of true mediumship will insist on such methods of investigation as will render the room for suspicion as small as possible, and when a person is once detected in fraudulent practices, Spiritualists everywhere, as a sacred duty to our blessed faith, to our spirit friends and to the public at large, ought to expose the lie and seek to reform the perpetrator of so infamous an act as simulating the appearance of our precious dead. The cry of "persecution" raised against those who are seeking to purify our ranks of these ghouls is both wicked and silly. We have a fresh example of what an unconscionable person can do to bring reproach upon our cause in the late exposure of Mrs. Wells in San Francisco, who, notwithstanding this and previous similar encounters will, I presume, still continue her horrible business, countenanced and condoned with by many so-called Spiritualists. When shall we have an organization that can properly brand such proceedings and clear the horizon of our new spiritual day of these pestilential shows? Our apathy or imbecility in this respect is driving hungry millions of would-be believers into the liberal churches, where the pure principles, the rational religious ideas and humanitarian work which ought to bear our name are being carried forward under other banners.

The atmosphere at Lily Dale seemed fairly clear of humbug, and there was a manifest determination on the part of the association to rule out as far and fast as possible, the elements that endanger any praiseworthy movement. That there were contending factions, widely differing opinions as to methods, as well as contrasting grades of intellect and morals on the platform and in the social life of so large a community as Cassadaga has become, is not surprising, and on the whole, the work there is broadening and deepening, and I hope to see that association lead off in es-

tablishing a genuine school of philosophy, with teachers of every branch of science and wise expounders of the best and grandest ideas of our progressive age. We need to cultivate, above all things, the true spirit of fraternity founded on absolute sincerity and a desire to know the truth and do the right, regardless of preconceived opinions and with willingness to self-sacrifice. And no revelation has ever before been given to a groping, self-wounding humanity that contained so many incentives to high living and true loving as that of modern Spiritualism. The lectures that I heard at Lily Dale were of a high order. Walter Howell was eloquent, original poetical and yet presented sound practical ideas. The improvement in Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie's speaking since I heard her a few years ago is very marked. She is earnest, fearless, sometimes stirring her audiences to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

Unfortunately for myself, my engagements were such that I had but slender opportunity for feasting at spiritual tables other than those spread through my own imperfect instrumentality. And my old enemy, hay-fever,—for which there is in my case apparently no cure except to stay in California, during the period of its regular raids—attacked me with such violence from its ambush in the lovely clover-fields of Western New York that I was soon almost disabled for either social enjoyment or spiritual work and was finally forced to cancel many engagements, the most regrettable being those to the good friends in Cincinnati and Chicago. My two lectures at Cassadaga were better received than I fear they deserved, but as they were not reported I trust their best thoughts will be preserved in the minds of the vast audiences that listened patiently, while the errors drift with their kindred evils into blessed oblivion.

I shall conclude this chapter of reminiscences by reproducing at the request of many who heard it, the poem which formed the peroration of my Sunday lecture on—

THE SUNRISE IN RELIGION.

When Nature, through her drowsy dreams
Is thrilled by fair Aurora's kiss,
Her soul awakes in woods and streams
To countless signs of conscious bliss.

And soon her whole life is astir,
Glad tremors run o'er land and sea,
While myriad wings of satin whirr
In haste to join love's symphony.

The tears that stained Night's dusky cheek
With diamond glow bedeck the Morn,
And all God's creatures, strong and weak
At break of day seem newly born.

E'en thus in Nature's dual life,
We see the changing seasons play:
The sleep of soul with dark dreams rife
From which, aroused by Truth's white ray.

Sweet hope from dull despair upsprings,
Revealed are beauties hid before,
And aspiration's eager wings
Toward God and angelhood upsoar.

And now o'er eastern hills of thought,
A silent flood of radiance rolls,
While western slopes the smile have caught
And flashed it to our inmost souls.

The purple gloom of ages past
Gives way before Truth's rising sun,
And waking hosts are marshalling fast
At sound of Freedom's signal gun.

As lilies lift their fragrant lips
From dimpled lakes to greet the dawn;
A sweet and pure apocalypse
Of beauty from corruption drawn.

E'en so from superstitious grim
The blessed blossoms of our faith,
Float up in fervent prayer, and hymn
A joyous triumph over death.

The altars built by grief and fear,
Dread symbols of eternal woe,
Are cleansed of blood and briny tear
By Heaven's precious overflow!

And where the preacher once proclaimed
The wrath of God and burning hell,
Good men, of ancient creeds ashamed,
Make haste his tender grace to tell.

And Nature, long by priests decried,
Unveils her beauty to his sight,
A patient and unerring guide
To all that is divinely right.

In every fold of her fair dress
We find the hieroglyphs of God,
And lines of perfect loveliness
Inscribed on every common clod.

O'er all the boundless realms of life
Are stretched Love's beautiful, brooding
wings,

And through our finite sin and strife
A ceaseless song of progress rings.

And in each human heart inheres
The Christ divine, awaiting birth,
When dried shall be pale Sorrow's tears
And pure joy possess the earth.

Awake! humanity, awake!
Redemption's day has just begun!
Let every soul its bondage break
And greet with joy Truth's rising sun.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.
SUNNY BRAE, SANTA CLARA, CAL.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Members of the Psychic Investigation Association:

DEAR FRIENDS: Many thanks for the circular and invitation received from your secretary, and believing that such an association is very much needed and can be of great benefit, I have sent to him my application for membership.

I feel that I owe it to you and to others interested that I address you an open letter upon the purpose and method of your society, and since you invite suggestions I need ask no pardon for so doing. It is from a study of psychic phenomena extending over twenty years and from an experience of twelve years as a public exponent of modern Spiritualism that I speak.

Classification is about all there is of modern science. The first and most important thing to do with psychic phenomena is to intelligently classify it. No one hypothesis will explain it all. I do not know of an hypothesis given by thinkers that will not prove a true explanation of some class of phenomena. The errors were from attempts to explain all by classing all under one head. I am sure that when thus properly classified, a class will be explained by telepathy, another by hypnosis, another by self-mesmerism, another by unconscious cerebration, another by clairvoyance, another by magnetism or electricity. Others by hitherto unknown powers of mind, others by the action of Universal Intelligence—the Divine Spirit—others by the action of an unknown force superior to electricity, and a residue I am sure must be considered as the direct result of disembodied human spirits.

There are at least four factors in these manifestations. They may all be present, or any number of them from one to four. These four are the medium, the persons in earth life that surround her, the disembodied intelligences and the Universal Spirit. In a majority of cases it will be impossible to determine which of these is the determining power. But I am convinced that there are cases in which each of these are severally so prominent as to enable us to decide which is the cause of the case in hand. It is to these extreme cases that our investigations must be confined. The trance, inspiration, clairvoyance, psychometry, hypnotism and physical phenomena are all instances of the predominance of one or other of these forces. Pure trance-control is caused by disembodied spirits. Inspiration is the natural powers of the subject intensified by the divine influx. Clairvoyance and psychometry, the action of the developed powers of the subject. Hypnotism, the action of disembodied intelligences, while physical phenomena introduce us to a new and unnamed force and to disembodied intelligences. I am sure that careful investigation will in this classification give data for the philosopher to use in building a philosophy of mind. Previous attempts in the line you propose have, I think, failed from a want of this distinction and from attempts to explain too much by one hypothesis. My experience is constantly showing me that we all possess undreamed of spiritual powers, and much phenomena I once assigned to the action of disembodied spirit can now be accounted for by the action of awakened powers hitherto latent in the soul, and in this fact lies the blessing modern Spiritualism holds in store for coming generations. That by a study of the conditions necessary we may learn how to develop the spiritual man and through this development lies our redemption from vice, crime and sorrow. It is this class of phenomena that teaches man that he is a spirit and is living the external—spiritual—life here and now. Proper classification will enable us to evolve a philosophy that, applied to daily life, shall enable all to say as did Jesus, "I and my Father are one."

Such is the hint I see in the work of your association, and how small or great may be your success, it will help on the day of that knowledge. You cannot help calling attention to the fact that there is a problem to be solved, and you must open the

way to a more unprejudiced, just examination of the claims of modern Spiritualism than they hitherto have had.

For these reasons I bid you God-speed.
Ever fraternally yours,

H. H. BROWN,
Minister Unitarian Society,
SALEM, OREGON.

READING A SEALED LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR: The recently published reference to the reading of a sealed letter by a New York medium leads me to send you the following statement:

Being about to visit Boston some months since, I requested my wife to write a question, addressed to some person in spirit, and securely seal the same and tell me nothing about its nature or import. Soon after, at a sitting with a trance medium, a perfect stranger to me, after she had announced the presence of several of my spirit relations whose names and evidences of identity were given, I asked if she could read and answer the sealed question which I thereupon took from my pocket and handed her. She held it in her closed hand a moment and returned it to me, saying it had been written by my wife and had reference to "materialization." "Her mother is here [giving her full name] and says tell her that when she can come to Boston with you if you will attend séances with Mrs. B. or Mrs. F. she will try and demonstrate the truth to your satisfaction, for she has been attending séance with other spirits at these mediums' on purpose to learn how to do so and thinks she will be able to show herself plainly." Much more was said as coming from the same spirit, showing an intimate knowledge of facts and circumstances in our family life and history and proving that the intelligence of the medium was not the source from which these statements came.

I might give you a whole volume of similar facts recorded in my diary of séances during several years past, but I sometimes question whether the combined testimony of all the societies in the world organized for the express purpose of obtaining and publishing similar facts would ever convert a single person who had not himself had personal experiences of the same kind before. Men are tried and condemned to death or to state's prison, in all our courts, upon evidence no more positive and convincing than that upon which Spiritualism rests all its claims and teachings, yet when mediums are brought before juries of intelligent men they are solemnly notified that all the combined testimony of the world, could it be brought before them, would be wholly rejected as to the essential facts involved in the materialization of spirits, and at the same time judge and jury would unite to condemn and execute vengeance upon any who should question the testimony of the Bible to the same facts recorded thousands of years since by alleged witnesses concerning whom nothing else can be known save what appears in these very records which are no more sacred or reliable than are those which thousands of living men and women are making today in every land. F. P. AINSWORTH.

NORTH AMHERST, MASS.

SIGNIFICANT STRAW.

TO THE EDITOR: "Straws show which way the wind blows." I was lately visiting a friend, a gentleman of culture, a former resident of Cleveland, Ohio, where he was educated for a profession. He called my attention to the fact that he was saving his RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in a binder this year, instead of giving the copies away, as had been his custom. He further stated that he used to take about all the spiritual papers, and when read give them away, but that he doubted about their being read much, and, as for himself, he thought THE JOURNAL worth more than all the rest; and so he had decided to get a binder for that, as there were articles in every number which he wanted to save, and to let all the other papers go. How is that, "growlers?" S. BIGELOW.

LAKE MARY, FLA.

Buckle told a good story against Wordsworth, contained in a letter from Lamb to Talfourd, which the latter showed to Buckle, but had considered among the things too personal to be published. Wordsworth was decrying Shakespeare. "Pooh!" he said, "it is all very easy; I could write like Shakespeare myself, if I had a mind to!" "Precisely so," rejoined Lamb—"if you had a mind to!"

HIS GHOST APPEARED.

The latest sensation in the career of the late Hezekiah B. Smith, of Smithville, N. J., is that the ghost of New Jersey's erstwhile congressman has been perambulating around the scene of his former triumphs at Smithville and making things very uncomfortable for some of his former employes. That Mr. Smith should take the responsibility of resurrecting himself at this particular time is not surprising when one considers the changes that have taken place since his demise.

His deserted wife and children have established their claim to his estate, and the money which he had toiled and struggled for, and which he devised should be devoted to the establishment of a school for the education of young men in the mechanical arts has no more existence than the fabric of a dream.

That the congressional ghost has been seen very frequently of late there seems to be no reason to doubt, particularly as the employes at the shops are willing to make oath that they have seen it repeatedly walking around the old mansion house and down by the mill office in the early evenings, as Mr. Smith was wont to do when in the flesh. One of the employes moved out of town and took up his residence in Mount Holly because of his dread of meeting the apparition.

"I've seen it a dozen times," he said, referring to the ghost, "and it goes along the path in a way that makes me all goose flesh. I knew the 'old man,' as Mr. Smith was familiarly known, as well as any one about here, and if that ain't his ghost then I never saw anything. Several of our men have seen it and all describe it the same way."

The strangest part of the story is that told by the night watchman, George Gilbert, who was on duty every night around the works. Several times as he sat in the mill office the door would open and the ghostly form of Mr. Smith would enter, walk to the desk with his hands behind him in his usual way, and after standing there for a while as if in thought he would slowly walk out toward the mansion. The constant repetition of these visits had such a terrifying effect on Gilbert's mind that he lost his reason and was to-day conveyed to the Asylum for the Insane.

A few days ago Gilbert's place as watchman was taken by Joffeld Switzer, a hardy Swede, who is by no means superstitious, but now even Joffeld admits that there is something very much like a ghost haunting the shops every night, appearing and disappearing with a suddenness that makes his flesh creep. The other night Joffeld, accompanied by his constant companion, a large watch dog, started to inspect the interior of the foundry, but the dog wouldn't be induced to enter the building; his hair stood erect and it manifested every symptom of fear. Just then the apparition was seen moving through the rear of the foundry.

No one has yet attempted to explain this mysterious visitation, although one of the unpeccant lawyers at the county seat offered to secure an injunction against the ghost if he received his fee in advance.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Young Lady (in fur store)—"Do you think this cloak is becoming?"
Proprietor—"Pecoming? My tear young lady, dot cloak make you look so entrancingly beautiful dot if you go a street car in mit dot cloak on some shentlemans would give you a zeat."—*Life.*

Mamma—"If you eat any more of that pudding, Tommy, you'll see the bogie-man to-night."

Tommy (after a moment's thought)—"Well, give me some more. I might as well settle my mind about that story right away."—*Puck.*

Since it is now a well-established fact that catarrh is a blood disease, medical men are quite generally prescribing Ayer's Sarsaparilla for that most loathsome complaint, and the result, in nearly every instance, proves the wisdom of their advice.

Baldness is catching says a scientist. It's catching flies in summer time. Use Hall's Hair Renewer and cover the bald place with healthy hair and flies won't trouble.

Beecham's Pills cure Sick-Headache.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combe. More than three hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages, and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work: The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.

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Is prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies. The combination, proportion and preparation are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, giving it curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where others fail.

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"When I bought Hood's Sarsaparilla I made a good investment of one dollar in medicine for the first time. It has driven off rheumatism and improved my appetite so much that my boarding mistress says I must keep it locked up or she will be obliged to raise my board with every other boarder that takes Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS BURRELL, 99 Tillary Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I find Hood's Sarsaparilla the best remedy for impure blood I ever used." M. H. BAXTER, ticket agent, P. & E. Rd., Bound Brook, N. J.

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"Hood's Sarsaparilla was a God-send to me, for it cured me of dyspepsia and liver complaint with which I had suffered 20 years." J. B. HORNBECK, South Fallsburg, N. Y.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla takes less time and quantity to show its effect than any other preparation." MRS. C. A. HUBBARD, N. Chili, N. Y.

"My wife had very poor health for a long time, suffering from indigestion, poor appetite, and constant headache. She tried everything we could hear of, but found no relief till she tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is now taking the third bottle, and never felt better in her life. We feel it our duty to recommend it to every one we know." GEORGE SOMERVILLE, Moreland, Cook County, Ill.

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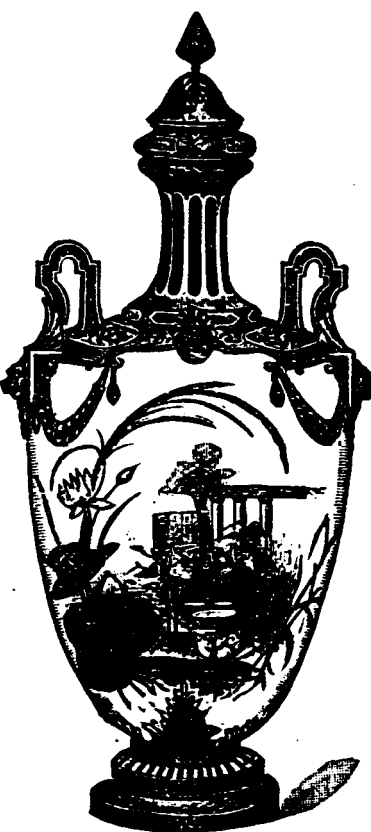
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From the Standpoint of a Scientist.

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—BY—

PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, M. D.,

Member of the National Academy of Sciences of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

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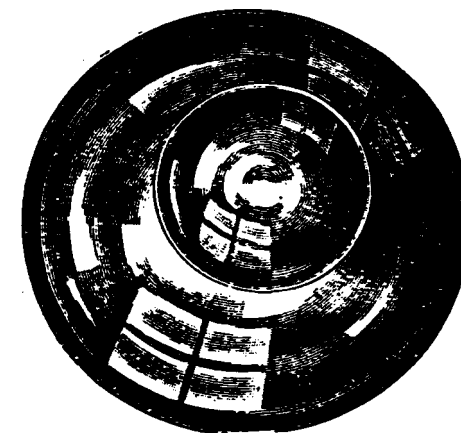
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Ottawa, Kan., Dec. 13, 1890.
DEAR SIR: We are well pleased with the blower. I am trying to get a large order for them. Respectfully, MRS. GEO. O. HOWE.

Mercer, Pa., Dec. 25, 1890.
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DEAR SIR: The "Wizard" came all right, and is adding its share to the enjoyments of Christmas. Yours, etc., J. V. STOCKTON.

Rockville, Conn., Dec. 15, 1890.
The Prairie City Novelty Co., No. 45 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.:
DEAR SIR: Yours of the 10th received the 13th. In reply this morning I have to express my satisfaction with the Bubble Blower. I shall make an effort to get orders for the Bubble Blower, and when I get a sufficient number, I shall send an order direct to you. Yours as ever, EDDIE S. JONES, Lock Box 63, Rockville, Ct.

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This is a book by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Phelon treating of the "Silence of the Invisible." "This story is," in the language of the authors, "a parable, teaching as twenty-one years bring us to the adult physical life so also may 'the sevens' of years bring adult spiritual growth. The attempt is to portray the trials, temptations, sufferings, growth and attainments of the spirit during earth-life." The marvels in the story are alleged to be not greater than those well attested by psychical researchers.

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WHO IS MY FRIEND?

BY EMMA MINER.

When passing through some busy street
We scan the swiftly moving throng,
And gazing on each face we meet,
We catch a word, or note of song,
How often in our souls we ask
If every one is kind and true?
If any face doth wear a mask
Which hides the real from our view?

The lights which gleam from brilliant eyes
May cheer us with a winning glance;
What subtle power behind them lies
To hold our own in yielding trance?
The smiling lips may speak a word
To bring response of joy, or tears;
A little sentence, that once heard
Will linger with us many years.

Extended to us, oft we feel
The pressure of the warm hands clasp;
Some loving thought may here reveal
Itself to us within that grasp.
How shall we measure all the good—
The sympathy that touch conveys?
How shall we each be understood
While journeying in friendship's ways?

One hand may greet with friendly touch,
The other strike with cruel blow;
The friend we trusted oft and much,
We never dreamed would meet us so.
And in our souls is born a thought
That thrills us with a grief and pain;
The friend we loved and often sought
May never be our friend again.

Who is our friend? The man who speaks
A word of comfort, cheer, and love;
The man who dries the mourner's cheeks,
And helps us to the heights above;
I, stumbling in a narrow way
We fall and bruise our suffering soul,
Will lift us up, and kindly say
"Once more press forward to the goal!"

The man who stands beside us, firm
As grand old hills that cannot move;
Within his soul the priceless germ
Of faithfulness, and truest love.
Whose eyes seek ours with clearest light,
Whose lips speak honest praise or blame;
Who, both within, and out of sight
Is still our friend in deed and name.

Oh—let us prize beyond all gifts
True friendship's pure and lasting worth;
The soulful help that upward lifts
And lives beyond this changing earth.
Far more than all earth's glittering gold
Or jewels bright, my friend I prize;
The love which ever shall unfold
And blossom where love never dies.

SHE IS COMING.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come forth, for the winter is done,
In freshest of garments and purest of pearls;
Thy victories wait to be won.
Shine out, little head, running over with curls;
Of the summer time thou art the sun.

There has fallen a jealous tear
For the winter girl, lorn at the gate,
For the rose and the lily are here
To bow to her lovelier state.

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
But the lily whispers, "We've nothing to fear—
The summer girl never could wait!"

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
O summer girl, dearest of earth!
Though my heart were cold clay at her feet,
'Twould waken to happier birth!

—NEW YORK HERALD.

HARROWGATE AND CUMBERLAND GAP.

The first sale of town lots in Harrowgate and Cumberland Gap, near Middlesborough, Ky., occurs May 13, 14, 15 and 16. These towns possess all the natural advantages and prospects of the famous city of Middlesborough, and this sale will be a rare opportunity for home seekers and capitalists. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad will run a low-rate excursion to this land sale, leaving Toledo May 11. The excursion will be under the direction of Mr. George J. Clark, Excursion Agent, Toledo, O., who will gladly furnish rates and full information. Send for fine album of Harrowgate and Cumberland Gap views.

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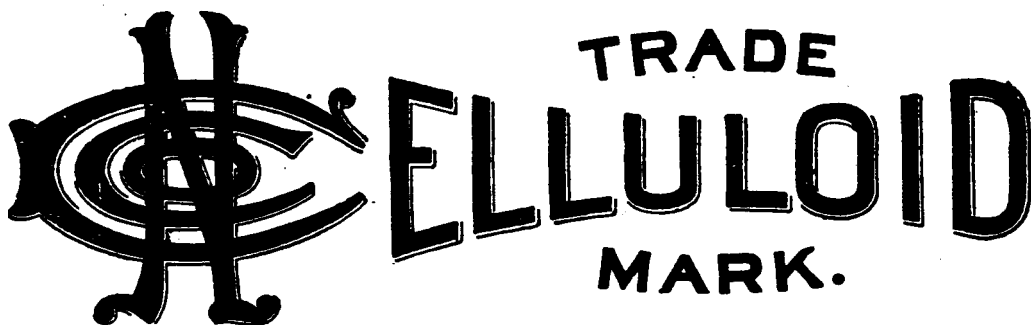
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BE UP
TO
THE MARK

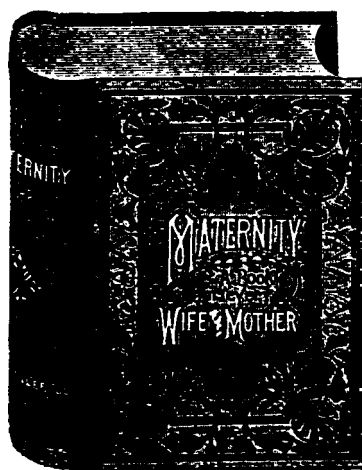
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What?" etc., etc.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

Books noticed under this head are for sale and can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Frederick Douglass: the Colored Orator. Frederic May Holland, author of "The Sign of the Cross," "Stories from Robert Browning," "The Rise of Intellectual Liberty." New York: Funk & Wagnalls. '93. Cloth, price, \$1.50.

This interesting sketch of the eventful career of a remarkable man was written, the author tells us, in the hope that it would in some degree reduce the color prejudice and as a fitting tribute to one for whom he entertains a high admiration. The work deals with all the romantic incidents of Frederick Douglass's life, following him from the log cabin of his childhood on the bank of the Choptank River in Maryland through all the phases of his life, from his escape therefrom, and to his vantage, stride by stride, to the distinguished position he now holds as the representative man of his race. The main events of Frederick Douglass's life have already been detailed in scattered notices in the press of the country. The author has not only collected, arranged and verified all these, but has given an added interest to the work by valuable information obtained from Mr. Frederick Douglass, Jr., and by numerous anecdotes related to the author by the hero of the story, shortly before his departure for Hayti. A series of ten unpublished lectures and many other manuscripts were at the same time handed to the author, and have proved useful in illustrating Mr. Douglass's views and character.

Brooke's Daughter. By Adeline Sartant. New York. (Lovell's International Series No. 144.) John W. Lovell Co. pp. Paper, price, 50 cents.

Aspar Brooke's charming daughter is the means of reconciling and reuniting her parents after years of separation and estrangement, caused in the first place by a scheming woman vainly in love with Aspar, who is depicted as a high-souled, rough-mannered genius, a journalist, social reformer. His wife, "Lady Brooke," who belongs to an aristocratic family, and the narrow views regarding her caste, is at last won by her daughter to take an interest in humanitarian projects, and womanlike comes to her discarded husband's side when he is under shadow of suspicion of a crime. A woman doctor, a pretty actress, a handsome villain, a warm-hearted Irish physician, a madman and some odd servitors are among the varied characters of this charming, well-told story.

Songs of the Life Eternal, and Other Writings. By Edward R. Knowles. Boston, 1891. pp. 38. Cloth.

In this prettily bound book we find a dozen or more short poems and several prose articles mainly on religious subjects and from a Catholic point of view. One of the prose articles, entitled "The True Christian Science," is a vigorous attack upon Christian science whose tendency the author declares, "when followed out to its fullest logical results is to dethrone both the will and the reason, annihilating individuality and freedom of volition, and to lead finally to absolute lawlessness in all things, culminating in despair and insanity." The one surprising thing in this volume is to find an acrostic poem in high praise of the freethinking poet, Shelley.

Helps for Home Nursing. By Irene H. Ovington. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1891. Cloth. pp. 114. Price, 50 cents.

This little book is full of common-sense suggestions, helpful in all cases of illness, and should be given careful reading by all so that its hints may be brought into practice when needed. It tells, among other things, how to improvise conveniences for the sick room, the best methods of moving invalids in or from their beds of securing sleep for nervous patients, amusing them, gives directions for the preparing of food in the most tasteful way with some new recipes, with many other miscellaneous suggestions. The book is nicely printed, and the cover has an esthetic and appropriate design.

A new edition of "The Voices," by Warren Sumner Barlow is out and we are prepared to fill all orders. It is meeting with as great sales as the preceding editions, and is a most appropriate gift book. Price, \$1.10, postpaid. For sale at this



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And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red,
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves,
(Though grandma declared it was nothing but "nerves.")
And the poor woman thought she must certainly die,
Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try.
No wonder its praises so loudly they speak;
She grew better at once and was well in a week.

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California.

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTER

FROM A

Clergyman of Tulare Co., California,

REGARDING THE

Turnbull Colony.

TULARE, Cal., April 27, 1891.

Rev. A. B. Whitman.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter received, and carefully read, making inquiry about the "Turnbull Colony" land.

At that time I was unacquainted with said Colony land, but since then I have visited the land in company with General Turnbull himself, who made the visit very pleasant and interesting. He took special pains to show me over the tract, and gave me as thorough knowledge of the land as possible.

The Colony land is situated ten miles directly west of Tipton, a small station on the S. F. R. R., ten miles south of Tulare. The land lies most beautifully sloping to the S.W. and W., about five feet to the mile, almost as even as a floor. A rich, dark, sandy loam of a composite nature, made from the washings from the mountains, disintegrated rocks and vegetable matter, in general quite deep and in some instances the rich soil extends many feet below the surface, throughout which innumerable shells are deposited, as this was formerly a part of the bed of Lake Tulare, from which the water receded years ago. A more beautiful tract of land it would be difficult to find. A river fed by mountain streams in which the water runs almost the entire year, passes through the entire tract from N.E. corner to S.E. corner of the tract, affording the finest irrigation supply for every part of the land. But should the river fail, there is still left a resource far better. This tract is located in the arid belt and one well would supply sufficient water to irrigate a whole section of land. An exceedingly interesting and valuable feature connected with these wells is the emission of large quantities of the very best gas, which if controlled and secured would make the best of fuel and illumination for the entire Colony.

The productiveness of the soil is fully warranted. I never saw finer results than on the property just adjoining. Every kind of vegetation and fruits and flowers of most prolific growth.

The climate is delightful and far better than at Tulare. Owing to a pass in the Coast Range just opposite, the trade winds from the Pacific ocean sweep in every day in the year, giving a Pacific temperature, cooler in summer and warmer in winter than with us at Tulare. These daily breezes carry off all malarial and defeat the frosts, rendering it possible for the most tender plants, fruits and vegetables to mature, and hence oranges must be a success in this belt.

Now, as to the general plan of the Colonization: I believe it to be a good one, viz., the purchasing of a small tract on easy terms and having the same put out to fruit and brought to a state of bearing without your presence, all of this for the price of the land. But the purchaser can move on his land at any time, and make his home there and all the improvements he wishes.

Now, as to the General himself, I believe most thoroughly that he can be relied upon in these contracts, that he is fully able to and will fulfill his part of the contract. Any assistance I can render you at any time I shall be glad to give. Yours most fraternally,

(Signed) J. H. STORMS,

Pastor Baptist Church, Tulare, Cal.

For further particulars and Circulars apply or address

A. H. PICKERING, General Agent,
506 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

SLADE THE MEDIUM.

TO THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of the 4th, in your article on Dr. Holbrook's article on materialization, you mention what you witnessed at Dr. Slade's, which interested me very much, as I had an interesting sitting with him when he was here a few years ago.

He came here in not very good condition, having been in Bangor some ten days, and that city is a hard place for one that "takes a little." He would not see any one for a few days. I was the first customer. He could not do much, the slate-writing amounting to nothing at this time. I think the doctor has lost much of his power for slate-writing, and he is inclined to substitute one slate for another. In fact I am quite sure he prepared for me beforehand a slate which fell into another person's hands. It was signed by the name of a dear friend of mine and apparently addressed to me. But the person whose name was signed died before the person receiving it was born. I noticed, too, that the hand-writing was that of Slade, by comparing it with the hand-writing I had in private letters from him while he was in Bangor.

The second day at 9 o'clock a.m., by arrangement, I called on Dr. Slade at the hotel with one of our smartest lawyers, a man about 30 years of age. We sat at a table about three and a half feet square, having leaves to turn down—at this time they were up making a square top. Slade sat at one end and my friend at the opposite end. I sat at the right hand side. Slade faced towards my side, his feet in sight and at the left of my chair. I remarked to Slade that when I visited him in Boston the pencil came out from under the table and landed in the centre of the table. He said, "We will try and see what they will do to-day." He placed a pencil on the slate and held it under the table. I was looking for the pencil to come up between Slade and the table, but as it did not make its appearance, I cast my eyes up higher and saw the pencil in the air about four feet above the table. I asked my friend if he saw it come up; he said it came up between him and the table. While I was speaking to my friend, Slade remarked in a hurried voice, "See the hand, see the hand!" At the time I was looking directly in front and saw the hand before it was mentioned. It was not his hand, in my opinion, being a little smaller and lighter in color. It came up twice before he spoke, the fingers moved backward and forward as fingers might be moved to attract attention. It appeared again after Slade spoke, in the same manner. The hand was not in sight more than two seconds at a time. My friend was looking in another direction and did not witness this display. Very soon after I felt a touch on my right leg below the knee. Slade, turning to me, asked if I felt a touch on my leg. I answered that I did. Then turning to the attorney he asked him the same question. The lawyer answered, "I did not," in a very low tone, apparently unconcerned, then in an excited tone he added, "By hell, I did then." Then turning to me he remarked that he had lied, for he did feel the touch the same as I did. The cause of his excited condition and uncommon expression was the fact that as soon as he answered that he had not been touched he received three heavy raps right between the shoulders, on the back, as though struck by some man's fist. My friend and myself have talked this matter over many times since and we cannot account for the raps, as he was some five or six feet away from Slade and directly opposite. If the hand I saw was a mechanical contrivance it was very nicely made and managed, as I felt nothing touching me when it came up between myself and the table; there was quite a small space left for it to pass through as both hands were on the table.



Behind the times—the woman who doesn't use Pearlline; behind in her work, too, both in quantity and quality. With Pearlline, work is easier and better. Clothes can be washed without being worn out; cleaning can be done without scouring and scrubbing. All that it does is done without danger; the only danger is in getting something else.

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Address THE TIMES Chicago

THEIR DREAMS VERIFIED

Charles Clark, who lives out eight miles towards Morrison on a ranch, according to the *Denver News*, started into Denver Saturday with his wife in a light buggy to which was harnessed a newly broken colt which was making his trial trip in single harness.

Near Valverde the colt took sudden at something and made two or three plunges, overturning the rig and precipitating Clark into a patch of cactus by side of the road. He was thrown with such force that his leg was broken below the knee so that the large bone pierced through the skin. His face was terribly lacerated by the cactus and some of it penetrated four thickness of clothing and lodged itself a half an inch into the flesh. His wife was carried some distance further, when she, too, was hurled into the cactus and sustained several severe bruises in the face and chest. Beyond a thorough shaking up she was not badly injured. In the evening Mr. Clark was called upon by a *News* reporter, who found him laughing and joking over the mishap, although in intense pain. "This accident is a result of predestination," he said, "for several people say they have dreamed about this, and a fortune teller told my wife before we were married that she would marry a man who would be all battered up by a horse. Mrs. Higden told me on the road that she had dreamed of this and she described the accident without having seen it. Then when Dr. Clark, who is my cousin, came in he said, 'Charlie, I dreamed you broke your leg night before last,' and then we told him about the other dreams."

A communication from Nyack dated April 12th and printed in the *New York Recorder* of the next day, relates a dream in which a death seems to have been foreseen. When, says the account, Mrs. Davis Loring, of Tappan, came down to breakfast yesterday she told the family that the night before she stood and watched a long funeral procession pass by the house. When she asked who was dead a bystander told her "Roe" Haddock, the name by which Roger Haddock was familiarly known. Her sister said:

"You know, I am sure to come true, be it ever so old."

"Well," responded Mrs. Loring, "I suppose it will come true some day, but I hope it very soon."

A few hours later the news of Mr. Haddock's suicide reached them.

In all the churches of Piermont and parkland to-day touching references were made to the event, women sobbed aloud, tears trickled down the cheeks of strong men.

Saturday morning Mr. Haddock came as usual to his big store in Haddock Hall, apparently in the best of spirits. About 11:30 he went up stairs to the carpet department with a woman customer with whom he chatted cheerfully, even jocosely, as he sold her a roll of matting. She left him there alone. A few minutes later the clerk downstairs heard a heavy fall and upposed a roll of carpet had fallen. Miss Agnes Weiner, a clerk, soon after went upstairs to see Mr. Haddock. He was dead. His right hand grasped a heavy revolver in one chamber of which was empty.

The poet sings, in dainty rhymes,
Of summer days and sunny climes,
Of beautiful maidens, passing fair,
Of beautiful maidens, passing fair.

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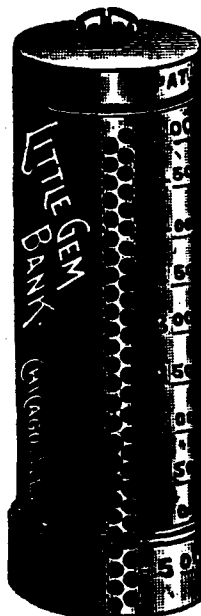
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Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed.

Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

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BY D. D. HOME.

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XTENTH PAGE.—Exit the Russian Adventuress. "Light of Egypt" Cheap. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EXIT THE RUSSIAN ADVENTURESS.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky is probably dead in earnest this time. She has played so many practical jokes during her sensational career, however, that it is with difficulty the public can be made to believe his last episode is not one of her schemes for attracting fresh attention. W. Q. Judge, of New York, declares that Madame is really dead, and quotes as authority cablegram from her "private secretary" saying "she died Friday, the 8th of May at 2:25 in the afternoon." Thus closes the career of one of the most remarkable of women. As a moral monstrosity she stands without a peer among her sex in this century. The specious fake which she originated to gratify her love of deception and ambition, and to cover her real aims has ended with her death. As a shrewd imposter she has had few equals, though never successful in obtaining any considerable following. She leaves no one behind who has the ability, audacity and moral turpitude combined to fill her place, one of her disciples have fair talent, some have a large stock of audacity, and others large supply of moral obliquity; the majority of them are mediocre folk whose influence is only surpassed by their less and gullibility, and there will be no worthy successor of the brilliant Russian adventuress.

Same Annie Besant, who has just left

America much disgusted, it is reported, with the failure of her high hopes for Theosophy—another name for Blavatskyism—in America, is about the only person of acknowledged ability and a record for truly altruistic endeavor now prominently identified with the craze. Unless Madame Besant's whole nature is changed she will soon tire of the fad and leave the little Irishman from New York to divide the honors with Olcott who served Blavatsky so faithfully and long. In a brief history of Madame Blavatsky's career and analysis of her character and writings given to a reporter on Saturday last, Professor Elliot Coues speaks of her as a "crafty woman" and a "Russian spy," and he says: "There is nothing that is true in any of her writing which is not found better said in the works of known authors, and it is so overlaid with fraud and folly as to be absolutely untrustworthy." In this Professor Coues is backed by Mr. W. E. Coleman and other competent authorities. "She hated Christianity with the whole force of her fiery nature," says Dr. Coues, "for two reasons. First, that religion was not founded by herself, and second, she was not the mistress of the Vatican."

Some years ago we received a letter purporting to be from an Arab merchant in New York, who claimed that a few years prior to writing he had, while on a steamer in the Suez canal, met a Madame Blavatsky attended by a retinue of servants; that at Cairo she was sun struck and died from the effects, and he saw her buried. Just before writing he had, while walking on Broadway, met a woman exactly like the Madame B. whose burial he witnessed years before in Egypt. She looked stouter and older, but otherwise was the same; and to his profound bewilderment he learned upon inquiry that this woman's name was Madame Blavatsky. His ostensible object in writing was to have us explain this strange coincidence. "Could there have been two women so identical in appearance and bearing the same name," naively enquired the supposititious Arab, "or is it possible the Madame B. I saw buried has in some strange manner come to life again and thus confronts me in this far off country?" Although not then familiar with the methods of Madame B. we intuitively felt that she was the inspirer of the letter; and we therefore took steps to trace the matter up. A skilled detective was put on the trail with the result of finding that no such person as the writer of the letter was or had been in New York; and further that the letter was unquestionably concocted by Madame B. herself. In view of this and other incidents it would not surprise us at all to hear in a few months that this queen of charlatanry had reappeared in some remote quarter of the globe, ready for new adventures.

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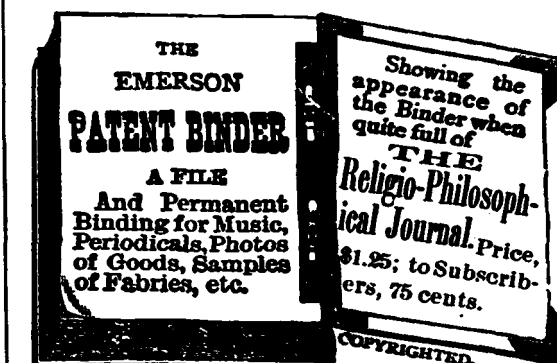
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THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

There is food for reflection in this item copied from the *New York Press*: A contemporary ridicules the Anarchists because "they wear a badge shaped like a gallows in memory of the five executed in Chicago, whom they regard as martyrs." Yes, and for 1,800 years Christian churches have been surmounted by a cross-shaped badge, and millions of men and women have worn the same in memory of the great martyr of Calvary. Never ridicule sentiment.

A dispatch from New York says that Dr. Heber Newton is likely to be the next alleged heretic about whose head the waves of theological controversy will thunder. Some of the most eminent Episcopal clergymen in New York have united in a petition to Bishop Potter praying that certain reported utterances of Dr. Newton's alleged to be contrary to the doctrines and creed of the church shall be investigated. These utterances are in substance a disbelief in the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ and in the actual resurrection of Christ's body from the dead. It is thought that the petition will result in a trial.

The following toast, it is said, was given by the president of a women's association in England, at a recent banquet: The Gentlemen—Bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, awaken our enthusiasm, arouse our affections, control our property and outmanoeuvre us in everything. This would be a dreary world without them. In fact I may say, without prospect of successful contradiction, that without them this world would soon pine and wither, and the last female would have to put up the shutters. I do not envy her that job.

Rev. J. H. Crooker, in a sermon at Madison, Wis., last Sunday spoke in favor of opening the World's Columbian Exposition on Sunday, and based his argument on the fact that Sunday was practically the only day the great laboring element would have to witness the exhibition. He said that these classes will receive more true religion from witnessing the display of the products of all nations than they could possibly get by attending church. The European Sunday had been lied about in this country, and he thought that the infusing of a more liberal spirit into Americans on the Sunday question would be a great gain to the American people. His remarks were timely and sensible.

Edmund Russell, a Theosophist and Delsartean, has been giving lectures in Chicago telling the ladies about the color and style of dress, bonnet, shoes, hose etc., they should wear. The papers poke fun at the dudish fellow, but ladies go to hear him and he probably makes more money by giving such lectures than he would in any useful avocation. The *News* of this city says: Many thanks, Mr. Edmund Russell, we are now capable of listening with edification to a series of fine discourses on Shrimp-pink Complexions and Blue Boudoirs, The Moral Effects

Borrowed Neckties, The Renaissance of the Russet Leather Shoe, The Man Whose Striped Pants Turned into Barber Poles and Trousers in Relation to Browning and the Divine Afflatus. The more Culture the better. Sock it to us.

Something of a sensation was produced at Rochester, Penn., on the 10th inst., by Rev. A. J. Bonsall, pastor of the Baptist church there, who in expounding his views, declared that there was nothing positive as to the authorship of the books of the Bible; that he did not believe St. Paul was inspired; that he did not believe Christ, when on earth, was conscious of being God; that the Bible should be put in a crucible and the dross expunged. When he had finished, Aaron Wilson, one of the congregation, arose and said while he believed the pastor to be honest, he could not permit his family to listen to such doctrine. The pastor then rose and said he saw no other way out of the trouble than to resign. Dr. A. T. Schallenberger arose in his place and said he agreed with the minister. The meeting was dismissed with no other action. The minister, it is said, has a strong following which proposes to stand with him. Heated controversy and church trouble are anticipated.

According to an exchange an editor of one of the large daily papers of Chicago, who in his youth breathed the air of New England, and with its invigorating draughts imbibed her strictest Puritan tenets, gave it as his conception of the present religious status of Chicago's churches that they were merely social and financial clubs. This was not adverse criticism, as he thought the present in this respect an improvement on the past. And Rev. S. J. Canfield, of the St. Paul's Universalist church, according to the same authority, says that the motive for church attendance formerly was mainly to prepare for a happy existence in the life beyond, while now it is very largely to ensure pleasant surroundings for the life that now is. All this is doubtless true, as is also the statement by the *World's Advance Thought*: The average preacher has so little spiritual faith that he acquiesces in everything the wealthy portion of his congregation indorses.

There is a sheet published in Montana called the *Madisonian*. Somebody has mailed us a copy of the paper containing an editorial note, the writer of which must be a case of mental and moral atavism or reversional heredity, for he represents the thought and spirit not of to-day but of the middle ages. The editorial remarks are as follows: "We understand that there is a circle of Spiritualists operating on the east side of the upper Madison valley, of which two or three persons, who have always been looked upon as fairly well educated and intelligent people, are the leaders. These parties must have either gone crazy, or are dishonest, and the good people of that neighborhood should find out which it is, and either send them to a lunatic asylum, or to some other place where they could not work upon the fears of the superstitious and weak minded, or poison the minds of the young." It might be well for some Spiritualist or liberally-minded person to call upon this Montana editor and see if it is so.

form of the ancestral type mentally or physically, becomes a part of the individual constitution and cannot be easily overcome.

Baron Carl du Prel (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—"One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead-pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore although invulnerable of human nature or to fight against *any* opposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human forms. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions.

Darwin, the great naturalist, said: "In the course of my life I have known but three cases of intentionally false statements in science." But false statements, intentionally false statements, in theology are so common that nobody is surprised when they are discovered, and misstatements and misrepresentations, not due to deliberate intention, but to prejudice, bigotry, the habit of inaccurate thinking and writing, to narrowness and ignorance, from a large part of theological literature and a portion of the contents of most of the sectarian papers that appear from week to week. The following from the *Catholic Review* is given in illustration: "Mr. Hamerton, who has written an article for the *Contemporary*, on 'A Basis of Positive Morality,' after considerable discussion, comes to the conclusion that there is no basis of positive morality. That conclusion will just suit the Free Religionists and anti-Christians of every stripe. They don't want any positive morality. They would indeed be glad to have a code which should make other people moral, especially in their dealings with themselves; a code that would restrain others from taking advantage of them, either in their domestic, their business or their social relations. But as for themselves they prefer to have no such restraint." Among intelligent, fair-minded people, whatever their religious belief or disbelief, such statements as the above requires no answer. They alone are sufficient to indicate that there is something essentially wrong in the education of men who, as representatives of sectarianism, write in so reckless a manner.

SELECT PROTECT AND EDUCATE THEM.

To bring to the sorrowing and heartbroken a knowledge that their beloved still live, to demonstrate the continuity of existence and hold ajar the gates of the psychical realm for the scientific researcher is indeed a great and noble mission; one fraught with grave responsibilities, small worldly reward and, alas, constant and severe temptations. The instrument of such a mission needs to be exceptionally pure and of noble purpose, aided by a disciplined, intelligently cultivated will. Though there are many conscientious ones, the ideal public medium is far from realization. It is the solemn and imperative duty of Spiritualists to hasten the day when this ideal shall be actualized and personified in every community, if there are to be public mediums.

From whence come and who compose the main body of professional mediums? Here is in brief a pedigree which will fit many of them. In some obscure home where luxuries are never found and even the necessities of life are only obtained by the greatest exertion and most rigid economy, there lives a sensitive who through some known or unknown impelling cause begins to exhibit signs of spirit control or in whose presence spirits are able to manifest—at first in feeble, awkward ways, growing stronger and more versatile as the medium's development proceeds and they become accustomed to her personality and surroundings. The members of the family are excited over the, to them, marvelous manifestations; they talk about them with neighbors and chance callers. Forthwith curiosity is excited, the medium is importuned to "allow the spirits to come"; her too yielding nature cannot withstand these requests even when to comply means the neglect of her daily avocations. Her fame spreads beyond the limited circle of personal acquaintances, and soon strangers begin to flock to her home at all hours, both seasonable and unreasonable. At last, from sheer necessity, in many cases, the medium is obliged to charge a fee to compensate to the household.

She is no better. Than the average woman of her station. Naturally well-meaning, but probably illiterate and without a cultivated and discriminating moral sense, she becomes the victim of circumstance. Importunate seekers ply her for "tests" and with demands which if reasonable under proper conditions become unreasonable in her jaded state, with psychical powers constantly overtaxed and reacting upon the physical and moral. Foolish people either honestly or for their own ends feed her vanity; the simple needs of her old state no longer answer. Her love of attention and notoriety grows apace. Ignorant of danger she goes on making overdrafts on her psychical powers and weakening her mediumship. Callers tell her of some striking phase exhibited by another medium and wonder if she cannot have the same. Ah, here comes a great temptation. She in her ignorance does not see why she should not have the coveted phase; it may be her familiar spirits are ignorant and none too conscientious; and so things go on. The medium steadily but imperceptibly to herself drifts away from her old life and interests; new wants spring up and must be gratified; new acquaintances, often from the so-called higher circles of society, feed her imagination with pictures of a life of luxury and ease. Perchance she visits some of these elegant homes of an evening to display her medial powers. She mistakes the attention received and forgets—or does not know—that the unusual consideration and familiarity shown are not on her own account at all, but are tendered to secure an extra fine mediumistic exhibit. She is visited and cajoled by those above her station and is flattered by the attention. Her old home and family often grow burdensome and distasteful.

Through years of active professional work she has given her life to these test-hunters and medium-sappers and only learns when too late that all they care for is her medial power, and that this once gone she will get little attention at their hands. What is the most natural thing for her to do under these circumstances? What but to substitute for her waning mediumship some artful simulation of another phase

or by finesse keep her standing with those who have glutted themselves in her séance room in times gone by. She feels that in working upon the credulity, avarice and passions of her patrons she is at least no worse than those who seek to utilize her supposed powers; and she squares herself with her conscience if by chance she feels a twinge, by pleading necessity. In her present condition she is the concreted essence of the unholy purposes, low aims and ignoble efforts of her long-time clientele. Her séance room has been, as it were, a cistern into which her patrons have dumped moral putridity and uncanny desires. She, knowing no moral disinfectant and, indeed, not conscious of the subtle poison, has breathed it so long that a healthy moral atmosphere is painful and she pines for the poisoned room and its habitués as does the Chinaman for his opium joint. Look at her, pity her, help her if possible, for she is the creature of your own handiwork, you selfish seekers of pelf, you curiosity-hunters, you psychical debauchees, you Christian hypocrites who have regularly sneaked into her door by night in hopes to wrest from the invisible world secrets whereby to forward your worldly aims and enable you to pose with greater éclat as Christian philanthropists. We know you, and though you be legion we can call off your names in large numbers.

This picture is not overdrawn. Indeed it might be made far more vividly realistic with dramatic details, but a truthful, sharply-outlined sketch is enough. Now what is the remedy? Is it not plain that if a higher order of public mediums is demanded, a different method of development and treatment is imperative? When sensitives displaying mediumistic powers are selected with care, trained and fitted mentally and physically for their vocation, and relieved from anxiety as to their support; when honest mediums are encouraged to remain honest; when charlatans and tricky mediums are tabooed; when the faithful medium does not have to enter the lists with the unfaithful in the race; in a word, when Spiritualists and seekers with any large degree of unanimity act wisely, considerately and helpfully, then will there arise a class of public mediums radiant in the glory of honesty and spirituality. Their faces shall reflect some of the wondrous spiritual beauty of the higher spheres, and blessed will it be to enter the séance room and commune with loved ones and discourse with the wise who, encouraged by the new dispensation to approach the mortal sphere, will come freighted with the wisdom of the ages and glowing with divine love for humanity.

ACCURACY AND FAIRNESS.

Than Spiritualists no people have greater cause to protest against the misrepresentations and wild exaggerations of opponents. Ignorance and partizan bigotry have worked hand in hand to plant thorns in the pathway of those affirming continuity of life and spirit manifestation. Yet all this is quite natural and, experience teaches, inevitable. Spiritualists from their high altitude should, to be consistent with their professions and superior knowledge, look with charity and pity upon their revilers; and instead of giving a Roland for an Oliver ought with infinite forbearance, patience, tact, judicial fairness and skill, to endeavor to enlighten and gain over even their opponents. All loose and wild statements should be religiously eschewed; and when necessary to portray the attitude or acts of these opposers let it be done with vigorous perspicuity but with fairness and accuracy, thus setting an example. An example which shall not only exemplify the superiority of the philosophy and ethics of Spiritualism but which on the practical, business side of affairs will appeal to the innate sense of justice inherent with intelligent people. The proneness to buncombe, to make one's self popular with one's people, to utter charges which are not only unfounded but whose silliness and total want of truthfulness are discoverable on the most cursory examination, to cover one's declarations with a heavy varnish of

exhibitions on the part of professing Spiritualists in palliation of such offenses against truth and consistency it may be said that the psychological influence of old habits of thought and speech, of prevalent customs, of partizan spirit is too strong for fallible mortals to always successfully guard against. Yet unless one struggles to get out from under the domination of these influences and to seek close acquaintance with the sphere of love and wisdom, which embraces truth and justice, one will never be able to establish a rightful claim to the name of Spiritualist.

In THE JOURNAL of last week, Mr. F. P. Ainsworth, of Massachusetts, narrates an experience of a sealed-letter reading, and in so far as proving that the purport of the letter was given him through the medium, the testimony would have been good evidence had he not forgotten to state whether on later investigation he found that the contents of the letter really did have reference to "materialization"; but it is a fair presumption that he did confirm this, and hence no advantage should be taken of his loose statement of the case. Farther along, however, Mr. A. makes a statement which is both erroneous and unjust, though we acquit him of any conscious intent to misrepresent or be unfair. Mr. A. says:

Men are tried and condemned to death or to state's prison, in all our courts, upon evidence no more positive and convincing than that upon which Spiritualism rests all its claims and teachings, yet when mediums are brought before juries of intelligent men they are solemnly notified that all the combined testimony of the world, could it be brought before them, would be wholly rejected as to the essential facts involved in the materialization of spirits, and at the same time judge and jury would unite to condemn and execute vengeance upon any who should question the testimony of the Bible to the same facts.

Mr. A. in his first assertion fails to realize that courts are for the trial of matters relating to mundane affairs and that evidence competent in such courts is only such as relates to matters within their jurisdiction. The implication of Mr. A. that mediums have failed to secure a fair trial when brought before the courts is, in the way he implies, untrue. It is not necessary for a jurymen to believe in materialization to make him competent to weigh the evidence of witnesses who declare they have discovered the trick of the cabinet and display to the court the cheap and crudely made paraphernalia captured on the accused while personating a spirit. Never in a single instance has Spiritualism been on trial, the assertions of tricksters, their editorial backers, confederates and dupes to the contrary notwithstanding. We invite Mr. A. to refute our statement if he can; we also ask him to refer us to any evidence or case which affords him reasonable warrant to say that "..... At the same time judge and jury would unite to condemn and execute vengeance upon any who should question the testimony of the Bible to the same facts."

Who are these dreadful judges against whom Mr. A. inveighs in such strong terms? The judges of courts throughout the civilized world are as a class noted for their probity, intelligence, judicial ability and fairness, and a goodly number of them are Spiritualists. Why libel a class of men who, as a body possess the confidence of the world as does no other? Who are the men composing juries? Are they not as a rule honorable citizens, the neighbors or fellow-townsmen of Mr. A. or some other Spiritualist; men who one would readily appeal to in an emergency outside of court? Can such men be transformed into bitter, dishonest, unreasonable enemies the moment they enter the jury box and are sworn to honestly consider the testimony and render a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence? We take it that Mr. Ainsworth is an amiable man, an obliging neighbor, and one who would scorn to speak ill of any individual in particular, except on the most positive proof. Then why make such rash statements? In this matter Mr. A. is a type of a class all too numerous, whose prejudices and judgments are swayed by false and garbled accounts in Spiritualist papers and by the unsuspected machinations of those whose venal interests are ed by cultivating the impressions under

which Mr. A. was inspired to make the sweeping statement quoted above.

CREDIT TO WHOM IT IS DUE.

The New York *Independent* of May 7th contains a number of articles by well-known women, on "The Enlargement of Woman's Sphere." Lucy Stone commences her article as follows: "The direct movement for the advancement of women in this country began about fifty years ago, when the sisters Grimke and Abby Kelly first pleaded publicly for the freedom of the slave." It would be more correct to say, with due appreciation of the work of the women named, that the work began more than sixty years ago, as early as 1828, when Frances Wright, the wealthy, gifted, cultivated and fearless woman, began her public career as a lecturer in this country. In 1830 she lectured in Philadelphia, and was accompanied to the platform of the Arch-street Theatre by a body-guard of Quaker ladies, her strong anti-slavery views having won for her this honor. Elizabeth Oakes Smith says: "I arrived at the city of New York at the close of the year 1839, and the great topic of conversation was this remarkable woman, who was most certainly the pioneer woman in the field of the lecture room. Noyes, in his 'History of American Socialism,' says of Frances Wright: 'Our impression is that not only was she the leading woman of the communistic movement of that period, but that she had a very important agency in starting two other movements, which have had far greater success and are at this moment strong in public favor, viz., anti-slavery and woman's rights. She was indeed the pioneer of the strong-minded women.'" Col. John W. Forney, in his 'Recollections,' says: "I shall always remember the effect produced by the lectures of this indefatigable and gifted woman as she traveled through Pennsylvania years ago. Controverted and attacked by the clergy and the press, she maintained an undaunted front and persevered to the last. That she was a woman of great mind is established by the number of her followers, including some of the best intellects of the country, and by the repeated publication and very general reading of her tracts and essays." Mrs. Trollope, referring to the sensation that her appearance on the platform produced, says: "That a lady of fortune, family and education, whose youth had been passed in the most refined circles of private life, should present herself as a public lecturer, would naturally create surprise anywhere. But in America, where women are guarded by a sevenfold shield of habitual insignificance, it caused an effect that can hardly be described. I shared the surprise, but not the wonder. I knew her extraordinary gift of eloquence, her almost unequalled command of words, and the wonderful power of her rich and thrilling voice. My expectation fell short of the splendor, the brilliancy, the eloquence of this extraordinary orator." These extracts—taken from the sketch and description of Frances Wright, contained in Mrs. Sara A. Underwood's 'Heroines of Freethought'—are sufficient to indicate her great influence in starting a movement for which she is rarely given credit.

Another woman who attracted attention by her lectures in favor of woman's rights and against slavery in this country more than fifty years ago is Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, still living at an advanced age in England. In 1837 she spoke in New York and solicited names to a petition to the legislature to give married women the right to hold real estate in their own names.

In the same number of the *Independent* which contains the article commented on above, is also one by Miss Frances Willard, which mentions a number of early temperance reformers. There was one not referred to by her, and whose services rarely receive acknowledgement from writers on temperance to-day. He was a freethinker who excited the opposition of the clergy of his time by vigorous criticism of their theology. That man was Judge Thomas Herttall, of the Marine Court in the City of New York. As early as 1818 he published a work entitled "An Expose of the Causes of Intemperate Drinking and the Means by which it may be Obviated." This work is a bold and

thorough discussion of the causes and evils of intemperance and a strong plea for abstinence from every kind of stimulating beverage. In 1846, (Aug. 18th) the New York *Tribune* said: "The clearness with which Judge Herttall traced the effects of intemperance to their causes, and the boldness with which he interrogated the time-honored customs of the day appear to us to entitle him, in the absence of any other competitor, to the honor claimed in his behalf."

The "American Temperance Union," formed in Boston in 1826, was not prepared to accept the views which had been advanced by Judge Herttall, for while it required abstinence from distilled spirits, it allowed the use of wines, cider and malt liquor; and the Temperance Society of Moreau and Northumberland (Saratoga county, N. Y.) to which Miss Willard alludes, permitted the use of wine at public dinners. The *National Philanthropist* first published in Boston, in 1826, and edited by William Lloyd Garrison, advocated total abstinence as the basis of the temperance reform. In 1827 the Bennington (Vt.) *Journal of the Times* was published and took the same ground with the *Philanthropist*. In 1833 the principle of total abstinence from all that intoxicates was presented at a national gathering of the friends of temperance, held in Philadelphia. A motion to adopt it was voted down. It was not until 1836, at an annual meeting of the "American Temperance Union," held at Saratoga Springs, that the doctrine of total abstinence was adopted by the temperance organizations in this country. Many of the early advocates of the temperance movement, including Matthew Carey, were strongly in favor of the culture of the grape and the use of pure wine as a preventive of the evil.

MRS. CORDELIA A. DYE.

No man in Chicago is better known by the older inhabitants, nor more respected than Prof. Nathan Dye; and Mrs. Dye was equally well known. It has been our pleasure to have this aged couple in our home frequently; and no better examples of true spiritualists need be asked for than they. We are now called upon to chronicle the transition of Mrs. Dye. No words of ours can equal the truthful and eloquent tribute of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Dye, a lady also widely known for her philanthropic and reform work, we therefore quote her:

Many read with sorrow the notice of the death of Cordelia A. Dye, for she was greatly beloved. The pure, tender soul has gone to its reward, and could she speak to those who mourn this might be her message: "I am free; pain dominates no more the body that held and hindered my spirit; I am with those who lovingly teach me in the ways of this beautiful new life; rejoice with and for me."

Mrs. Dye was an invalid for some time and a great sufferer during the last weeks of her illness, but so patient and uncomplaining that she endeared herself to nurse and attendants, whose acquaintance only began in this time of suffering. Those who knew Mrs. Dye in the earlier days will remember her interest in our great sanitary fair, how she labored for soldier boys with a double ache at her heart, having friends among the boys in gray as in blue. Her voice was oftentimes heard in psalm of praise, in song of victory, in funeral dirge during the years of the great struggle. When our martyred President's body was lying in state a swift message to this sweet singer joined her voice to those who chanted mournfully by that sacred bier.

A happier time the old friends will recall with grateful affection in the year she gave to the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," of which she was leader. No effort was spared that could render more satisfying that beneficent work; her co-laborers cannot speak too highly of her generous, untiring kindness to all connected with that labor of love for the little ones. Her quick discernment of motive, nice discrimination and quick sense of justice were all invaluable in the training of the young minds intrusted so largely to her guidance.

Once, after an entertainment given by the children, as she folded and put away the white gown, the dainty slippers and other appendages of the pretty toilet worn the previous evening, she remarked: "I would like to have my body robed in these—at the last." So the white robe was brought forth, and the pale figure made ready for the last services, while flowers, those she most loved, were placed all about her.

Other wishes were fulfilled when a kind friend

accompanied her remains to an eastern crematory and arranged later for their final resting place beside her beloved and honored father.

Mrs. Dye was for many years a member and constant attendant at Professor Swing's church. It was a disappointment to her family and friends that his absence from the city prevented her pastor from conducting the funeral services, but his place was filled by a young clergyman who ministered most acceptably on that occasion.

The nearness of the seen and the unseen worlds was to her an established fact; that souls embodied could under favoring conditions listen to the voice beyond the veil she knew; that the burdens of life were lightened by "ministering spirits" she recognized; she felt their constant presence—the touch of their gentle hands—their loving care guiding her tired feet as she neared the "covered bridge that opens into light."

She said to me a little while before the release came: "I think I am almost through." Glad for her, and longing to send a loving word to one in that better country, I said, gently: "Carry my love to him and say that I am doing the very best that I can." She understood and accepted the message for one we both loved in the long ago.

Professor Thomas Davidson does not find much that is creditable in American literature. An almost universal lack of patriotism, a snobbish reverence for aristocracy, the growing ostentation of the wealthy, and the increasing passion of the American girl for international marriages are among the evil results the cause of which the essayist discerns in the absence of a purely American school of letters. Professor Davidson's jeremiad leads the Chicago *Times* to remark that by literature he means fiction and poetry alone, for with the shining names of Motley, Prescott, Parkman, and John Fiske before his eyes he could scarcely have included American historians in his sweeping declaration that "the majority of our literary men and women are persons of very ordinary intelligence and education." It may be true that the writer's characterization applies to a majority made up of scribblers whose names appear upon the covers of romances which merit being decidedly cheap and nasty. But not the majority that sets the standard. Mr. Davidson employs with obvious self-satisfaction the title "professor" before his name. The mere fact that the great majority of users of that much-abused prefix are persons of very ordinary intelligence and education, and that vast numbers of them are professors of the liberal arts of ballooning, horse-breaking, jugglery, or the trimming of corns does not necessarily detract from the dignity of the title when rightfully worn. It may be admitted that the great majority of romances displayed on the newsdealers' counters are worthless trash without thereby conceding that American literature has been debauched and that there is no health in it.

A dispatch from Memphis, Tenn., says: The horrible act of Thomas Delaney last year, when he slashed himself with a razor while laboring under an hallucination that he had a millstone in his bowels, is remembered by many. Delaney's home was on Manassas street. Sometime after the infliction of the wounds Delaney died. His wife died before him. He had been the financier of the family, and had placed over \$1,000 in bank. Some time before her mother's death Mrs. Delaney's daughter missed a diamond ring. A few days ago the young lady began to discuss the missing ring and other things with a friend. The two began to wonder if the mother had placed all of the money in the bank. While they were talking a ghostly hand passed across the window and seemed to point to the bed. They agreed to make a search, and a mattress used by the mother was ripped open. Seven hundred dollars in \$10 bills were found along with the ring.

Ex-Minister E. H. Phelps was greatly surprised one evening in London by an English nobleman, who said to him: "Is it not very remarkable that Mr. Webb who was a great American statesman and or should have compiled a leading dictionary of the fish language, and also have been hanged for it? The man did not know any better."



REMINISCENCES.

By MRS. J. M. STAATS.

CHAPTER I.

DREAMS, VISIONS AND STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS.

As it is my intention to begin at the earliest period of my experience with the phenomena known as modern Spiritualism, I am obliged to narrate home and family matters connected with events which are surrounded with the strangest and most remarkable circumstances of my long and earnest investigation. I say investigation from the fact that when one is not fully satisfied with hearing, seeing and feeling, proof is still sought for with which to forever set at rest doubts and fears, that remain to darken the soul and shade reason. Fragments of early education, respected because of age; traditions venerated by those whom we have considered wise and just—who have served their time and day, believing, yet not knowing, nor indeed asking, "If a man die shall he live again?" It is safe to say, if one is at all in earnest, that they have an inexhaustible subject before them, one which began in the beginning, and is without end.

In the fall of 1850, my husband decided, as a fine opportunity offered, to go to California, to try in that then new Eldorado for success and a home. The inducement was such as seldom falls to the lot of one, and it appeared the tide in his affairs that would lead to fortune. He was to return at the expiration of the year to take my son, then a lad of seven, and myself back with him. All was arranged with great certainty, and the stress laid upon the one short year of absence seemed to all save myself as a drop in the tide of time, compared with the long future, in which his life would be enjoyed. Friends

the fair prospects which, when talked of, assumed a rosy hue, so that any objection to the venture from my fear of disappointment was regarded as too weak and silly to be noticed. It was unwomanly to oppose and selfish to discourage as the deprivations were entirely on his side; so, by constantly repeated assurance of the flight of one short year I tried to beave and stifle the presentiment ever present, that we were to part forever. All arrangements for my future comfort, pleasure or pastime fell upon my ears as a dull-sounding impossibility, never to be realized. I seemed to know as plainly as do I now that we should never meet again. It is not my habit to look on the dark side of things, or think of what may happen, and surely one does not prefer gloom and sadness to the brighter gleam which hope held in such luring certainties above me. However, it was a fixed act, the curtain had fallen, and it was impossible for me to look beyond its somber folds.

The steamer *New World*, built by the late William H. Brown, was the first steamer launched with machinery placed and in motion as soon as she floated; he was also the first steamer making the passage to San Francisco through the Straits of Magellan; and I doubt even now if ever two beings left home and friends under finer auspices than did my husband and mother on the above named steamer. The *New World* left New York on the morning of February 10th, 1851; the only word from those who had gone was a note by pilot boat saying, "We are off—God bless you—Good-bye."

My husband left me with a private family where we boarded a long time. The place was very home-like and enjoyable, yet as day by day went slowly on I came more fully to realize the fact that I was alone. Think, reason or philosophize as I would I did it impossible to build up even the faintest or nearest castle, wherein hope could shadow a future; though one may become accustomed to a certain line of thought and allow what is called morbid fancies to drive out wholesome reason, believe me, a wide difference between a sickly, nervous and the positive reality, which some power out-

side and without one's will places irrevocably upon one. It certainly was not my wish to make myself miserable, but so positive was the fact that I should never see my husband again that it began to appear strange that my friends did not share my belief.

Over a month had passed without hearing a word from the steamer, a fact which was not uncommon at that time, as there were fewer vessels in the South American trade than at present. On the night of March 16th I retired as usual, leaving a dimly lighted lamp burning, making it sufficiently light to see every object in the room distinctly. Being in the possession of excellent health I very soon fell asleep. I was awakened by a presence in my room, and upon looking up saw a figure which I at once recognized as my husband. As the doors leading to my room were securely locked, of course my first thought was to ask how he had entered. Raising up to get out of the bed, I said, "What is the matter, why don't you speak to me?" I reached out to take his hand, when he turned his side face, pointed to his cheek, which was as yellow as saffron, and glided backward through the closet door; keeping his eyes fixed upon me, the expression of which without being unnatural was peculiarly sad. As this experience was wholly new to me, my first effort was to find out if I had slept, and if so how long, and not being fully satisfied relative to the door fastening I at once took up my lamp to make search if it were possible for anyone to have played a joke at my expense. I found both doors locked and bolted just as I had left them. I turned to look at the clock which was on the point of striking 1 A. M., showing that I had slept two hours. Sleep for the remainder of the night departed. Thoughts rushed upon me, asking every manner of question which I could not answer.

It was not a dream, for I was wide awake, and strange as it seemed I was not the least frightened, although naturally timid. I still remember the quiet feeling which seemed to possess me, making me to see the vision perfectly clear and distinct, impressing it upon my memory so indelibly that I often marvel that it was so long ago. The lady with whom we boarded was an excellent woman, orthodox and on Bible foundation through and through. She could believe that in the good early Bible times that "old men could dream dreams, and young men could see visions." The Lord was nearer to his children then; the evil one had more power now, and the very elect were in constant danger. Mr. Stevens, her husband, was a free thinker; it was possible that if I narrated my experience of the night to him, he might look upon it with a degree of interest, even if he offered no explanation.

At breakfast the following morning I found it impossible to eat, was urged to do so without avail, when Mrs. Stevens, looking at me very intently, asked what was the matter with me, whether I was ill. I replying in the negative, she followed up her solicitations by assuring me that something was wrong. Then her husband joined her, asking if I did not wish something not on the table? Seeing them annoyed, I finally ventured to say that I had not slept, on account of having a very realistic dream—I did not dare to say vision—which had left a bad impression upon me. "Nonsense," said Mrs. Stevens, "there is nothing in a dream—they always go by contraries." Her husband suggested that I relate my dream. This afforded me some relief for I felt it like a grief, which if shared might lessen the weight which became more and more depressing. Accordingly I narrated my dream, all the time knowing it was not a dream. Mr. S. listened with interest and upon my concluding to my great satisfaction emphatically remarked that it was very remarkable and certainly not a dream, for I was awake—my landlady assured me that it must be a silly woman who would allow her appetite to be affected by a dream; no doubt I had eaten orange peel or purchased yellow ribbons which accounted for my husband's face being of that color. We shall see later on.

Before the departure of my husband and brother I had secured daguerreotypes of them done by Brady. I took care to have the likenesses hermetically sealed so that to fade would be impossible. They

were excellent pictures and of course highly prized. It was now the first of April, and as yet no intelligence from the steamer. On the opening of navigation, it was my plan to meet my father and mother at an older sister's home up the Hudson, to which place I went, arriving in the early morning. After breakfast my sister was shown the pictures, which were commented upon by the family and pronounced very fine. They were placed with others upon the parlor center table, where they were easily reached to show them to our parents, who were to arrive, as they did, by the afternoon boat. In a family reunion like ours, when two had gone so far from home, there was much to talk about,—what message had been left etc., etc. Thinking then of the pictures I stepped into the parlor, took them off the table where they were left, and, slipping behind mother's chair with an arm on either side of her, opened the case in a very good position for light, directly in front of her. "What did you expect me to see?" said mother, "there is nothing here." Turning the case for a better light, to my surprise there was nothing to be seen but a blank white plate. Taking up the other case, I said, "perhaps this is plainer." Alas no, both presented a shadowless plate, without the slightest trace of an impress of any sort or kind. Becoming a little nervous, I brought other pictures from the same table which were found in good order, although they were not so carefully protected from light and air. We closed the cases, returned them to the table not venturing to open them until the next morning when, perchance, a better light might reproduce them; then, too, some one perhaps had purposely removed the pictures to enjoy a joke. Not so, however, as upon examination the next morning, we found them sealed with unbroken straps of paper, the pictures perfect, and every way satisfactory. Robert Dale Owen has given a brief account of this incident in his "Debatable Land," furnished him by my mother.

CHAPTER II.

NEWS OF THE STEAMER; SEQUEL TO MY VISION.

After a few days we returned to New York, where it was our intention to remain during the year previous to departing for the Pacific shore. As a home was to be arranged, time went very rapidly, and, as I had no more bad dreams or strange visions, I began to believe that the faded out pictures might possibly be due to some condition of the atmosphere; wonder I did not call it electricity and be content with that lucid explanation. True there were intrusive thoughts and very peculiar impressions, which forced themselves upon me when surroundings were in no way calculated to call them up; all my efforts looking to the things of to-morrow were as if some unknown power was striving against me, endeavoring to stop and defeat every plan and purpose. The year which was to pass appeared to end an existence that death did not terminate, and yet one in which hope was dead.

It is not my nature to mope and be cast down by events which I have not the power to control; nor did I slacken energies which belonged to those whose happiness formed a large portion of my own.

Once settled, to my regret I found it impossible to keep either the vision or experience had with the daguerreotypes out of my mind. The excitement of settling home was over, and each day appeared a repetition of the former, and the sad, changed appearance of my husband as seen in my dream became more and more real. I was foolish to look upon the dark side of a silly dream, and one kindly disposed friend, who had looked into a dream book, assured me that to dream you saw a person looking yellow was a sure sign of great riches; a good omen, she said, and a true one in my case, as my husband had gone to the land of gold. I was not, however, destined to remain very long in ignorance; a friend, thinking that I might not have seen the *New York Daily Herald* as early as it reached her, came with it, pointing out to me the first news of the steamer *New World*, the terrible import of which was to the effect that the vessel had put into Pernambuco for needed re-

pairs, at which place the yellow fever was raging with great violence. Taking all possible precaution and remaining a very short time, the New World ran down to Rio Janerio, where she was obliged to remain sometime, for the reason that more than half her crew were stricken down with the scourge. Almost the first victim was my husband, who was taken ill on the thirteenth of March and died on the morning of the sixteenth, the night of which date I saw him in my room, or had my strange vision. My brother died on the following day.

So passed away from earth life two mortals, who had left home and friends only a few short weeks before, full of hope and courage.

It is needless to say, that in my husband's death I saw the solution of my vision, which I now know was a vision, as well as explanation of the positive impression that we had parted forever. What remained of the world's pleasures, hope, or happiness, let those who have suffered the like tell is they can,—I cannot. The desolation which comes when the iron first enters the soul is beyond the power of mortal to imagine or describe. Then follows an age when one's former self seems a stranger to the being which then occupies your body, not knowing why or how you exist, forced to eat and drink, but not caring for either; all things are changed. The bridge has fallen, the end of the road you were traveling has come, and one at such time has no desire to search for another. Hope hath departed and joy cometh not with the morning.

Although ever ready and willing to condole with such of my friends as have been called to part with those nearly and dearly allied to them, I cannot resist saying here, how vain the consolation of the living, and how totally inadequate the consolation which the church offers. Such for instance as that God is a jealous God, he will have our hearts. I had loved my good, noble husband too much. My husband had been taken from the wrath to come, and although my affliction seemed very great, it would work out for me a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

One is certainly very much to be pitied if so unfortunately constituted as not to be able to return the love of an honorable and loving husband; indeed a right-minded woman should ask for no greater glory than being the wife of one who has, in every respect, made himself worthy of her devotion. When the wrath to come is shown one, perhaps one may understand what disaster one has escaped; until such provision is obtained, it looks very much like casting suspicion on the innocent and just without the slightest cause or provocation. Indeed, my sad experience taught me that the custom of Arabs is far better than that which was offered me. The Arabs walk away silent and alone to commune with *Allah*; none intrude upon them, having respect for their faith; they hold their grief too sacred to be shared with any save their Supreme Being, in whom they find solace and peace.

APPARITIONS, OR SPIRIT FORMS.

By M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

A few weeks since an article of mine on "Spirit Materialization" was published in this paper, the purport of which was that such phenomena do not take place. From letters and other communication received I infer that this article has set a good many Spiritualists to thinking. There was nothing however in it intended to oppose belief in the occasional appearance of etherealized forms, which do not require the collection and organization of matter of any kind as we understand it. Apparitions are not materialized spirits, with a solid body that can be handled, weighed or seized as the latter can. What they are made of, or what are the laws by which they are enabled to appear, so far no one positively knows. Whether they are subjective or objective has not yet been definitely settled, though what knowledge we have goes to show that sometimes they are real objects and sometimes, perhaps most frequently, mere creations of our own brains, having no objective existence whatever. Indeed, this is what is

jective and objective. The latter are real, the former not. The important point is to be able to know when they are one and when the other.

That apparitions, whether real or not, have been believed in in all ages and among all peoples is a fact well established by historical evidence; those who have doubts on this subject can satisfy themselves by reading the Old and New Testaments, both of which contain abundant evidence of a belief in apparitions. I will leave the historical part of the subject and confine myself to more modern evidence. The first time that I ever heard of an apparition was when a little boy, an uncle of mine by marriage was in the woods falling trees to clear land, it being in a new Western state. Accidentally a tree fell on him and he was suddenly killed. Being alone, no one knew of it, but as near as could be calculated, he or his spirit walked into his own home at the time the accident occurred and so vivid was his presence that his wife got up to give him a chair and two others saw him at the same time. He vanished almost immediately, and not long after his dead body was found in the woods. So long ago was this that none of the persons are now living, and so I can give no corroborative evidence, but if the Society for Psychical Research, which is now collecting such cases and getting corroborative evidence of the truthfulness establish the fact that such phenomena do happen, then these uncorroborated cases will have a certain value, and may be accepted as probably true.

The next case was related to me by a patient of mine, indeed about the first patient I ever had, a very beautiful and cultured lady living near Boston. I presume she is not living now, for this was in 1863, but if she is and this meets her eye, I beg her to communicate with me. This lady, not a Spiritualist, had a sensitive nervous system and seemed sometimes to have intercourse with a world of spirits. When a little girl she told me she had playmates as real to her as anything could be, but no one else could see them. It made her very unhappy, because her parents believing it a delusion scolded her so she kept from them so far as she could her knowledge of their presence, but the gift did not altogether depart with her childhood. When her husband died, they could not find his will, but he came back visibly to her and told her where it was, and correctly too. He also told her that a pistol in a drawer of her room was loaded and begged her to have it discharged as otherwise it might be a source of danger. She found the pistol was loaded, though she had not known it. But one of her most remarkable experiences was this: she used to visit the collection of paintings known as the Jarvis collection of old masters, now I believe a part of the art museum of Yale college, but then on exhibition in Boston. One day, she sat looking at a very old picture and studying it with great interest. A gentleman whom she described as very strangely dressed and who looked as if he belonged to a former age, came and spoke to her about the picture, told her much about it that seemed new to her, indeed he seemed to know all about it as if he had made it himself. After a while he went away, leaving a very pleasant but vivid impression. She was so interested with this interview with a strange man that she asked another gentleman present who he was, but none had seen him but herself. Describing him to an artist present, he said, "My God, you have seen the painter of the picture!" At that time there was no psychical society to demand that all this should be investigated and so the story cannot be more fully corroborated—but I never doubted her truthfulness and sincerity. The question arises, may not all these appearances have been subjective. That is the important question. They may have been, but if these phenomena are ever real or objective, these may have been so. The appearance of her husband informing her where to find the will, is very good evidence of it. The appearance of the artist of a former century may possibly be explained in other ways—possibly not.

Personally, I have never in my waking hours seen an apparition. Once in my sleep I did see what seemed to be one. I will relate it simply for what it

seen them to be bold enough to do the same. It is about time for all of us to outgrow the fear we have of being laughed at for narrating experiences of this sort. If real, we should be proud of them.

In 1866 my father-in-law died. He was very fond of me and we had always been good friends, but he was orthodox in his religion and I was not. He knew that I had some faith, though not very much, in Spiritualism, but we never discussed it. He was a clergyman. A few months after he died I was sleeping in my room alone, and some time after midnight I thought I felt as if I was dying. I struggled against it and awoke. I said to myself, "I guess this is nightmare," and went to sleep again. The next night, and so on for several nights in succession, the same thing occurred at about the same hour, and finally it seemed to me that I actually did die, in spite of all my struggling to avoid it—and I was enabled, or so it seemed to me, to look into the Spirit-world. There stood my father-in-law as vivid as I ever saw him, and he said, "I have been trying to show myself to you for several nights, now I have succeeded. I shall trouble you no more." I never had the experience after that. The peculiarity of the vision was its great vividness, its seeming reality. I rarely dream, and soon forget my dreams, but this one still stands out in bold relief almost as bright to my memory as at its occurrence. I was, I must confess, a little ashamed to tell of it at the time, and did not, and did not even write it out, for which I have always been sorry. I told the story to Mr. Hodgson and other members of the Psychical Research Society, and treasure it in my memory as possibly real, partly because of the occurrence continuing for several nights until all was accomplished that was attempted. If it had occurred but once I should, I presume, have forgotten it. If apparitions are possible in our waking moments they ought to be still more so when we are asleep, at least so it seems to me, for then we are relaxed and the mind not occupied with other things. I will give one more case to show that these visitations do not always come in the same way and are not infrequently reliable. I have related to me since writing the above, by P. and was experienced by his friend, Mrs. R., about two years since. Mr. R. had died about that time. He was a learned man and a contributor to scientific literature, and is mentioned in several recent biographical dictionaries, but I am not allowed to publish his name at present. A few weeks after Mr. R.'s death there was great uneasiness in the family because so many papers, needed to settle the estate and collect a claim against the Canadian Government, could not be found. During this time Mrs. R. had the following experience: While lying in her bed, as she believes not asleep, she felt a hand placed on her shoulder, as her husband had often done in his lifetime, and a voice said to her, "You will find the papers in a tin can under a pile of books on the floor in the corner of a certain room. You will find over it, or near it, a book belonging to the parliamentary library, which should be returned." In the morning Mrs. R. told her experience to her daughter, who laughed at her for her superstition and opposed looking, but still they did look, found the pile of books, the one belonging to the library, and under all a tin can in which the missing papers were found. The papers enabled her to collect a claim against the government. In this case she did not see the apparition, but felt the hand and heard the voice. Prof. — has promised me faithfully to try and get this experience written out by Mrs. R., with all corroborative evidence, in order to make it more valuable. Whether he will succeed or not I cannot say, as Mrs. R. fears her friends, if it becomes generally known, will think she is in league with the devil.

I have given these uncorroborated stories, most of which are in the experience of persons known to me and in whom I have confidence.

In a future paper I shall give a few which are of the same nature, but have been more fully stated by the parties themselves, and rest upon evidence more convincing. These latter will show how we ought to verify such experiences.

A BOOK THAT SETTLES THE QUESTION.

By MARIE A SHIPLEY.

A proud nation is this, now sending its invitations to all civilized countries to pay it a visit on its first great anniversary, but one of obscure origin withal, knowing as little of its ancestors as a kidnapped child, and insisting quite as stubbornly upon having the whole world credit the romantic little fiction connected therewith. It is seldom that a book appears possessed of such power as to mark an epoch, but such a book is "The Genesis of the United States," by Alexander Brown. Whatever untoward causes may retard the advent of the American novelist, the American historian has appeared, with both the will and the power to set things right and to restore the faculty of accurate perception as regards the events of the past, to a dazed and infatuated public long filled with delusions by such writers as Prescott, Washington Irving, George Bancroft, Arthur Gilman, and others. As in all these other books, Spain fills a large space in this one, the only difference being that in the case of these others Spain's statement as to the origin of our nation is credited, while in the present work Spain's malignant designs are shown up by means of a series of Spanish State papers never intended to meet American or English eyes, and which reveal all the fraud of her transactions on the Atlantic coast of North America, dating from the year on which the World's Fair projectors reckon the anniversary they are so eager to celebrate.

While the question of our early life as a nation remained unsettled, and especially when so many able scholars of all nationalities had done so much to throw doubt upon the popular version of its discovery and founding, it scarcely became the Government of the United States to decide the matter arbitrarily, in open defiance of the historical facts already known, by sanctioning a World's Fair to be held in commemoration of an event that was proven never to have occurred; as little did it become the Secretary of State to make vast financial schemes with the Latin-American States, based on this false assumption, and to draft a plan for an historical exhibition in which Christopher Columbus was to figure as the chief personage, and the court of Ferdinand and Isabella should be the scene of action. Such an ambitious piece of realism should only be carried out on a basis of reality. Historical facts are dangerous things to tamper with. There is a Nemesis that stands close by the side of the scorned and outraged truth, and renders her invincible.

Mr. Brown is fully aware of the stern task before him, and of the errors that fill the minds of all his countrymen. He says in his preface: "All people of the earth admire our greatness; and yet, as I have said, our knowledge of these men and of their work has been derived almost entirely from the evidence of their opponents. I have tried to correct this great national and historical wrong. Necessarily very much is still wanting in the historical portion of my work; but I believe the true character of our founders is sufficiently shown in the biography (which thus throws much of the needed additional light on the history), and I think that a correct idea of our first foundation, which was *de nihilo ad quid*, will be arrived at, if the reader will take the pains to consider the whole work from preface to finish, before forming a fixed opinion." He states that he has been earnestly laboring since July, 1876, but as the work progressed he "became more and more convinced that it was a patriotic duty which should be performed at all hazards." This vast effort of his, "in behalf of the true source of our historic life, in behalf of justice to our founders," will compel consideration from every candid mind, and cannot but convince all rational ones. No Spanish delusion can possibly remain after a perusal of it. The book does indeed "disclose the contest between England and Spain for the possession of the soil now occupied by the United States of America." Had Spain any right to the possession of the soil? The author shows conclusively that she had not. "As a nation," he asserts, "we trace back to the discoveries of John Cabot. We do not trace back to Columbus; the claims of Spain and the bulls of the

Pope were based upon his discoveries. Had England continued to acknowledge those claims, this nation would not now be in existence."

As for the part Columbus played in "leading civilization to these shores," as the phrase goes, this part is so small as to find no mention in the book, save in so far as the briefest of biographies is concerned: "Columbus, Christopher, born about 1445. Saw land in the West Indies, October 12-21, 1492. Died, 1506." Isabella of Castile has no place at all in it; on the contrary, the author states that "under Elizabeth the embryo took shape, and her reign must be studied closely as the direct introduction to our beginning." If ever two women, two queens were antitheses, playing directly opposite roles, those two women were. Isabella joined forces with the Pope for the destruction of her subjects. "Elizabeth," to quote a trenchant paragraph, "at once took issue with the Pope, in her first Parliament (1559), a bill was passed which vested in the crown of England the supremacy claimed by the Pope of Rome, the mass was abolished, and the Protestant religion re-established." Isabella's power for evil during her own reign, however, can be traced out in the following mention of an event that occurred on our own continent: "In 1574, most of the Englishmen set on shore in Mexico, by Hawkins, in October, 1568, were sentenced by the Holy Office, and these men were the performers at the celebration of the first Auto-da-fé in the New World. Sixty-eight were punished with stripes and imprisonment in the galleys, and three were burnt to ashes." Englishmen were thus burned at the stake in Mexico, after Virginia began to be settled by their countrymen. This was to bring the inquisition unpleasantly close.

"The Genesis of the United States" is especially devoted to the period between 1605 and 1616. "This was the period of 'the first foundation.' It found many Englishmen ready and resolved to secure, for themselves and for their religion, 'a lot or portion of in the New World,' regardless of the claims of Spain and Rome; it witnessed the granting of the first public charters in England, and the planting of the first public colonies in Virginia; it saw the greatest difficulties overcome and it closed with the irrevocable establishment of the English race on American soil. It was the crucial period of English occupancy of North America; if the enterprise had then resulted in failure the United States would not now be in existence." This is a pretty plain and authoritative statement of the case. Why then does this nation, through a great public celebration, ascribe its existence to Spain, the very nation that labored most sedulously to destroy it? The only possible answer is that ignorance of the facts causes Americans to commit this blunder. The author traces this ignorance to the common source of all the disasters that have befallen the English race and their descendants on this continent from the time of the Cabots to the present; he states that "because of the insufficiency and inaccuracy of the only available sources of information, this period has hitherto been most imperfectly understood." Looking to Spain for information concerning the founding of our nation, and placing implicit credence on the Spanish and Roman accounts of the first events of our history, people have been deluded and misled on every point. Why were the records thus falsified, and what powerful motive impelled Spain to thus dupe all the inhabitants of the United States? Mr. Brown lays bare the motive: "Their (the Spaniard's) sovereign aimed not only at the restoration of the Roman Catholic empire in Europe, but also at the creation of a new Roman empire in America, which was held (and could only be held) as the exclusive property of the Spanish crown under the Bulls of the Popes of Rome. For forty years the New World had been an important factor in the great struggle then waging between Protestantism and Romanism." The whole contest had been to obtain possession of the North American continent for the future and perpetual seat of empire of the Romish hierarchy. Alexander VI., with his famous Bull, issued on the strength of Columbus's discovery of

West India Islands, was trying to spread a very

in the shape of continents, if there were any; but the Spaniards did not know that there was a continent to the north of those islands until the Cabots proclaimed the fact. Then Spain wanted it, and made a few feeble attempts to plant colonies there, the one in Florida, for instance, which became the scene of the frightful massacre. In South America there was a series of invasions and bloody conquests, all of which were closely observed by the English nation, and culminated in a resolve. As the author describes it: "The idea that the dangerous and increasing power of Spain and Rome in America should be checked had been growing in England ever since the arrival there, in 1565, of the Huguenots who escaped massacre by the Spaniards in Florida; it had produced several enterprises of a private character; but in 1605 it took a national turn, and very many Englishmen were determined to consummate the idea by securing for their country and for their religion 'a lot or portion of the New World,' regardless of the claims of Spain and of the Bulls of the Popes."

At the time of the Cabot discovery the Bull of Alexander VI. was so serious an obstacle that the charter granted by Henry VII. did not extend south of 44° north latitude, "and thus the English were confined in the New World to a region too cold and desolate to encourage settlement." By skilfully weaving bits of documentary evidence into his narrative the author shows how the English resolve matured, and through what agencies the designs of Spanish selfishness were baffled. "Henry VIII.'s contentions with the Popes of Rome were instrumental in establishing the Church of England, in creating a disregard for the Papal Bulls relating to America, and, finally, in establishing English colonies in America."

The next great step was in the reign of Edward VI. "He began to establish Protestantism in England and to look out for new lands, regardless of the Bulls of the Popes of Rome. He recalled Sebastian Cabot from Spain, and under his leadership that great association was formed in England called 'The Mysterie and Companie of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places Unknown.' It was to a certain extent a reissuance to a company of the Cabot charter of 1496; but this charter did not regard the bounds as fixed by the Pope as the Cabot charter did. Discoveries were not confined to north, east, and west of England.—Edward VI. died July 6, 1553, and was succeeded by Queen Mary, who re-established Romanism in England. She married Philip II. of Spain, July 25, 1554 and July 6, 1555, Philip and Mary granted a second charter to the Merchant Adventurers, confining them to the north, northeast, and northwestward of England, thus respecting the Spanish claims more fully than the Cabot grant of 1496 had done." Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne, soon changed this state of things, and virtually started into being this nation that rewards her courage and enterprising spirit by trying to erect a statue to Isabella of Castile, as the co-discoverer with Columbus of the new continent. Isabella stood in high favor at Rome, while with Elizabeth it was quite the reverse: "The Popes of Rome had never acknowledged Elizabeth as the Queen of England, and Sixtus V. had made over England to Philip II. of Spain, as the rightful heir to his deceased wife, Mary of England. For several years that king had been preparing to take possession of his English dominion, and in May, 1588, his preparations were completed." That is to say, he intended, by means of the Armada, to take possession of his English dominion as the preliminary move toward annihilating the English colonies in America and reinstating Spain in her assumed possessions there.

There is no student of American or English history so dull as not to know what England did with the Armada. But little did the most intelligent ones know, until Mr. Brown unearthed the Spanish documents, that it has been the dream of every sovereign of that land to carry to fruition Philip IV.'s experiment, by sending an Armada to America instead of England, that would sweep the English colonies from the Atlantic coast. In the archives of Simancas he has found an epistle in (Philip III.) to Dom Pedro de

Zuniga, his ambassador in London, from which the following is an extract: "And I commanded you to report what was being done in this matter, so that we could prepare whatever might be proper to prevent it, and in the meantime to keep me informed to the best of your ability as to whatever you are able to find out about this matter—and this to be done with the special care which the case calls for—and considering that this land is a discovery and a part of the Indies of Castile, so close to them—and considering the inconvenience to us, which would follow the occupation of these regions by the English, for many reasons which have to be contemplated—especially if they establish their errors and their sects there (as it must be expected that they would do if the opportunity was given to them), it has appeared right to prevent these plans and purposes of the English by all available means."

But it is so evident that "these plans and purposes of the English" on our shores were not prevented, and that no Spanish conquest was ever effected here either by Columbus, Ferdinand and Isabella, Alexander VI., Philip II., or even the illustrious letter-writer quoted by Mr. Brown, that it is a piece of folly for this nation to commemorate, with a World's Columbian Fair, achievements that were never performed save in the vivid Spanish imagination.

THE INCOMING AGE—III.

BY M. C. C. CHURCH.

With the exception of Swedenborg, probably no writer has done so much in giving the true ground for our modern scientists to stand upon as Hegel. In the first seventy-five pages of his "Introduction to the Study of History," he has shown how the "idea," or word, or reason has inwoven itself into the experience of the race—as represented in the family, the church and finally in the state. It is a masterpiece of reasoning, founded, too, upon fact. One, in studying it, is surprised to find how fully he meets all of our modern modes of thinking as to the "Divine Immanence" and the crass conclusions of thinkers who have not risen above the plane of Theodore Parker and his Unitarian followers. God according to Hegel is not only immanent in humanity but he is seen as law in history as in so-called nature. Man is his manifestation and through man he fashions the form by which he is known objectively. This form is history — evolved in cyclic periods as the family, the clan, the state and the church. Here he is manifested as spirit, as freedom, as law; and to appearance as man's own life objectified as his own. In a word, "Free Necessity," as Spinoza puts it.

This spirit, in the attainments of its freedom—its self-consciousness in and through man, pivots its outgoing life in great representative men—men who take up into themselves the central truth or thought of an epoch. In one age, as in Brahma, the oneness of the all. In another, as in Zoroaster, the Persian dualism. In another, Buddha, the individualism of man. In another, Krishna, the idealism of the creative word. In another, Moses, the ethical or moral law. In another, Jesus, the union of God and man. In another, Mohammed, monotheism. In this age, the *eclaircissement* of the spirit—freedom regulated by law—as the outcome of all the past cyclic periods of humanity; so that now the one Supreme, through the consciousness of the race, is self-conscious spirit dwelling in man and mirrored in history—birthing our common nature—which is its form—the glorious reality of the God-man, stripped of the “appearances” which have so long veiled his presence from our objective view. In this process—in this outworking of the Divine in the human, the nature of the God-head is revealed in the monogamic marriage, the family, the state, the church, and in the new social order—where art, industry, association, brotherhood are joined with the one irrevocable law—Truth in ultimates as free necessity. Man has been the representative only in all this movement. He is therefore the central miracle of the universe. Nothing in h

involution the all; and through him evolution will reveal the all-spirit—the union of God and man in one self-conscious whole. Such is the present developed condition of history—resting upon fact and realized by all who know and think. From this starting point the “Incoming Age” begins to show forth the glints and gleams of the dawning sun. Righteousness, peace and brotherhood are the bases upon which it rests. Its superstructure will shelter all nations and tongues. The earth will embrace the heavens in an eternal marriage union, and God will be known—as he has not been known in all the past—the self-conscious life of all human and angelic existence.

In the last forty odd years Spiritualism has been the main factor in preparing the ground for the Incoming Age. In its diversity of aspect it has revealed the divine working on all planes of life. It has demonstrated the continued conscious existence of the human spirit beyond the grave. It has spanned the river Lethe with the bridge of a new hope. It has opened up the possibilities of man's spiritual nature. It has quickened into life its deadened energies—deadened by the materialism of our current thought. It has proclaimed brotherhood as the basis of a new order upon the earth. It has swept away our churchianic faith. And yet with all this it has left the earth barren of results as to any central thought for the evolution of pure truth. Like the past inheritances of the race it has lived in the "appearances" of truth rather than in its reality. In some respects it has made the darkness more dense by not lifting the veil which hides the sun of angelic ministration. That central sun must give forth its rays of light and life before we can begin to reap the vast harvest, the seed of which was sown in the ground of modern Spiritualism.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

NO VIOLATIONS OF NATURE'S LAWS.

The whole tendency of thought to-day is toward a conviction in the integrity of nature and the inviolableness of natural law. This is illustrated by 'Easter sermon of the Rev. A. R. Keiffer, of the Grace Episcopal church, Colorado Springs, Colorado, from which the following is an extract:

Did Jesus Christ really rise from the dead and manifest himself to his disciples? The stories we hear of any man are credible or incredible, according to our knowledge of his character. If Stanley should ever start on a search for the north pole, and after a while word should come from him that he had discovered it, we would not doubt—for our knowledge of the fact that he had penetrated Central Africa prepares us to believe in his success in any further explorations. There is nothing too difficult to believe concerning the success in that line of the great explorer.

Or, should we hear that Edison had succeeded in storing the heat of the sun so that it could be utilized in our dwellings and manufacturing establishments; or, that he had invented means by which we could see the face of a friend, with whom we converse, a thousand miles away, through the telephone, we would have no reason to doubt the story, for we know of the miracles that Edison has already wrought. I call them miracles, because the miracles of the Bible are not "violations of the laws of nature." In that sense there can be no such things as miracles. But the word translated "miracle," simply means "a wonder." A "miracle-worker" is one who by his knowledge of natural laws—a knowledge received from God—is able to do things which others cannot do, one who is able to use the higher laws of which other men are ignorant. If miracles are otherwise defined, "they never happened."

While at the house of a friend here, a few days ago, I heard a man in Washington, D. D., tell me that the United States marine band would now play the march from Lohengrin and immediately I heard that band two thousand miles distant, play that and twenty more pieces as distinctly as though the instruments were in that very room! "Absurd!" you say. "Sound could not possibly travel that far." I grant it. "The statement is as incredible as any of the stories of Baron Munchausen." It certainly would have been a few years ago. Those who never heard of Edison and his wonderful phonograph might well say, it is a physical impossibility for sound to be transmitted, in undiminished volume, that distance, and to ask credence for my statement is to demand belief in a violation of the laws of nature.

But those who know that Edison has succeeded in catching the tones of the human voice will not be surprised.

little wax tablets, which, set to revolving by an electric battery, gives out, whenever desired, the tones again in their full volume, know that what I have said is an indisputable fact, that Edison has discovered and employs laws of nature of which the whole world was in ignorance twenty years ago. The power of God in that man is "wonderful." We would hesitate to doubt any claim that he might make in his special sphere.

Whenever we find a man in whom dwells the divine power to wield the laws of nature and make them do his bidding, we have an example of what God intended every man to be, according to his capacity, namely, a master and ruler of nature. The perfect man—man in the image of God—would necessarily be the Lord of nature, familiar with its laws and able to wield them at his pleasure.

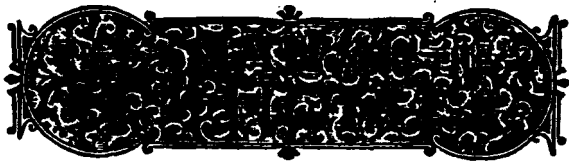
I am sure you see the point I would make. Does anyone say 'how strange are the miracles of Christ! How impossible that he should turn water into wine, or command the winds to be still and there would be a calm! how incredible that he should touch the sick and lame, the blind and deaf and they should be healed!' Not at all strange. The strangeness would be if his voice and touch had not produced wonders—strange if the perfect man's power were not greater than that of the imperfect. Those miracles are precisely what we should reasonably expect the perfect man—man in the image of God—to do. To control the winds and all the elements of nature is undoubtedly a power that belongs to humanity in its perfect state. Sickness, lameness, blindness—even death itself, as it now is, are unnatural. Certainly they belong not to nature in its highest development. I believe they are contrary to the laws of nature and obnoxious to the will of God—hence have no right to exist in this world. They are to grow less and less, and finally disappear, as man grows into the divine knowledge of, and the ability to use, the laws of the universe.

The power of God shown in Jesus Christ is the power that belongs rightfully to human nature, and shall some day be manifested in the race. Man is a son of God and Jesus Christ was a son of God, the type of the fullness of God which shall be eventually realized in the race. Who dare say that this son of God could not have done many things which are "miracles" to us, only because of our ignorance of the higher laws of nature? Who dare say that a human life which attained its complete development—that one who has attained to the highest power of thinking for himself, could not have done the many works, attributed in the New Testament to Jesus Christ. All depends upon the question "Who was he?" If he was what he claimed to be, and what the church teaches he was, it is incredible that he should not have done those mighty works. If he were a man "in whom dwelt the spirit of God without measure," the laws of nature must have been under his control and he could use them at his divine human pleasure. And nature was glad to recognize as its rightful Lord and Master, the one man, who was the type and prophecy of what humanity shall some day be.

If imperfect men—men who are inspired of God according to their comparatively small measure, can in our day work such startling miracles, what shall not the perfect man, inspired to the largest capacity of human nature, be able to do? It is no trouble for me to believe, nay, rather, the conclusion is irresistible that—as the Apostle says “it was not possible for him even to be holden of death.” What we know of him makes his resurrection a manifestation to his disciples perfectly credible.

A prisoner in the county jail at Minneapolis told a visitor lately that one night shortly after he had been shut under the prison walls he had been awakened out of a deep slumber by a strange feeling of dread, and when he opened his eyes they were greeted by a reflection of pale blue light that appeared to come in through the grating of the door. Turning in that direction he saw faintly outlined against the blackness of the corridor a shadowy figure of a woman which seemed to sway backward and forward. As he looked he was filled with terror and every muscle strained with suspense. The pale face of the figure was staring down the passage and then slowly passed from view and was replaced by the figure of a young man apparently little more than a boy in years. The face of the youth was pale and unearthly and the eyes were set in a cold, vacant stare. The hair of the figure, the man affirmed, was red and the brows so thin and sparse that they were scarcely visible. As he looked the other figure approached again and he could see that the form was shaken with sobs, the sound of which he plainly heard. The two figures remained in the same position for some time and finally moved off in opposite directions up and down the passage. The watcher was so filled with fear that he could utter a sound, though he tried to cry out. Since

been seen twice



ONE HEART'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

One heart's enough for me—
One heart to love, adore—
One heart's enough for me;
Oh, who could wish for more?
The birds that soar above,
And sing their songs on high,
Ask but for one to love,
And therefore should not I?

One pair of eyes to gaze
One pair of sparkling blue,
In which sweet love betrays
Her form of fairest hue;
One pair of glowing cheeks,
Fresh as the rose and fair,
Where crimson blush bespeaks
The health that's native there.

One pair of hands to twine
Love's flowers fair and gay,
And form a wreath divine,
Which never can decay;
And this is all I ask,
One gentle form and fair—
Beneath whose smiles to bask,
And learn love's sweetness there.

—AUGUSTE MIGNON.

What are the stock objections to the granting of political rights to the mothers, wives and sisters of men? asks the *New York Press*. Foremost is the cry that it would ruin the home by taking woman away from her "proper sphere." But just exactly that same argument used to be urged on the same grounds against giving woman a collegiate education. It would make "blue stockings" of them and unfit them to darn stockings and otherwise attend to domestic duties. Yet only lately the tremendously significant fact has been brought to light that of the graduates of the oldest woman's college in the country, Vassar College, a greater proportion have married than of women in the country not liberally educated, while not one single Vassar alumna was ever divorced from her husband. The next common objection is that it would be a dangerous thing for women to face the publicity of politics. Well, all these other things that they are doing now, but once were forbidden to do, involve just as much publicity as politics would. Was not the Washington convention public? Would it have been any more public if the women had met to nominate a president rather than to discuss the progress and problems of their sex? The third most familiar argument is that women do not want to vote. Ah! that is precisely what used to be said about all the other rights that have come to them and they have so eagerly taken and so splendidly used in the past fifty years. The comprehensive, and, as many thought, conclusive formula was: "Women have all the rights they want." But they did not have the right practically to be liberally educated, to practice medicine, to open art studios, to take place in journalism, to enter an arena of science, to lead in moral reform, to exert a public influence on the decision of social questions, to own and manage property, to enter every honest business of profession, or even to possess, on equal terms with male parents, their own children. The unflinching experience of half a century shows that whenever a door of larger opportunity has been unlocked to woman she has quickly opened it and stepped across the threshold. How, then, can it be confidently said that political enfranchisement constitutes an exception to a rule that, whenever put to the test, has been found to be, in the matter tested, without exception?

In reply to the question, "What is the happiest time in a woman's life?" Mrs. Grover Cleveland says: Replies to your query must depend largely upon each individual woman. She who is a great artist wedded to her art will find her happiest time in the achievement of some great artistic triumph. She who aspires to reign as a society queen will find her happiest time when she is generally recognized as having made some notable social success. She to whose character religious enthusiasm is the key note will find her happiest moment in devoting herself to church work. He in whom the romantic element predominates may find her chief happiness in while the woman given up to domestic life and hers in the duties of the home.

time in each woman's life must depend upon her personal traits and characteristics.

Mrs. Sallie Joy White, of the Boston *Herald*, at a meeting of the New England Press Association, said that twenty-one years ago the number of women engaged in newspaper work was much smaller than now, yet their achievements were fully as great as those of any women to-day. Grace Greenwood was a power on the New York press. Lucia Calhoun Rundle was furnishing daily leaders to the New York *Tribune*. Mary Olemmer was writing the Washington letters which made her name a power among the men of the country. Ellen MacKay Hutchison was filling the position of literary editor on a leading New York daily, and even before then Margaret Fuller had filled an editorial position on the *Tribune*, and Lydia Maria Child had done regular newspaper work in New York.

Miss Adelaide Johnson, says the Washington *Post*, vice-president of the Woman's Club, has completed a model in clay of a life-size bust of Susan B. Anthony, and yesterday a plaster cast of it was made. The head has an easy, graceful pose, and the likeness is excellent, the mouth being in the position of just about to utter some sage remark. Miss Johnson will also model the bust of Elizabeth Cady Stanton as soon as the latter shall arrive here in June. Later in the summer Miss Johnson will carry the casts to Rome, where she will place the busts in marble in the studio of Fabi Albini, under whom she studied. The two busts will be at the World's Fair, and later will be placed in the Capitol here.

Upon the women of this country a large part of the glory of the patent centennial celebration has been cast, says a writer in the Chicago *Times*. Within the last century they have entered, for the first time in the history of the world, as competitors with men in the field of original contrivance. So rapidly have their steps in this direction accelerated that in the last two years and a half they have secured from the government exclusive rights in 500 machines and other devices sprung from their own wits. No longer can it be said that the female of our species never invents anything. To-day, 3,000 of her inventions are recorded in the patent office at Washington, covering all the arts and industries known to the human race.

The number of ladies who are now at home on Sunday, says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, has been multiplied a hundredfold this year. It used to be a rare thing for any one to receive on that day, and an evening reception was an unheard-of thing. Now, however, there are half a dozen Sunday receptions, and half the women in New York are at home to callers on Sunday afternoon. With many men it is the only day they can make calls; and now that evening calls are things of the past and rank with New Year's Day calls. Sunday calling is bound to increase even more and more as the necessity for calls increases day by day.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, for many years the energetic and indefatigable editor of the *New Northwest*, the only paper on the Pacific Coast devoted to equal rights for women, will henceforth edit an equal suffrage department in the *West Shore* of Portland, Ore. The department shows all Mrs. Duniway's old editorial vigor. The *West Shore* is a handsome and well-printed periodical, and is the only illustrated weekly devoted to Western subjects and events of current interest. It should receive a goodly accession to its subscription list in consequence of this new department, to make room for which it has enlarged its size by four pages.—*Woman's Journal*.

T. W. Higginson in *Harper's Bazar* says this in regard to the servant question: It is a curious fact that there is nothing which is so wholly unanimous as the desire that other people's daughters should be cooks and chambermaids. We never think of it as a thing desirable, or perhaps supposable, for our own; and this fact seems to damage most of our argument for others. Artemus Ward was willing to send his wife's relations to the war, but we are not inclined to contribute even these to the kitchen, for we should hold, right or wrong, that it was "menial service." Now,

ourselves and our relatives, why should we speak severely of those who draw the line at just that point for themselves and their own relatives? The whole difficulty of this much-vexed question seems to lie precisely there.

Miss Sarah J. Eddy, and her sister Mrs. Amy Eddy Harris, of Providence, R. I., recently made a valuable gift to the Free Kindergarten Association of that city. It includes the use of several rooms on Eden street, fully equipped for kindergarten purposes, with \$1,000 for the running expenses of the present year. Miss Eddy founded this kindergarten nearly a year ago, and she and her sister have thus far supported and superintended it. The children trained in it are from very humble and destitute homes. The founders have furnished the little ones daily with a free lunch.—*Woman's Journal*.

"LIGHT OF EGYPT" FREE TO FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The author has authorized THE JOURNAL to distribute one hundred copies of "The Light of Egypt, or the Science of the Soul and the Stars" among free public libraries. Application must be made for the book, and naming the library and enclosing fifteen cents to prepay postage. The work is a large 12 mo. of about 300 pages, printed from large type on fine paper and beautifully illustrated; for further particulars see description in the advertising columns of this paper. The book has been the subject of wide comment. Those who oppose on *a priori* grounds its central claim are vigorous in their criticisms, those who have no well-defined preconceived opinions and those who favor the doctrines advanced are equally robust in their commendations. Whatever its merits, it is a book likely to be freely called for when catalogued in public libraries.

Applications for the book can only be received from librarians or some officer of the library for which the book is desired. Readers of THE JOURNAL interested in having the work in their respective free public libraries should see to it that the application is made through the proper channel. The reasons for these conditions must be readily apparent on reflection.

Some of the good people of Brooklyn and New York who rate themselves as intelligent, including the Everett Hall enthusiasts who swallowed the Davis-Martin sealed letter fake, will yet want to kick themselves off the big bridge. Those who are now tumbling over one another to witness the materializations and other tricks of W. S. Davis, and declaring he is "a good medium," will not be satisfied with going off the bridge but will insist on drowning themselves to escape the humiliation that awaits them. Of course it is to be expected that such mossbacked imbeciles as Lawyer Benn will swallow all the camels bearing the spiritualistic brand, but THE JOURNAL dislikes to believe that there are many Benns even within the bailiwick of the pseudo-psychical scientist, Henry J. Newton.

Among the many evidences of the good work being done by Mrs. Adaline Eldred of 2138 Michigan Boulevard, which have come to us, is a letter from a very intelligent and competent witness in Missouri, a lady who has surmounted obstacles before which most men would succumb. She writes that Mrs. Eldred gave her a very correct psychometric reading, spoke of her being mediumistic, and then diagnosed her physical ailments which regular physicians had failed to do. The lady adds she is greatly improved in health under Mrs. Eldred's advice and is exceedingly grateful.

"Professor" W. F. Peck is in a peck of trouble. Mrs. H. S. Lake refuses to longer fill the place of wife for him and he seeks

ton, before whom Peck's plea was heard, has decided that there was no valid marriage and dismissed the case. Peck now appeals to the Supreme Court to have the Vic Woodhull style of marriage declared valid, so that he may have grounds for a divorce. THE JOURNAL at this point rises to inquire what has become of Peck's first wife, who got a divorce from him in California, with alimony. It would be interesting to know how much "Prof." Peck has contributed to raise and educate the children by that marriage.

Hon. Joseph G. Patton, in renewing his subscription to THE JOURNAL, writes: I peruse the golden pages of THE JOURNAL with increased pleasure and profit. I am greatly pleased with the course it has so uniformly pursued in the past, and so acceptably to its great army of readers. I rejoice that it continues to maintain its high standard of excellence and sharp discrimination between the false and the true in our philosophy, and has the courage of its convictions at all times and under all circumstances. In thus expressing my admiration for your gallant defense of our religion, I am but echoing the sentiments of thousands of Spiritualists throughout the land.

Just as we go to press, a little bird flutters into our sanctum, perches upon our paper weight, and warbles in our editorial ear an item of interesting news: That the teaching mantle of the late Blavatsky is very likely to be brought to Chicago, and most appropriately spread upon the mediumistic shoulders of our theosophico-spiritualistic brother, W. P. Phelon, M. D. Our office cat getting too near the little bird frightened it away before its song was ended, but we hope it will return now that the aforesaid cat has gone on a mission to India and will not be back for a week.

Judge Dailey's bill, intended to suppress fraudulent materialization, and introduced in the Illinois legislature at our solicitation by Gen. Thomas, passed the Senate on Thursday of last week. There is little doubt but that it will also pass the House and become a law. The only danger is that in the stress of business so near the close of the session it may get crowded out; but this is hardly probable.

Among other things that have been lost in the confusion incident to the reconstruction of the large building in which THE JOURNAL's offices are located, is a package containing all our copies of THE JOURNAL dated June 14, 1890, being number 3, vol. 1, new series. Any subscriber who can without inconvenience send a copy will be gratefully remembered.

H. Wagner, M. D., Denver, Col., writes: your correspondent's article in THE JOURNAL of April 18th, on "Judicial Astrology," is to the point and certainly can not be successfully contradicted by any man of science, as your contributor can demonstrate all he claims for astrology.

Geo. P. Colby, better known in the west than in the east, is lecturing for the New Society of Ethical Spiritualists in New York City this month, and giving excellent satisfaction, we hear. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, the settled speaker of the society, returns to her charge in June.

The semi-annual exposure of C. E. Winans has again taken place, this time in the suburbs of Indianapolis, where he was personating a materialized spirit in the usual stereotyped manner. He was compelled to refund the fees and ordered to leave the city.

Dr. J. Russell Taber of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: Enclosed please find P.O. order for

two years' subscription to your valuable paper. I have taken it now for several years and I find it grows stronger, purer in tone and more intellectually healthful every year.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis, Mich., will hold its third anniversary June 12th, 13th and 14th Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of Boston, Joel Tiffany, of Chicago, and Abram Smith, of Sturgis, will be the speakers.



SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR: It is now a long time since I broke the silence through the columns of your most highly esteemed journal. Well-nigh eight months have passed away since I took leave of my American friends. It will be a most enjoyable day, sometime in July, when it will be my pleasure to grasp the hands of many of my loyal brethren across the water. I embark for the United States on Wednesday, July 1st, and hope to land in New York about the 7th. It may be interesting to some of your readers to hear something of our work and its progress in England, and perhaps one cannot do better than give a birds-eye view of the movement as it impresses me.

There are comparatively few physical mediums now before the public as professionals. Williams & Husk still continue to hold their séances, and according to the testimony of some, give evidences of their genuine mediumship which are beyond doubt. I visited them in January last, and although I did not detect fraud the manifestations were not beyond question. A few days afterward they were exosed or supposed to be. Mrs. Mellon, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, gives no public séances now owing to illness in her family. Mrs. Hall, of Gateshead, occasionally sits for materialization. Willie Eglinton, a wonderful medium, has retired from the field. Mr. Taylor, a remarkable table medium, still goes from place to place. In his presence a table with two or three men upon it will rise bodily from the ground. David Duguid seems to be very quiet just now. Many have received through his mediumship the most astounding manifestations. He is the best medium for spirit painting I ever knew. When his hands are tied and the room in total or nearly total darkness, paintings are produced in an almost inconceivably short time. He never received money for his mediumship and is a faithful member of the Scotch Kirk. The Yorkshire Spiritualists have recently been startled by the advent among them of one Dr. Charles Wentforth, who states that he has an ample competency, and therefore needs no compensation for his mediumship. He gives independent slate-writing and the pellet test. I have not witnessed his demonstrations, and can therefore affirm nothing. There is much private investigation, but a large amount of it lacks thoroughness.

There is a growing demand among us for these phases of mediumship, and that call is responded to by hosts of partially developed mediums. The cause never suffers from good psychometry or clairvoyance, but the intelligent portion of our people soon become disgusted with the current exhibitions. Mrs. Wallas, Mrs. Green and Victor Wilds are reported as giving satisfaction, both as lecturers and test mediums. In many places our meetings amount to but little else than fortune-telling gatherings.

Surprising how much has grown during years. The inferior tests are more numerous where some have "archives" of phases could be to the science; astily condemn; others and truth the world.

cause. It is to be regretted that she intends leaving the platform at the end of the present year. May her mantle fall upon the shoulders of some worthy sister who will wear it as gracefully as she has, but we fear her loss will be long and greatly felt. Our much beloved brother, J. J. Morse, bears the standard aloft and wins the applause of all lovers of valor. As a speaker and man, he commands respect from friend and foe.

Mr. E. W. Wallis and wife both labor successfully in the cause, Mr. W. having gained a national reputation as a debater. Mrs. W. is most highly esteemed wherever she ministers. There are many acceptable local speakers who are doing a very praiseworthy work and for whose indefatigable labors the cause owes a lasting debt of gratitude.

In England to-day there are thousands of lyceum scholars. Nearly every society has its lyceum. The children are most enthusiastic in their appreciation of their institute. I have visited many of the meetings, and spoken to the children, and we had splendid times together. Bless their sweet faces and dear hearts, I love them with all my soul! I wish our American people would take this practical hint from our English cousins and go to work with a will and form and sustain the progressive lyceum system. In it is the hope of the future for our cause.

In organization, we are as far from united action as our American Spiritualists are. True, there is to be a national federation in July, but I fear, though there will be a large gathering, there will be but little headway made toward organization. Our people universally feel very indifferent about centralization, and no doubt there is some underlying cause for this feeling—a deep-seated cause. There is an instinctive fear of concretions. There is a love of plasticity, and what we gain in concretions we must lose in plasticity. The history of the past in many ways points to the fact that the more perfect the organization the less spiritual the church has become. It is the problem of to-day to so organize as to retain needful mouldability to progressive thought and sentiment.

There is a disposition on the part of many societies to build halls in which to hold our Sunday services. Liverpool has a very nice and commodious hall, called Dalby Hall. Walsall has erected a splendid building called the Central Hall, and it rents most readily, on account of its magnificent accommodations, and central position. Oldham, near Manchester, has a temple which is a credit to the Spiritualists of the neighborhood. Sowerby Bridge was among the first, if not the first to build their own place of worship. Other places are to have their own halls. Halifax, Bacup, Batley, and other societies contemplate building shortly.

There are three weekly papers, and one monthly, devoted to Spiritualism and reform. *The Medium and Daybreak*, conducted by James Burns, London. *Light*, edited by M. A. Oxon, also published in London. *The Two Worlds*, conducted by Mrs. E. H. Britten and E. W. Wallis. *The Lyceum Banner*, edited and published by J. J. Morse. All these are doing their work and to thousands of readers every week they carry the gospel of modern Spiritualism where the voice of the platform advocate is seldom or never heard.

Truth is immortal and cannot die; error is mortal and cannot live. The noble words spoken, the bright truths penned, the principles demonstrated, and the spirit abroad in the air must produce a lasting effect upon our civilization. Spiritualism is breathed in the atmosphere, pervades the poetry and prose literature of our age, and falls unconsciously from the lips of the orator. Lo, it is everywhere!

Since landing last September I have averaged lecturing about twenty-five times a month, so I have not been idle. This work must stand or fall upon its own merit. My labors have been divided chiefly between Yorkshire, Lancashire and the Midlands. Other parts of England have been visited occasionally. May the seed sown bring forth rich fruit is the earnest prayer of yours most faithfully,

WALTER HOWELL.

MANCHESTER, ENG., April 25, 1891.

JUDICIAL ASTRONOMY.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of April 18th appears an article headed "The Science of the Stars," by the author of "The Light of Egypt." The attractive title at once drew my attention; but how soon was I sick and disappointed. In his sentence the author dropped the height of one of the most

which is just now in this very decade making another of its grand leaps forward into infinitude—yes! dropped to the level of that old empiricism and rejected fad of pretended science, "Judicial Astrology." Who is this "author of 'The Light of Egypt'?" that talks so much like our versatile and ambiguous friend, Prof. Coues?

We have never learned that Dr. Coues was the avowed writer of that work; but the latter seems to know so much about "Mr. J. G. Jackson's ignorance," and has dropped so readily right down from the stars on to him, that it might be the gentleman himself. And yet how can that be? This present author is avowedly an astrologist, while Dr. Coues has repeatedly denied being one of that guild.

By what right of common courtesy does the "author of 'The Light of Egypt'" make such a direct personal attack upon your humble correspondent, and assume for him school-born pre-conceptions against astrology? There is not in the nation probably a person who builds less upon mere preconceived notions or who will yield more cheerfully to scientific demonstration. But he wants demonstration, not empiricism.

"Author" admits the "manifold errors" and the "many false trappings and drapery" which surround astrology—the "vast piles of superstitious nonsense and mystical rubbish" with which its "fair form was draped during the dark ages." I think much of such drapery still remains, and that the true study of the stars and the perfected knowledge of the human soul in all its wonderful endowments of psychic life will strip the dead body of "judicial astrology" to a naked skeleton, hanging in the sunlight of truth, gibbeted by science as a sample of human ignorance, superstition and duplicity. With what face can he solicit your readers, as he has, to ask themselves: "Does Mr. Jackson understand anything whatever of the subject he publicly condemns?" Mr. Jackson does not remember having written much at large upon the special science of astrology, and readers can only judge the merits or demerits of his public condemnation thereof by recalling whether on other subjects publicly treated he is in the habit of condemning without knowledge. Lacking familiarity with the antecedents of the "author" aforesaid, how can he ask us to accept his dictum that astrology "stands forth as the one great divi."

Allow Mr. Jackson to make his own case. Let the "author of 'The Light of Egypt'" favor him with a copy of his work, and he will review it, taking as much or little room in THE JOURNAL as the editor will allow, and will bring out its good points and discuss those which he condemns as connected with astrology, in a courteous and honorable spirit and in the love of truth.

Both the author of the work and the readers of THE JOURNAL can then form a judgment how little or how much this correspondent is acquainted with the subject he has condemned. J. G. JACKSON.

HOCKESSIN, DEL.

A PSYCHIC PHENOMENON.

TO THE EDITOR: C. G. Luttman, of Neenah, Wis., is a sound-headed, cool, practical business man, given neither to crankiness nor hallucinations. He is interested with the management of an important manufacturing interest whose annual business runs far into the thousands. As a soldier in the late war he went through the dangers and hardships which "try men's souls," and was found equal to the occasion.

Some years since, an accident among the machinery necessitated the amputation of his right arm. While the "stump" was yet healing he one day suddenly experienced a severe cramping sensation in the fingers which had been amputated. So intense was the pain that he sent for his surgeon. On the arrival of the latter, he at first tried to reason and then to ridicule Mr. Luttman out of the idea that he had pain in a hand which the surgeon said he no longer possessed; as it was amputated.

On going to his office the next day the surgeon examined the amputated hand, which he had preserved in alcohol. He had placed it in a wide-mouthed jar and in crowding it therein had cramped the fingers into an unnatural position. Of all this Mr. Luttman was ignorant. The surgeon smilingly withdrew the hand and then returned it to the jar of alcohol with the fingers in a natural and easy posture. He noted the exact time of day at which he did this. On next calling to see the patient he found him free from pain. The cramp was gone. The surgeon

about what time the pain left him. "about—o'clock," replied Mr. Luttman. "The very hour," exclaimed the surgeon. In great surprise he then told his patient what he had done. It was Mr. Luttman's turn to be surprised. And many we comments, conjectures and reasonings both on the remarkable incident.

Mr. Luttman tells me that he is satisfied that the reasonable explanation that he still possesses the spirit of the hand, and that this fact enabled him to experience the cramping pain and cure on the liberation of his hand from cramped position, though the whole circumstance was unknown to him at time.

If any one doubt the truth of this narrative, he can verify it by writing to Mr. G. Luttman, Neenah, Wis., who gave permission to publish it.

C. W. COOK

PARKLAND SPIRITUALIST'S NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR: Having passed through the conventional and inevitable civil war, and thereby gained a title religious respectability, Parkland confronts in a new light, and with her wings plumed for a loftier flight into a wide sphere of spiritual growth and usefulness than she has ever gained in the past. Situated on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad's direct line, connecting in one unbroken chain Brooklyn, New York, Jersey City, Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington, with all their contiguous countries and states, Parkland offers the finest facilities for cheap excursions, and the most varied list of attractions, to the greatest number of people of all shades of religious opinion.

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Rippling brooks,
Loving looks;
Singing birds,
Whispered words;
Flowery dells,
Wedding bells.

II.
No more brooks;
Angry looks;
Rent falls due,
Things look blue.
Oh, love's protector!
Oh, bill-collector!
—ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

MAY FLOWERS.

If you catch a breath of sweetness
And follow the odorless hint
Through woods where the dead leaves rustle
And the golden mosses glint,

Along the spicy sea coast,
Over the desolate down,
You will find the dainty Mayflower
When you come to Plymouth town.

Where the shy spring tends her darlings,
And hides them away from sight,
Pull off the covering leaf sprays
And gather them pink and white.

Tinted by mystical moonlight,
Freshened by frosty dew,
Till the fair transparent blossoms
To full perfection grew.

Then carry them home to your lady,
For a flower of the spring is she:
Pink and white, and dainty and slight,
And lovely as lovely can be.

Shall they die because she is fair?
Or live because she is sweet?
They will know for what they were born,
But you—must wait at her feet.

—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Aspepsia has driven to an early and suicidal grave
by a man who, if he had tried the virtues of
Hood's Sarsaparilla, would be alive to-day and in
enjoyment of health and competence. Sufferer,
warned is season, and don't allow the system to
down.

ell, Sarr' have you been doing to make
Oh, nothing much, only be
Hans Renewer to restore the color of
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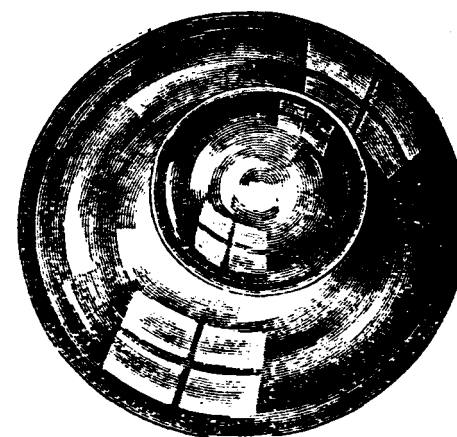
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This is a book
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HARD TO SUIT.

Oh, who's the man that comes in late;
And stroll's about awhile,
And right in the midst of the thrilling scene,
Goes stumbling down the aisle;
And laughs aloud when others weep,
And scowls when others smile?

And who's the man that bellows forth,
So every one can hear:
"Well this's about the rummest seat
I've had in a dismal year!
For when I go to see a show
I want to be somewhere near."

And who's the man who sits and yawns,
Throughout the livelong play;
And says: "What a bore the whole thing is!
I wish I'd staid away.
The acting is bad enough to turn
A child of seven gray."

And who's this man? You very well know;
If a play you've been to see;
For he's always there, and he's always mad,
Whatever way things may be.
And he kicks one long perennial kick—
The man who gets in free.

—BOSTON COURIER.

SEPARATION.

Do you remember the oldtime place
In an oldtime town by the restless sea?
You remember the faces sweet and true,
Now hidden forever from you and me?

Do you remember the hopes we had?
The plans we made and prayers we said?
How we set the song to the sweetest note,
And how bright was the page of life we read?

The prayers I prayed are unanswered yet;
The music is set to a minor tune,
And the page I thought was so plain to read
Is covered over with mystic rune.

Well, go your way! I will journey mine;
But I pray you think at some set of sun
Of the oldtime love in the oldtime place,
Of the hope and the joy forever done.

—ANNA B. BENDEL IN BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

He said, as they in converse spent
The time, to me the truth is clear
That 'tis a man's environment
That shapes his conduct here.

He clasped her close; she did not say
A word, but sighed in deep content,
And felt 'twas hard to break away
From her environment.

Patent medicines differ—One has reasonableness,
another has not. One has reputation—another has
not. One has confidence, born of success—another
has only "hopes."

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and happy men and women, place Dr. Pierce's Gold-
en Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-
scription on the side of the comparison to which they
belong. And there isn't a state or territory, no—nor
hardly a country in the world, whether its people
realize it or not, but have men and women in them
that're happier because of their discovery and their
effects.

Think of this in health. Think of it in sickness.
And then think whether you can afford to make the
trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give
your money back, as they do, if they do not benefit
or cure you.

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ena is published from time to time in the *S. P. R.
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JOURNAL*, with as much corroborative testimony
as possible; and a special appeal is made to those
who have had experiences justifying the spiritual-
istic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should
address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need
of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and
pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

Books noticed under this head are for sale or ordered through the office of THE RELIGIOUS MEDICAL JOURNAL.

Cyclopedia of Temperance and Prohibition. A reference book of facts, statistical information on all phases of the question, the temperance and the prohibition agitation. Funk & Wagnalls. 1890. pp. 50.

The *Cyclopedia* has evidently been prepared with much care and labor and thoroughly meets the requirements of the topic—historical, moral, fiscal, statistical, legislative, geographical, scientific, etc.—being well treated. The tone is dispassionate as is essential in a cyclopaedia. The object is to give information, completeness and attractiveness. Yet facts and conclusions are not neglected. They are presented in an appropriate manner. The tendency is favorable to the radical view of abstinence and prohibition ideas. Opinions are candidly stated and nothing in the method of argument can be considered objectionable. A prominent merit of this cyclopaedia is its thoroughness with which the facts are presented. In such articles as "Bible Wines," "Commodities," "Constitutional Prohibition," "The Drink Traffic," "Effects of High License," "Internal Regulation," "Light Liquors," "The Traffic," "Local Option," "Medication," "Non-Partnership," "Prohibition," "Personal Liberty," "United States Government and Traffic," the reader will find the very patient labor and a superlative ability. Numerous temperance prohibition specialists of eminence have contributed signed long these are such well-known temperance advocates as Dr. V. Richardson, Dr. Felix L. F. R. Lees, and Dr. Howard. The editors have shown especial exact references to original sources, vital facts, figures and are quoted. This element of the book as for purposes.

Young men. By Rev. Weaver. New York: Fowler. 1891. pp. 218. \$1.00. Dr. Sumner wrote a book for young men. Now he is writing again, essays that will reach and grandchildren of his first books published by the firm that issues this volume, which is full of helpful thought for youth.

Man Immortal, an allegorical poem. By Wm. Stitt Taylor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. 1891. pp. 277. \$3.00. (A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash avenue, Chicago).

The burden of this writer's verse is the immortality of man, but the poetry, although there are passages that possess some merit, is not of a high order.

The Pearl of Practice is the title of a book of quaint medical prescriptions, printed in London over two hundred years ago, some extracts from which are embodied in an article by Miss Elizabeth Robinson, to appear in the June *Popular Science Monthly*. After reading the list of ingredients in some of these unsavory messes no one need wonder about the origin of the saying, "The remedy is worse than the disease."

MAGAZINES.

Our Little Ones for May contains "The Gondolas of Venice," by Frank H. Stauffer; "A Doll Overboard," by Frank J. Bonnelle, and other admirable sketches with illustrations for children.—*The Kindergarten* for May contains chapter XIII. of Froebel's System, by Baroness von Marenholtz-Bulow; "Life of a Butterfly," by Kate Hawley Hennessy; "What Happens After the Flower Fades?" by Edward G. Howe, and "Mother Talks—Nature an Element in Education" are among the other articles.—*The Homiletic Review* for May opens with an able article by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson upon "Canon Liddon," which is to be followed by a second in June. Dr. McCosh follows with a well-considered paper on "Federation of the Churches." Rev. Canon M. Coburn continues his instructive series of theological articles, taking up



A MAD POET

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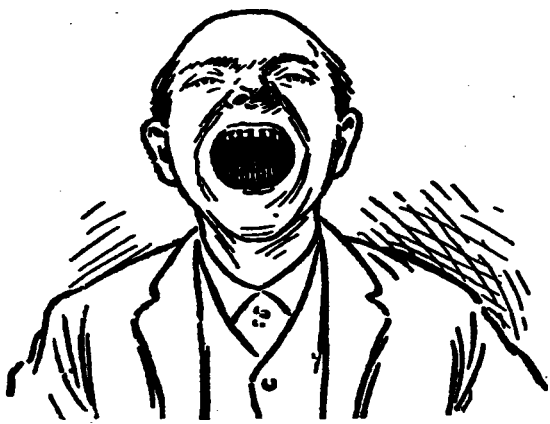
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At that time I was unacquainted with said Colony land, but since then I have visited the land in company with General Turnbull himself, who made the visit very pleasant and interesting. He took special pains to show me over the tract, and gave me thorough knowledge of the land as possible.

The Colony land is situated ten miles directly west of Tipton, a small station on the S. P. R. R., ten miles south of Tulare. The land lies most beautifully sloping to the S.W. and W., about five feet to the mile, almost as even as a floor. A rich, dark, sandy loam of a composite nature, made from the washings from the mountains, disintegrated rocks and vegetable matter, in general quite deep and in some instances the rich soil extends many feet below the surface, throughout which innumerable shells are deposited, as this was formerly a part of the bed of Lake Tulare, from which the water receded years ago. A more beautiful tract of land it would be difficult to find. A river fed by mountain streams in which the water runs almost the entire year, passes through the entire tract from N.E. corner to S.E. corner of the tract, affording the finest irrigation supply for every part of the land. But should the river fail, there is still left a resource far better. This tract is located in the artesian belt and one well would supply sufficient water to irrigate a whole section of land. An exceedingly interesting and valuable feature connected with these wells is the emission of large quantities of the very best gas, which if controlled and secured would make the best of fuel and illumination for the entire Colony.

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That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait for a while," said grandma
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."
"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"
Asked Flo in great surprise.
"Oh, my! but isn't it funny?
No teeth—but nose and eyes?
I guess [after thinking gravely]
They must have been forgot.
Can't we buy him some, like grandpa?
I'd like to know why not!"

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper and pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying: "Don't talk to me;
If you do it'll stop my think!
I'm writing a letter, grandma,
To send away to-night;
And 'cause its very 'portant
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished—
A wonderful thing to see—
And directed to "God in heaven."
"Please read it over to me,"
id little Flo to her grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know,"
and here is the letter written
To God by little Flo:

"Dear God—The baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toofles
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter
A-purpose to let you know.
Please come and finish the baby.
That's all. From LITTLE FLO.
ANONYMOUS.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

ing out the rusty garden rake,
Hunt up the hoe and spade,
or spring is here, and it is time
to have the garden made.

ur wife will lean upon the fence
nd watch you while you work.
ment to give advice.

see the room for...

rd, man, you won't break your back
you may fear you may.
op to lean upon your spade—
what your wife will say.

you've got the garden dug
all out of sight,
hire a gardener
r right.

—SOMERVILLE JOURNAL.

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That's "ows

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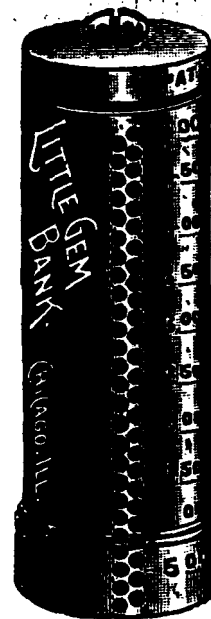
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we are moved. During this time my chief clerk, with all the knowledge of detail which comes with seventeen years' faithful service, has been absent, called away suddenly by illness in the family. I tell these matters to explain the delay in answering letters and inquiries. With newly fitted-up offices and a long lease I begin to feel that I shall soon be ready to welcome callers once more with old-time hospitality; and I can say, too, that "business will continue at the same old stand," for I have only moved across the hall and not out of the building. Remember THE JOURNAL office is still at 92 LaSalle street, northwest corner of Washington, and directly west of the city hall.

Now this moving business is not only wearing, but expensive. As Chicago grows larger and THE JOURNAL'S influence widens, the cost of conducting the establishment increases in proportion. There is a considerable number of subscribers to whom I want to appeal in the most moving manner possible. They owe me money which they can pay with only a tithe of the exertion which I have expended in giving them the very best paper I could make. I don't ask for charity, only for justice and the observance of mercantile honor. I ask these friends only to do their duty and to do it with cheerfulness and alacrity. I also ask all subscribers to put fresh impetus into their efforts to enlarge THE JOURNAL'S usefulness and extend its circulation. I am very grateful to the goodly number who are ever on the alert to secure new subscribers and send me matter for publication. The reminiscences of Mrs. Staats which begin in this number ought to bring a thousand new subscribers and to inspire others to contribute from their rich stores of experience such material as will interest, instruct and help to make history. Of course you are all coming to see me in 1893 and incidentally to attend the greatest exposition the world has ever held and to see the city which is destined to be the largest on the globe. When you come you will want to find THE JOURNAL waxing mightier than ever; so begin now and do your part in bringing all this about. Let us all keep moving, and in the right line.

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In reply to an inquirer we would say that we keep a list of mediums in THE JOURNAL office, whom we know or have reason to believe are honest, reputable and fairly well developed. To this list we are always glad to make additions, and stand ready at all times to investigate the merits of those desiring it. Without making sweeping, unqualified assertions of success to any party

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ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, MAY 30, 1891. 23432 - NEW SERIES - VOL. 2, NO. 1.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc. See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

W. J. Alexander, professor of logic and rhetoric, has been expelled from the faculty of the State University at Columbus, S. C., because he is a Unitarian, says the *Twentieth Century*. The rulers have thus made a religious discrimination in a secular affair; and yet there is a popular belief in this country that in the eye of the State no man is under any religious disabilities. Think of the absurdity of holding that in order to be eligible to teach logic, a man must believe in the Trinity! It might as well be held that a man is unfit to teach mathematics unless he believes in the three-times-one-makes-one doctrine.

Philips Brooks—one of those few clergymen to whom the titles Rev. and Dr. add nothing, and the omission of which as prefixes to his name implies no disrespect—has great personal influence in Massachusetts. This the *New York Independent* says, "explains the remarkable growth of the Episcopal church in Massachusetts of late years. Unitarianism has been almost swallowed up by its young people going into the Episcopacy, and there has been no small exodus to that church of young people from other denominations. It is likely that the election of Mr. Brooks as bishop and his increased influence will still further swell this movement."

Referring to Col. Shepard's mission at Detroit to procure an expression of the assembled divines' hostility to open the World's Exposition on Sunday, the *Chicago Times* observes: The colonel is related by marriage to a considerable block of stock in the Vanderbilt railroad properties. All of them run trains Sunday. Between the Missouri and the Hudson they have a large number of locomotives out on the Sabbath. They furnish meals, sell wines, pocket profits on the Sabbath. Does Col. Shepard refuse any dividends from the block of Vanderbilt stocks related to him by marriage earned in part by this desecration of the day of holy rest?

The difficulty of obtaining a sufficient number of recruits of the requisite size has obliged both the French and the Italian Governments to reduce the minimum of their former standard by half an inch. Says Felix L. Oswald in the *Voice*: A similar reduction became necessary in 1496, and again after the Napoleonic wars, that devoured the tallest men of France at the rate of 35,000 a year. The incessant wars of the Roman Republic were, however, not followed by any analogous results, and the luxury and intemperance of the Empire did more to hasten the progress of physical degeneration than the slaughter of a thousand battles. In France absinth alone has, in that respect, probably done more mischief than gunpowder.

At last the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, is to be opened to the public on Sundays. The movement to accomplish this result has been so strenuously opposed, has met with so little favor from the trustees of the museum, that it is

with some surprise one receives the important news. The trustees, at their quarterly meeting Monday evening, passed by a vote of twelve to four a resolution that "until further order of the board the museum be opened free to the public every Sunday from 1 p. m. until half an hour, before sunset." The vote marks the success of a long and often discouraging fight against ancient prejudice. The resolution is in terms for temporary opening, but by the time the summer ends, the worth of the public service will have been so demonstrated that it will not be possible to go back to the old proscription of the people.

The unveiling of the Linnæus monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago, on the 23rd, was an event that will long be remembered in Swedish circles. Robert Lindblom, president of the monument directors, made the presentation speech, in which he turned the shaft over to the park commissioners and the city of Chicago. He paid a high tribute to the men who have made famous the name of Sweden. The canopy of science, he said, contains no brighter stars than those in the Swedish sky; no poet in any land or clime ever portrayed the passions of men any better than have those of Sweden, who drew their inspiration alternately from the midnight sun and the midday twilight. "We had all this great array to choose from," said Mr. Lindblom, "but it was in harmony with the advanced thought of the age that we selected the greatest scientist of the last century to represent us in the present."

Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presbyterian church, New York said last Sunday morning: If apostleship had not started before Princeton did, there would be no show for the apostleship. The spirit of such an institution is to make theologians just as a machine makes shoepegs; just as a baker makes crackers. It was passing strange the comfort that the church had always taken in casting its members out of the synagogue. The quickest way to fire church enthusiasm was not to show to it a poor sinner for it to convert, but a poor heretic to sniff after and run down. We rain vast piles of money to convert a man and get him into the church; but the moment of supreme felicity, the time when enthusiasm flashes up into one compact flame of radiance and heat, is when there is a prospect of getting a man out of the church. The church has always fought new ideas. It never subscribes to a discovery in science till it has to, and the man who has a new understanding of things is always a hated man.

The Presbyterian divines in convention assembled on the 22nd deferred for a year action upon revision of the Confession of Faith and did this without debate upon the report of the committee. While it is therefore impossible to determine what the opinions of the Presbyterian church, as uttered by its highest representative body, are upon the question of widening the charity and lessening the rigor of its creed, the mere fact that the committee's report has virtually eliminated the doctrines of election and infant damnation is indicative of the force of the liberalizing movement

within the church. The substitution of the word "condemnation" for "damnation" suggests, as one of the papers remarks, that "at least the star of hope shines, if faintly, on the grave of the impenitent dead." The committee thinks that it has touched nothing vital in the system of Calvinism, but there are those within the church and outside who will differ. That it should have endeavored to adhere to this determination is but natural, for the parts in the logical structure of Calvinism are so vitally interdependent that the destruction of one is certain to put the edifice in peril.

Five hundred people witnessed the whipping of ten prisoners at the Newcastle, Del., jail, on the 16th. The culprits were first placed in the pillory and compelled to remain there an hour, much to the merriment of the crowd that watched the pranks of the men. The whipping is described as a ghastly sight. After standing in the pillory the prisoners in turn were led to the post like hogs to a pen. They were stripped to the waist and the chilly weather made their punishment all the more severe. The sheriff applied the lash and it cut the backs of most all the unfortunate ones. Their shrieks and yells could be distinctly heard outside the high jail wall. One of the convicts was so terrified when his turn came that he fainted away. After gaining consciousness he was led to the post and when five lashes were heavily laid on his bare back he became violently ill and was taken into the jail. The cat o' nine tails cut his flesh deeply, and as he was carried away, the blood from his wounds left its stains upon the ground. This brutal scene was enacted not in Russia, but in the United States, and was witnessed by 500 people. Delaware needs to be reached with civilizing influences.

Dr. R. Heber Newton, last Sunday before a congregation that filled every seat in his church, defined his position on Episcopalian doctrine. He declared that the thirty-nine articles contained no statement of faith that was binding on him, and spoke of the Nicene creed as the charter of the church's liberty, under which was possible to hold all the divergent views concerning future punishment, the atonement and other doctrinal matters which are at present turning the world upside down. Dr. Newton said: Christendom is torn and dismembered before our eyes. It is paralyzed with doubt. The strife of creeds is seen on every side. Man cannot find a shelter under the reformation confessions of faith with their long-drawn metaphysics. He who reads the signs of the times sees the alternative to throw overboard the creeds and simplify them. To-day could our Protestant church be content to part with their reformation confessions of faith and adopt that great catholic creed which come down through the centuries there would be end of strife and contention. Dr. Bridgman would have to leave his church for his views on the question of future punishment and Dr. Briggs could excite contention in his church on the question of infidelity. Our great creed is the reconciliation of Christian faith and modern thought of theology and science.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

After materialization of spirit forms no theme is so prolific of differences among believers in spirit manifestations as that of psychography—writing without the intervention of ordinary human agency. Psychography is a much better descriptive term than either direct writing, independent writing, or independent slate-writing which is most in vogue. Psychography of course covers all forms of writing by preter-human methods and is therefore not always sufficiently definite, and probably for this reason the word has not come into more general use.

As in the case of form-materialization there are thousands of spiritists who either deny psychographic phenomena, or, are so incorrigibly skeptical as to be unable to rationally consider the evidence. A spiritist—one who has satisfied himself of the continuity of life and the ability of spirits to manifest, to intelligently direct force and communicate with mortals—cannot consistently deny the probability of psychography nor sweepingly discredit the testimony of critical, intelligent investigators who affirm it. That a spiritist has not himself witnessed psychographic phenomena is no warrant for his denying their occurrence. That he has witnessed numerous attempts at deception does not justify obstinate incredulity, nor warrant disrespect for the testimony of others, who in very many instances are not only as truthful as their co-believers in spiritism but much better equipped and circumstanced for crucial investigation and accurate observation. Indeed, unpalatable as may be the assertion, we do not hesitate to say that the evidence of either one of a goodly number we can name who have placed on record the successful results of their psychographic experiments ought, from the standpoint of psychical science, to be better evidence to the majority of spiritists than would be personal experience. The intrinsic value

personal experience in this matter depends on the competency of the person experimenting and the conditions and circumstances under which results are obtained. To make this plainer: We personally know, for instance, that in the presence of Henry Slade psychographic phenomena have occurred under conditions acceptable to the most rigid scientist; we also know of our own knowledge and on the testimony of others that Slade frequently resorts to deception and that his deceptive practices are beyond discovery—unless by accident—to a majority of those who patronize him. Now a spiritist however acute in other branches of the subject and however generously endowed by nature cannot reasonably expect to cope with Slade in one of his deceptive freaks if he has not been trained in this or some other field for just such a trial. Hence he may come away from the séance believing he has witnessed independent slate-writing and accompanying phenomena under conditions identical with those he has read or heard of before, when as a matter of fact the whole or a greater part of the exhibit was deception. When one has brought personally acquired knowledge become convinced of the power of spirits to manifest, one is no longer on the same footing as a non-spiritist; and while abating nothing of one's rigid scrutiny and caution when essaying new fields of investigation, one is bound to weigh the evidence in favor of phenomena not only with judicial fairness as one might while a non-spiritist, but must weigh it in the light of one's own knowledge that spirits have power to manifest, and that this being granted it were unscientific, philosophical and inconsistent to limit the ability of spirits or of psychical sensitives to one's own comparatively narrow personal experience.

THE JOURNAL is fully committed to the scientific method; and it warns believers against the unscientific and inconsistent attitude into which many of them unconsciously drifting, impelled by contempt for valent trickery and the hasty acceptance of alleged phenomena by many professing spiritists. An abnormally incredulous spiritist is the most incorrigible hopeless subject for change; more hopeless even one who is over credulous. The latter may, if well endowed with common sense in other mat-

ters, outgrow his folly; the former never can, and will always remain a carper and an obstructionist.

On another page is published a letter written to a member of the American branch of the English Psychical Society by our esteemed contributor and friend, Mrs. E. B. Duffey, and by the recipient sent THE JOURNAL for publication. Mrs. Duffey's experience with Mrs. Patterson was similar to our own in the single sitting we had with her some years ago. The barefaced trick was so bunglingly done that we wondered how the shrewd business men who sat at the table with us could have failed to see the imposition. Yet we are in doubt whether Mrs. Patterson may not have psychical powers and whether at times independent writing may not have been accomplished in her presence. We admit the possibility and hardly dare deny the probability. Charles E. Watkins is a more audacious and expert trickster. At times the audacity of his trickery reaches the sublime; and the stupendous nature of his impudence is only surpassed by that of the blindness and gullibility of his victims. Yet if spiritists are to sweep away the testimony in favor of the genuineness of some of the psychographic phenomena witnessed in his presence they will by the same motion remove every vestige of support from all the objective phenomena of modern Spiritualism. There is no better evidence extant in the whole history of modern Spiritualism in support of objective phenomena than exists in support of the claim that writing has occurred in the presence of Watkins without the active or direct intervention of human agency.

The long career of deception practiced by Mrs. Hough-Stoddard-Gray, etc., in connection with her son is a blot upon the Spiritualist movement, whose followers have tolerated the imposition, and a disgrace to human nature. Still, because these unconscionable tricksters have simulated form materialization it is no argument against the possibility or probability of genuine materializations; but only an evidence of the depravity to which human nature can descend and the gullibility of those who make the vocation possible.

We have during our twenty-five years of experience frequently noticed that mediums for mental phases are, as a rule, exceedingly incredulous as to objective phenomena; and the more highly developed, the greater their skepticism as to the psycho-physical manifestations. The philosophy of this is a theme too big to discuss at this time. But we caution all concerned to be careful and not heedlessly do or say aught to invalidate the genuineness of any class of phenomena. It is mischievous, dangerously mischievous, and carries the potencies of dire peril—not peril to psychical truth nor spiritual things, but peril to the development of psychical science, genuine mediumship, a rational view of the future life and all that this implies. Be critical, be cautious, be courageous, be reasonable, be fair, be just, be sympathetic; and avoid captiousness, hyper-criticism and a contempt that paralyzes sound judgment and effective action.

PERTINENT AND PLAUSIBLE.

Lately an article appeared in the daily Press, of New York City, in relation to the new American Psychical Society. It was written in Boston, and bore the imprint of having been inspired by some one within the inner circle of the society and most friendly to the once successful charlatan, "Dr." R. C. Flower. In that contribution it was mentioned that a new device was being constructed whereby to experiment. Rev. T. Ernest Allen, of Providence, R. I., secretary of the A. P. S., was inspired to reply. He did this in the character of an interested "outsider" bent on probing the spiritualistic and psychical problem. The Press of May 18th publishes a review of Mr. Allen's letter, by a Boston correspondent, which is so pertinent and in its closing paragraph so plausible that THE JOURNAL reproduces it:

As a public worker in the cause of Spiritualism I have read with interest the subject matter in regard to the psychograph, an instrument for determining the origin of occult phenomena, and the Rev. T. Ernest

Allen's reply to the article that appeared in the Sunday Press.

That all investigations whereby a clearer apprehension of the truth is arrived at will do good we are all prepared to admit. But one who is familiar with the history of the persons connected with this society cannot but be surprised at the attitude taken. In the first place, one would suppose that the founders were all novitiates just starting out through an undiscovered country and compelled to exercise the greatest care, just through lack of experience. The Rev. T. Ernest Allen was formerly the secretary of the Spiritualist Society in New York and spoke upon the subject—and must know—well, just a little about it, while Dr. R. C. Flower, one of the most prominent in it and a financial backer of the *Arena*, was for years a clairvoyant physician, occupying the old Tweed mansion in New York, and has practiced until recently in Boston. So there ought to be a little knowledge on the subject.

"Our society," says Mr. Allen, "is entirely independent of the spiritualistic movement." Then if that be true, who will have the credit after the investigations are made, should they prove a success, the ministers for having made a new discovery in the realms of truth or the Spiritualist for having made the announcement first and received a clerical indorsement forty-two years afterward? That is just where the whole trouble lies—the effort to separate the ist from the ism. There ought to be no difficulty in finding honest mediums in this movement that is "outside of Spiritualism."

The Rev. Cephas Lynn, who has recently preached in the Rev. Dr. Miner's church, was for years a so-called trance speaker on the spiritualistic platform, was afterward educated through the generosity of a Spiritualist in Troy, N. Y., and then came out as a clergyman, saying: "I am not less a Spiritualist, but the pulpit is surer in its compensations." The Rev. Charles Hayden, who was known as the Boy Trance Speaker, claiming to lecture always in an unconscious state, was prominent for years among the Spiritualists until the Rev. Robert Collyer heard him, and the church swallowed him up. The Rev. William Brunton and the Rev. H. H. Brown and others, all prominent in Spiritualism and mediums of repute who are now working in the ecclesiastical vineyard, will certainly, unless they have lost their former occult powers, furnish in their own organizations every opportunity that the investigators can want to establish the fact of spirit control.

The fact is, these gentlemen, instead of trying to be converted to a new faith, are really seeking a highway whereby they can return to an old love.

Boston, May 16.

F. W.

If there is any subject or any field of research which it would seem should be free from all finesse, from all pretences either expressed or implied; in which those coming to the front as active workers should be candid, frank, and free from all subterfuge it is the spiritual and psychical.

Now it is denied by those in authority that "Dr." R. C. Flower has any part in the new movement called the "American Psychical Society"; but to those familiar with his peculiar methods and who have seen the first article published in the Press the fine Italian hand of that many-sided individual is apparent. So, had the writer of the above spoken of "Dr." R. C. Flower as one of the most powerful—even the most powerful—in it, instead as one of the most prominent, THE JOURNAL would have accepted the statement as probably true.

It is pertinent to ask why should Mr. Allen pose as a novice and as a fresh scientific investigator, of the Unitarian ministerial cult? It is neither frank nor candid, nor even politic in the long run for him to thus impress the public. It is a notorious fact within the knowledge of a large number that he is and has been a life-long Spiritualist, that his mother is a fine medium and that he has in the past been identified with business schemes in which mediumship was used to forward success. It is further known that his stepfather is a medium. The editor of THE JOURNAL has heard the latter declare that his success in business was due to the advice of spirits, received through his wife—the mother of Rev. T. Ernest Allen. Now it seems to THE JOURNAL that however pure his motives, this young man, fresh in his ministerial clothes, has made a mistake in his effort to advance the interests of scientific Spiritualism by pursuing a course which, however justifiable by the standard of current "business" ethics, is not in accord with either the ethics of science or of sound religion. That the clergy are prone to specious methods and to proceed

were kept awake by rumbling sounds below—heavy thuds. Then a scraping of a trowel over a stone wall. The sounds ceased as soon as any of them went down cellar to investigate. The next night a rat terrier was put down in the cellar, they thinking the cause of the trouble was rats. The sounds continued and the dog was taken from the cellar trembling with fear. One theory of the mystery is that, the noises are made by the spirit of Thomas Lynch, a farmer, who occupied the house a long time, and when he died he refused to divulge the hiding place of his buried wealth, as it was known he had considerable, and none of it was ever found.



FARRAR ON HEAVEN.

Archdeacon Farrar lately addressed the following letter to Mrs. Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner in reply to a communication which she had addressed him:

Dear Madam: I do not know a single reasonable educated Christian who takes the mere symbols of heaven for heaven. We do not suppose that heaven is a cubic city, or a pagoda of jewels, or even an endless sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. Long ago a Christian poet sung:

"Oh, for a deeper insight into heaven;
More knowledge of the glory and the joy
Which there unto the happy souls is given;
For it is past belief that Christ hath died
Only that we eternal psalms might sing,
That all the gain Death's awful curtains hide
Is this eternity of antheming,
And this praised rest: shall there be no endeavor?"
etc., etc.

If I could find a printed sermon of mine entitled "What Heaven Is," you would see that we regard it as a place of progress, of fruition of all that is noble, of growth and progress upward and onward, of endless and beneficent activity, of a love which knows no fear or hatred, of a growing more like to God because we shall see him as he is. In Browning's poems you will see this view of heaven; constantly set forth, and the eminent theologian, Whichcot, said two centuries ago, "Heaven is a temper." I have often quoted with approval the saying of Confucius, "Heaven means principle."

The old, detestable notions of happy souls rejoicing over the torments of the lost have long been exorcised, and if you have time to glance at my "Eternal Hope," or "Mercy and Judgment," which now represent the best opinions in the church, you will see many proofs that the Calvinistic horrors of an unnatural theology have been never authorized by many men, even by greatest Christian fathers and canonized saints of the mediæval church.

Let me add, I for one have not uttered a syllable of disrespect about your father, though I am a sincere and convinced believer. I only met him once, as Chaplain of the House of Commons, and we exchanged a courteous greeting. Had I been able to show him Christianity as I see it, I do not think that he would have wished to be counted among the foes of our gospel, if such were his attitude. But Christianity has been more sorely wounded in the house of its friends than by its enemies.

Yours faithfully,

F. W. FARRAR.

CRIME IN HIGH PLACES.

TO THE EDITOR: Of course you have heard of the great financial disturbance which has recently so shaken this city. Crime in high places! Criminals whom education in the "higher branches" and church association, etc., have failed to save from the dominating power of money greed, men who have for years enjoyed the confidence of the community, bank presidents, cashiers, bank directors—who failed to direct or directed badly—and last, though not less guilty, our own city treasurer—such are the criminals. Millions of trust funds have been sunken out of the reach of the rightful owners and the savings of confiding depositors misappropriated, squandered and wasted by men posing as the "better class." Practically they are our polished, suave, educated, gilt-edge, high-toned villains. These are the real nihilists to American morals and manners—the most dangerous class with which any community can be cursed. Bank wreck-

ing and treasury looting are becoming epidemic in our once staid Quaker City.

Passing the massive towering structure of the late Keystone National Bank, seeming to overshadow with contempt the United States Mint on the opposite side of the street, I thought "what a monumental pile of solid infamy. The wide entrance open as the mouth of a monster serpent. Within, what a nest of busy, cunning vipers amusing themselves for years stinging and feeding on the vitals of the business community. How long do our lawmakers require to learn that such crimes as bank looting and wasting other people's money should be an exception to bailable offences? Holding such scoundrels in the nominal bail of \$10,000 or \$20,000 is simply mocking the miseries of the people they have so heartlessly defrauded. Lock them up promptly as they lock their vaults on the people's money. The law does not permit this, eh? Then one should be made. What is government worth that allows the hypocrite and educated villains to rob the people as suits their devilish cunning? Why should these brazen-faced scamps who 'steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in' have liberty at all to continue their swindling schemes?

How have the educators of the people been engaged all these years that the education of the "better classes" blooms out in such viciousness? To the degree that our theological and educational aristocracy fail to lead the community into the practice of the simpler gospel ethics and to enforce the essential of clean character, inward truthfulness, honesty in action, will we have the daily news of crime in high places by educated knaves. The American masses are readers, and are slowly coming to be thinkers. Seeing that these gilt-edge, educated rascals are also reciters of these spiritless cemetery creeds and empty church rituals, they are learning to have little or no use for either the creeds or the suave rascals made by them.

The spirit of truth and progress calls on the 80,000 titled divines of the United States to come down from their stilted dignity and educate the business portions of their congregations into the practice of common honesty and restitution to the rightful owners that of which they have despoiled them, to cease their educated silly efforts to bind back their people to a cemetery creeds, dead hundreds of years ago; and do something toward saving society from the insidious snares of this class of most dangerous rogues. Deeds not creeds is our greater need.

A theological aristocracy is antagonistic to the simplicity and plainness of a free republic. The spirits of one is so different from that of the other that both cannot occupy the same place agreeably. If not, why not? A theological aristocracy requires immense ecclesiastical machinery, imposing church ritual and lengthy creed and confession (thirty to thirty-nine chapters). To formulate and instruct in these require the establishment of seminaries and colleges. These in all the "divinity" degrees must have costly, elaborately decorated buildings as luxurious as the finest aristocratic club house. Such is the rich man's church. A theological aristocracy in a republic is an exotic plant. It comes from the kingdoms of the east, and is not indigenous to western republican soil. Yet in the middle of the United States it has acquired wondrous power; and though millionaires flow into it the proletariat have little sympathy with it. The church of the millionaire is seclusive and is not a place for the million. The multitude of a republic take more readily to the "simplicity of the gospel of Christ." They have no time for Calvinistic creeds confessions.

It is written of the peasant teacher: "The common people heard him gladly." Because he instructed them, not in the complicated ritual of dogmatic theology, but in the simpler possibilities of a truthful life, a life of love and good will, the philosophy of blessing and the spirit of perfect freedom, released from the thrall of all untruth—as the acceptable worship of God—whom he taught the people to trust and love as "our Father," and not fear as a kingly despot.

The saviour of men, benevolent and always kind, flaunts nothing savoring of kingly aristocratic rule. His sublimest attribute is his large humanity.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

W. D. R.

STRANGE NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR: In a recent number of your interesting paper, which, although outspoken in regard to its favorite tenets, is still so refined in its manner of championing them as not to repel those who have not yet accepted them, I notice articles by

persons differing widely in their views. Professor Campbell says that "the forces and laws which determine the positions and relationships of the planets also determine the natural character—and, hence, the natural man.... He stands, one foot on fate, another foot upon the step that he himself has carved." On the other hand Miss Haste, in the paper which Mrs. Eldred sends to THE JOURNAL, propounds anew the old Bible doctrine of the personal guidance of Jehovah and Jesus, and supposes her remarkable healing power to come from a sympathy and understanding with those alleged personages. Can you broaden THE JOURNAL sufficiently to indulge for a few moments one who is not in any school, who holds neither dogma nor ism, who is not on intimate terms with the maker of all things, nor even familiar with the planets, one who realizes that she is only one of the smallest creatures on one of the smallest of the many worlds rolling about in space, and therefore too limited a creature to understand the mysteries of existence, even were any teacher competent to instruct her? How can we know God while we do not understand the simplest of the human creatures with whom we mingle? How can we know what the far-away stellar spaces hold when we do not even know what is in our own motives and intentions? But the "immense ignorance" which Emerson mourned is in no way so conspicuously shown as in the different "schools" of healing. For a generation past the "balm of healing" has been falling like the gentle dew upon the tortured bodies of men, through the instrumentality of a peculiar magnetism on the part of the instrument in this stage of being, guided and utilized by those who have entered upon another stage of being. (You designate those unseen benefactors "spirits," but I, who only know different forms of matter, cannot use the word spirit.) And when one considers the pertinacity with which those in the flesh insist upon receiving all the credit due to them for their little performances, and as much more as they can get, it is a matter of surprise that those disembodied people, if they have the power which they claim, do not insist upon their ministrations being accredited properly, and called by the rightful designation. But perhaps when we are disembodied we learn to give as the sun gives, asking no rewards.

"Love that asketh love again
Finds the barter naught but pain."

And when those disembodied ones consent to stand back and hear their work baptized by strange names like "metaphysical healing," "Christian science," and the like, it makes me, as the noted E. V. Wilson used to say—"positive, just a trifle positive." Now this very Miss Haste, who attributes all her magnificent healing power to those impossible agencies is, to those who look with unprejudiced eyes, a shining example of what those unseen physicians can do, with the assistance of one constituted a help, instead of a hindrance, to her fellow beings. And even the notable fact that she heals without manipulating does not affect the case, for there were those who gave "absent treatments" as long ago as 1876—perhaps earlier—without calling themselves anything but "magnetic healers," and before the new names which I have already mentioned were ever thought of. But I will not trespass further, only to say that I like exactitude of language, and that I think every grown person owes it to himself to be open and unequivocal. Mrs. J. L. GARCELON.
CHICAGO.

THE STURGIS CAMP-MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR: June 12, 1891, was the commencement of a three days' meeting at Sturgis, Mich., the thirty-third anniversary of the dedication of the first spiritual church building erected in the United States. The people assembled about 2 o'clock, p. m., on the 12th, and the gathering not being large reminded me of the saying of our elder brother, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be in the midst and that to own and bless." Joel Tiffany spoke of his early experience as an investigator of the occult forces. Abram Smith spoke some well-chosen words for the occasion. Mrs. R. S. Lilly closed with a poem for Mr. Kelley, who is in his ninety-fourth year of earth life and has been blind to external things for several years, but whose internal sight is clear as to the future. Mr. Tiffany spoke in the evening to a good attendance. The meeting opened Saturday morning with conference and a large attendance. In looking over the audience I saw many who used to enjoy the conference meetings

thirty years ago were absent so far as mortal eyes could see. Mrs. Lilly gave the address in the forenoon. Subject (by Dr. Lyman Packard), "If I am an individual being and am to continue to be, where was I previous to the present state?" The question was handled from an evolutionary standpoint, and with satisfaction to the audience. Mr. Tiffany spoke in the evening. On Saturday there was conference in the forenoon, after which Abram Smith gave a good discourse on mediumship. Mr. Tiffany spoke in the afternoon and Mrs. Lilly in the evening to a crowded house. Subject: "What are the functions of the human brain?" Mrs. Lilly handles her subjects as one of master mind, with few equals and no superiors. Notice was given that one year hence there would be another meeting, and all were cordially invited.

DR. A. D. HOWARD.

THE ORION CAMP MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR: The ten days' camp meeting held at Orion by the 1st District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan from June 13 until the 22, closed with the general verdict of a complete success, financially, socially and spiritually.

Lyman C. Howe was present during the entire time, and his efforts proved beyond even our highest anticipations. The spiritual literature sent to our desk by the different publishers claimed a fair and just presentation by him, and all the topics proffered from the audience were logically and philosophically treated. Mrs. Minnie Carpenter, from Gaylord, Michigan, was present with her usual power of inspirational song and verse, with the additional feature of test mediumship. We might also mention with due credit, Mrs. Ireland and Mrs. Laraway, of Detroit; Mrs. Papan, of Haslett Park, and Mrs. Allen, of Flint, whose tests were well appreciated and recognized. And especial credit is due to them all for the aid afforded the association by generously giving the benefits of a séance, which netted the same over ten dollars. Vice-President Wadsworth filled the chair in the absence of the president with dignity and satisfaction, also in keeping with good order and the timely expression of high thoughts and pure aspirations. The election of officers was unanimous in selection, but the secretary, Mrs. F. E. Odell, who has filled that position for nine consecutive years, declined on account of poor health, and the office was transferred for one year to Mrs. L. E. Owen, of Lapeer.

The present management hold themselves in readiness with favorable circumstances to make the year of 1892 still more complete and attractive.

MRS. F. E. ODELL.

LAPEER, MICH.

SAW AND HEARD THE PENCIL WRITE.

TO THE EDITOR: I have myself had a revelation that opens up my understanding of the true meaning of that term. I have sat and looked on the open face of a slate and seen the pencil in a tremulous motion, write the name of my spirit friend from whom I had just received a long communication or series of communications, to which J. B. had been signed; and when I asked for the name in full the pencil moved in a quick, tremulous motion which I could both see and hear, and the full name was written out. This was above the table and in broad daylight, the slate resting on the right hand of the medium. This séance is to me the most remarkable I ever heard of: Slate full after slate full kept coming, and the spirit of my mother who died in 1849, before I was thirteen years of age, could not apparently say enough. My sealed inquiry was, "Mother, can you give me evidence of spirit return, and will you do so?" And oh, what evidence! She told me how in answer to my prayer my life was saved at sea, and that occurred in 1854 off Cape Good Hope. She told me that an angel of justice had been my guide from birth; she spoke of my eventful life and of things which had passed from my memory, and finished by telling me of the great joy she felt in this meeting, and after telling me to come again, closed by saying, "God bless you, my son," and signed with her initials "M. A. B.," and then I asked aloud for the name in full and it was immediately written correctly. All this was in answer to my question, "Can you give me evidence of spirit return?" and oh, such evidence cannot be mistaken. I learned more in that séance than I ever dreamed of being possible.

Yours fraternally,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

T. J. B.

by indirection is no excuse for him; he is too new in the minister's vocation and belongs to too advanced a sect to plead any clerical immunities.

After these many years of endeavor in the interests of scientific research, and uncompromising demand for honesty, accuracy and judicial fairness, it goes without saying that THE JOURNAL is at one with the purposes of the proposed American Psychical Society in so far as those purposes are along the same lines. The comments on Mr. Allen are made in no unfriendly or captious spirit. THE JOURNAL, however, would be inconsistent if it deprecated want of candor and anything misleading in the avowed exponents of Spiritualism, as it does, and failed to take notice of what certainly seems to be both uncandid and misleading in those who propose scientific researches in the psychical field. THE JOURNAL is quite willing to forego any temporary and fleeting advantage to Spiritualism which may be gained by throwing dust in the eyes of ministers, orthodox and heterodox, and their followings, even though that dust is scented with the aroma of Unitarianism and condescends impartially to cover Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists alike.

THE REFUGE OUVROIR.

In all great manufacturing and commercial communities are women in large numbers—servants, work girls and others thrown upon their own resources—who at times are out of employment, and to whom life seems a hopeless struggle against adverse fate. They are exposed to temptations which, however much they shrink from them at first, sometimes become too great for average human nature to resist. Young and beautiful girls, of the class here mentioned especially, are in danger of being driven or lured to degradation. By the promise of lascivious scoundrels who are ever on the watch for new victims, or the treacherous aid of the so-called lover, thousands of young women are induced to take the first step in the path that leads to infamy. In all cities there should be some provision made at the public expense for the temporary assistance of women who have no helping friends and whom circumstances have reduced to a condition of temporary dependence.

To Paris, the city of gaiety and vice, as it is commonly represented by English-speaking people, belongs the honor of having first recognized the need of such an institution and at the same time of doing something practical in the way of meeting the want. Nearly a year ago it established the Municipal Working Refuge (Refuge Ouvroir Municipal). In the *Westminster Review* for May, Edmund R. Spearman, having visited the establishment, gives an account of the undertaking and of the successful work, which he highly praises. It is not a "refuge for fallen women," where women who have any shred of self-respect left dread to go, but rather "a refuge to prevent women from falling." The only personal requirement on entrance is readiness to work, which alone is sufficient to exclude professional prostitutes. The Refuge Ouvroir offers entire freedom. The women are given shelter and board and allowed to go out on certain days to seek work. To enable them to contribute toward the cost of the hospitality which they receive they work in shops established for that purpose. They are obliged before they are admitted to furnish information, as to name, place of birth, whether married, widow or single, occupation, by whom employed the last two years, dates when unemployed, cause of unemployment, present abode and references.

The directress of the institution is Madame Louise Koppe, who is a founder of women's trades unions, editor of a semi-monthly journal devoted to women and children, and a writer on social and industrial subjects. Says Mr. Spearman: "The women instantly recognize the extreme value of the Refuge Ouvroir as an aid in their distress, to be used as intended by the founders and for no other purpose. Although in the most mentally depressed condition possible for human nature, the condition of the

Poor o'erlabored wight
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil,

and having had their 'poor petition' probably spurned many times of late, they yet have almost looks of content, and even some gleams of happiness at the present temporary relief. It is not a place for permanent domicile, but for a short respite, and yet they are still plying the disheartening avocation of seeking for work and finding it not; but still they have good rest and good living, an immense aid in that epoch, as so many millions of the unemployed in all lands know only too well."

The statistical record from July 17, 1890, to March 31, 1891, shows among the occupations represented by the inmates, servants (415), cooks (84), day-workers (89), housemaids (24), shop girls (12), laundresses (20), hospital nurses (11), florists (6), tradeswomen (5), milliners (3), "reduced lady" (1). There are 628 spinsters, 105 widows, 84 married, and 5 divorced; 140 in a condition of pregnancy, 129 nursing babies, 32 feeding babies, and 75 with children over two years old. In this table, as Mr. Spearman mentions, the number of women with child and of children with women is noticeable, yet he says the establishment is neither a foundling hospital nor a lying-in hospital, and there is no provision for either function. "Only the night before my visit," he says, "an inmate prematurely seized with the pains of labor, had to be transported after midnight for accommodation and care by the *sage femmes* of the municipality." But although the establishment is not designed for motherhood, the pregnant woman is always given the preference. "It is during these times that the unfriended work-woman finds the struggle for existence most maddening and needs most the kindly hand of friendship. These women are those also too likely to fall into the abyss of prostitution unless soothed by a protecting influence at the critical period. It is no part of Madame Koppe's religion that a woman is a subject for scorn or social stigma because she has had, or is about to have, an illegitimate child. Not that all these unborn children are illegitimate." Some of the women are wives whose husbands have fallen upon hard days. But the good directress has great respect for the mother who in the hard struggle of destitution without work tries to nurse her baby instead of leaving it for others to keep or to kill. Madame Koppe would enthrone motherhood as the most sacred of obligations and as the salvation of France.

Mr. Spearman was shown through the Refuge Ouvroir by the directress. Some of the workers were employed with sewing machines, some with needles. In the dining room everything "was most fascinatingly perfect in quality." It looked "more like a dining hall at some great seaside hotel, frequented by the democracy, rather than a workhouse feeding room. In another hall around a warm stove were gathered invalids and old women, a few babies and children, they or their mothers being on the list of slightly indisposed. An inmate who is seriously ill is taken to the hospital. On the second floor was found a dormitory for women with children, some of the beds occupied with mothers nursing their little ones. Another dormitory, a large one divided into two sections, with two long rows of beds in each, and another unfinished to be used when the limit of inmates is reached, were visited. A large bath room and shower bath, "both of the most sumptuous character," and a kitchen in which the process of cooking is "a sample of the best and healthiest French cookery," are among the conveniences and advantages mentioned by the visitor.

The inmates who obtain employment not far from the establishment are permitted to lodge there for awhile, until they can get a start.

More than one-half of the inmates of the Refuge Ouvroir are servants. The reason of this Mr. Spearman says is the widespread system by which rascally housekeepers obtain a succession of cheap hands by plotting with the *bureaux de placement* to take an applicant, divide the annual commission paid in advance, and then on some frivolous pretext turn the girl into the street when full wages begin, all the fees coming out of the first month's earnings. The *bureaux* do a large business by a constant succession of vacancies, and the housekeepers get servants at half price. To girls treated in this manner—turned into the street,

without money or place to sleep—the Refuge Ouvroir must seem like a veritable home and the humane and sympathetic Madame Koppe like a kind mother. The civilized world is indebted to the Municipal Council of Paris for the good example it has set in a truly noble work. Chicago ought to have an institution of the same kind.

That is certainly an excellent regulation said to exist in Sweden, although lately not always enforced, that every person intending to emigrate shall procure a certificate from the pastor of the parish. Says the *New York Press*: The Lutheran pastor in Sweden is a civil officer as well as an ecclesiastic, and has supervision over the free schools which have enabled Sweden to take highest rank for the literacy of her people among all the nations of Europe. The pastor who gives a certificate knows, therefore, the facts upon which it is given, and the emigrants whose character is thus attested are not likely to belie the recommendation. "If all our immigrants were of this class," remarked Colonel Weber, when the Hekla landed her Scandinavian passengers Sunday, "no Immigration Bureau would be necessary. Not one of these people ever remains in the city. They are farmers by birth and training, and come here prepared to go farming in the West. They never become a burden to a community." But why should any immigrant be allowed to land without some reasonable evidence, in the form of a certificate, or otherwise, of good reputation at home? Why should not the rule which Sweden established be made a requirement as to all foreign countries? In most European countries the pastor of a church could be depended upon as conscientious and reliable in any testimonial affecting character, and if not the pastor, then some responsible civil officer, such as mayor or prefect, might certify. At present the trash of Southern or Southeastern Europe is pouring into America in a volume at once appalling and amazing. Something must be done to stop the spread of the imported ulcer, and a rule such as we have described would probably at least alleviate the evil.

Referring to the death of Mme. Blavatsky and the scheme to introduce into this country Hindoo mysticism a writer says that from the first the theosophical speculation lacked a vitalizing principle and had nothing in common with the higher feelings and aspirations of men, that "the strange doctrine found but little favor, and its few disciples were attracted rather by curiosity than by faith. The curiosity passed into indifference, and the queer woman with her queer religion faded out of sight together, sometimes recalled to the world's attention by a alleged exposure or a sensational criticism. She is dead, with her mysteries and her imposture, if intentional imposture there was. She made a brief ripple in the majestic current that sweeps on to the ocean of eternity. Others have done the same before her, others will do so again. But their puny efforts cannot swerve the mighty destinies of the human race."

Gen. Booth's plan for rescuing the "submerged tenth" from wretchedness and other practical efforts of the Salvation Army, led Canon Farrar to compare the work of the unlearned Salvation workers with that of the early Christians; "those ragged, wandering preachers, whom trade denounced, whom respectability disowned, whom the religion of the day excommunicated and anathematized," but who "nevertheless did, with the irresistible might of weakness, shake the world." The resemblance is stronger than many of the worshipers in our stately churches would like to own. It is true enough that Salvation leaders have been guilty of many extravagances of conduct and offenses against good taste. But can we doubt that so were numbers of the early Christians, from whom the great church has descended, "the little companies of slaves and artisans—not many rich, not many noble, not many mighty—who met to listen to St. Paul in the purlieus of Cornith or Ephesus, or Rome among the Jewish mendicants of the *Tra vere*?"



A GREAT WRONG.

By W. WHITWORTH.

Wages in the United States are higher than in any other country in the world. So far, good. This increase, in great part, is believed to be due to the tariff that places restriction on foreign competition, shutting out goods made by the cheap laborers of less favored lands. Again, so far, good.

But, if cheap laborers are permitted to stream into our land, steadily cutting down wages toward a starvation level, while the protected necessities of existence are doubled, how then? In an old brick barrack in this city the three floors are laid off into low-grade tenement habitations. A respectable horse would turn up his nose in disgust if requested to stable there. The building swarms with the poorest class of European labor serfs. They are of the downtrodden creatures who fabricate the cheap goods the tariff is established to shut out. Their methods of life both morally and materially are a direct menace to the well-being of American work people. The latter have received education and surroundings that call for things decent and orderly, for homelife that is cleanly, self-respecting and Christian-like. How can this be obtained in competition with these labor serfs from foreign lands? In the brick barrack referred to there is a family consisting of a man and his wife and six children. They live in a single room, eating and sleeping in a huddled heap, like so many cattle. Is wholesome cleanliness or common decency possible? An old rusty cook-stove stands at one end, a rough, square, pine table, with chairs and stools of like cheap pattern, fill the space down one side, while the opposite stretch of room is filled with three beds, ranged in an unsheltered row, having not a foot of space between. In one sleep father and mother, the next is occupied by the three girls, in years from fourteen to eighteen, while the third is for the boys, ten and twelve; the eldest, a young man of twenty-one, being recently married and living in a room adjoining. Their entire possession of household goods would not sell for \$25. Not a shred of carpet is on the floor, not so much as a cheap picture is there to relieve the dead hideousness of the four bare walls, not a scrap of cloth ever lies on the coarse pine table. The scant supply of pans, kettles and dishes is scattered over a couple of unplanned boards on either side of the stove. Cooking, eating, sleeping, dressing and undressing are all done within the restricted space of this one room. Not even a strip of half-way concealment is hung between the beds. Every atom of homelife is as free and familiar as that of hogs in a sty.

But they flourish. Each one adds a mite to the family earnings. Father and mother, boys and girls alike issue forth to every-day labor; the latter, during years of the period when they should be in school. What the result? Ignorance and coarse thought and feeling; animal-like, their morals and sense of enjoyment are comprised within the whisky-jug and mug of beer! But they flourish. Though toiling singly for a wage on which an American workingman's family would starve, the aggregate of their earnings foots up to quite an available sum, and a portion is steadily laid by for a rainy day. In a dozen or more years the father will erect a board cottage on some outlying common, and after struggling through as many more to pay for sewerage, grading, paving and crushing load of tax-rate, with white hairs and a worn-out body just ready for the grave, he will own a home one or two degrees better than a shed for cattle.

In the meantime, what? He will have helped to crowd self-respecting American laborers to the wall; Unionism will flourish like a noxious weed; his children, educated by their new surroundings into aspirations for the higher wages that can alone give

decent living, will in their turn be crowded down by other streams of old-world serfdom pouring in.

Does not this point to the veriest mockery of wise statesmanship, even-handed justice, Christ-like Christianity? To be effective, should not revivals of religion reach down into the evil depths of our modern social condition? Or must this influx of European slave labor go steadily on until the whole body of American workers are sunk to the same low level?

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS BY A UNIVERSALIST MINISTER.

To the Universalist, Unitarian, and Liberal Ministers of America:

I would like to ask a few questions if you will be so kind as to answer them by writing me directly.

Has a minister of the gospel a right to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism?

Is it his duty to do so? And having carefully investigated the subject and found that certain facts which he has observed, prove the truth of the Christian's hope is it his Christian duty to announce it? Or is it his Christian duty to keep it still? I am engaged by a congregation here in this city to preach to them the hope of immortality and furnish them all the consolation possible in that line, and having learned that many intelligent men claim that the facts of psychology furnish proof of what I am engaged to preach, it occurred to me to look at those facts to see if their claim is true and this has caused some of my congregation to make complaints against me.

Now, I do not want to do anything wrong or inconsistent and I cannot see anything wrong in a man trying to prove what he says. If all the liberal ministers who see this will take the trouble to write me and give me advice on the subject I will be very grateful. Hoping to hear from many of you soon, I am

Faithfully,

T. W. WOODROW,

Pastor Universalist Church.

MARSHALLTOWN, Iowa, May 18, 1891.

REMINISCENCES.

By MRS. J. M. STAATS.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT. PROPHECIES AND PERSISTENT SPIRITS. UNWELCOME GUESTS.

When great sorrow becomes absorbing, we fall without knowing it into a kind of selfishness which usurps sway over all about us. Our friends offer sympathy, and we readily take it, in fact begin to exact it, thereby feeding despondency and becoming useless, constantly dwelling in the irrevocable past, there to find nothing save tears, wasted energy, wrinkled faces, and gray hairs. One may, as did I, regard it a great unkindness, in fact cruelty, when a friend asks, "what are you going to do? You know you have a son almost entirely dependent upon you." Do! I wanted nothing. However, there was magic in the words that a child was dependent upon me, and a feeling came over me which seemed to arouse energies heretofore benumbed and latent. The mortal I had been was now another being; I had entered upon a new world, the old life was dead, past resurrection. The experiences of the majority of women compelled to gain a maintenance by their own exertions, are many and varied. One of mine is as fresh in my memory, although thirty-five years have passed, as if it had occurred yesterday. I narrate it because of its ridiculous character, it being the first of a long series of strange happenings, which I do not expect my readers unacquainted with outside occult forces to appreciate or understand.

A lady, employed in making dress caps for the trade, whose business had increased, desired a partner, and proposed as it required a small capital that I should join her. The plan was for me to go into the work room a few days to obtain an insight into the modus operandi of making caps, which was a very easy matter, after which I would be able to relieve her and allow her more time to purchase goods and

increase sales. I started in, full of courage, beginning at once to feel myself a business woman, and regarded for the first time in many months my future provided for. The first day of my apprenticeship passed off very well, as there was nothing to do, save to learn the details of the work and make note of the different branches of the same given to the girls employed, so that material should not be wasted or soiled. The aforesaid girls, some of whom had been a very long time at work, manipulated with apparent ease long strips of turlatan, lace, ribbons, etc., shaping caps which were marvels of beauty and style. Although their hands were not—excuse me—as shapely or white as my own, it really was very wonderful to see how easily and deftly they rolled over the cut edges of turlatan and other material, leaving not a single loose thread to mar the ribbon-like strip required for the full plaiting, then so universally worn. Of course I could do it as they did, so with this assurance, I began the first strip of turlatan, taking care to select a corner piece; I placed thumb and forefinger in position as did the girls; alas! it would not turn over; it tore at every inch; turn and pinch it as I might, it still refused to be rolled. Becoming nervous I pinched it still closer, when to my greater chagrin the strip was jerked out of my hands, and torn in two halves it floated to the floor on either side of the chair in which I was sitting.

I saw the girls smile and whisper, yet none of them offered to assist or instruct me. I was the new partner to enlarge the business; it was not to be supposed that they were to teach me as an apprentice. A week passed, each day bringing more and more confusion and greater mortification. On one occasion my scissors were thrown, in spite of myself, into the lap of the proprietor, a good orthodox lady who, I believe, thought me guilty of purposely throwing them at her. Such a week of trial I hope may never fall to the lot of any mortal seeking to begin a business life. I begged my mother to go to my partner and tell her as best she could of my inability to keep my contract. I was willing to pay for material destroyed, in fact would do anything if my mother would only make excuse for my strange conduct. Mrs. Smith, my partner, said she did not understand me, thought I was a little shattered on account of my late bereavement. It was evident to me that this experience was no portion of the far more exceeding weight of glory, which was not to begin with making dress caps.

My next effort was a very common one to many left alone to seek daily bread in this great city, namely, that of keeping boarders. Boarding-house, the only name given an abiding place wherein the word home never sounds as sweet, either to those who board or those who keep it. However, as I had a number of friends who would be glad to board with me at my low prices, because of being old friends, it was my best and only way to make a home. My second effort went on fairly well until my mother returned from a western trip where she had visited near Rochester, and consequently being near Hydesville had heard all about the wonderful Fox girls, and had actually seen parties who had witnessed spirit rappings. The result of her hearing was that she at once espoused the cause, was filled with the subject, and could scarcely talk of anything else. I begged of her not to speak of it to my boarders, and upon no account to start it at the table, assuring her they would think her crazy and leave the house. "My child," she would say, "not to speak of it will not stop it; it is a great truth, in which will be found proof of immortality and the continued progress of the soul," etc. To argue with me relative to such an unpopular subject was of no avail; I simply implored her if she had any regard for me never to mention spirit manifestations again. She made no reply, looking at me as if to say, you little know what you are doing.

A few weeks later the Fox Sisters arrived in New York, stopping at the Howard House, corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, where my mother lost no time in arranging for a seat at their crowded séances. I saw that I had hurt my mother, who, I knew, was very anxious to share her new found joy with me, as her visits to the séances had now become

more frequent. Not meaning to be unkind, I finally asked what communication, if any, she had received? Looking at me very earnestly, she replied, "Do you wish me to tell you?" Upon assuring her of my willingness to listen, she drew from her pocket a small piece of paper, upon which was written, having been given by alphabet, "Jenny is a medium; she will write." My great disgust upon hearing this prophecy is beyond my power to indite. However, if any known power of will force, or having nothing whatever to do with the subject would keep off this unsought blessing, I most certainly would repulse it by fortifying each and every avenue through which a spirit could gain access or control. Alas, all opposition was vain; the ghosts would not down. The subject became the absorbing topic; the house was divided, one half cried humbug and knee joints, the other said electricity, and forthwith commenced to sit at pine tables, previously heated, the better to facilitate and enable the tables to move; which move they did, cutting up all sorts of antics when two little girls, nieces of mine, were in our circle. So far our manifestations were entirely physical; not a word of intelligence. However, as the fact was established that the tables were moved without the will or volition of any of our party, those who would not accept declared that only the low and ignorant were believers, and being such was sufficient proof that it was humbug and chicanery. It never occurred to them that the Christ, who came to revolutionize and Christianize humanity, sought and found twelve of the most prominent men on record from the humblest walks of life. Yet, among all who were known in that time of our investigation, not one was a fisherman, nay, nor a carpenter.

It was fortunate for the weaker party to be strengthened by the arrival of a friend, in the person of the late S. W. Brittan, of Troy, cousin of the late Dr. S. B. Brittan, so long and favorably known through his books and lectures, than whom spiritism has never had a more honorable exponent and defender.

Mr. S. W. Brittan was a fine conversationalist, strong, clear and authentic in argument, was like the old lady who knew all about the earthquake because of being in the very house where it was. He had attended a great many private circles, had also, by magnetizing, developed and entranced his subjects so entirely that they had not only astonished others, but himself as well, having told strangers' family names and related events transpiring, of which those present knew nothing; which were proven true on inquiring of those remote from places where his sésances were held. On one occasion he selected for subjects two ladies, strangers to each other, also to Mr. Brittan. Both passed into a quiet slumber, to all appearance; one walked to the lounge, lying down perfectly naturally, while the other reclined her head upon the back of the easy chair. All was quiet, when Mr. Brittan remarked, "I am going to make Rose [we will so call her, meaning the lady on the lounge] talk." Making a few passes downward, sure enough she began to chatter, a little confusedly at first, but quite distinctly after a few more passes. "Who are you?" asked Mr. Brittan, pointing to the lady still asleep in the chair. She said, "I am Helen." After quite a lengthy conversation about matters of which the party of friends present declared they knew nothing, she said, "Wake me up," a task not a little difficult. While the waking process was going on with Rose, Helen began to yawn and to show signs of awaking, and did awake.

The strange part of the story was that the spirit of Helen left her body while she was sleeping and took possession of the sleeping body of Rose, through whose organism she had told events known to no one present save Helen. Much to our surprise the two ladies declared that they had not the slightest knowledge of what had occurred during their magnetic sleep, from which they awakened refreshed and natural.

How did we know the events narrated by Rose were known only to Helen? Mr. Brittan related, in the presence of the company, what had transpired. Helen, greatly astonished, admitted the fact and was not at all pleased with the liberty taken by her spirit, blam-

ing Mr. Brittan for the transfer, for which however he was in no way responsible, being the most mystified man of the party.

In this experiment our circle found it quite evident that a spirit could leave the body while sleeping or with suspended functions; this being the case, as the Bible was authority that a spirit was undying, it was feasible and indeed rational to believe that after the change called death, a spirit may have even less to hold it from those attractions which are constantly seeking its presence. One gentleman declared we were dual beings, quite capable of separate and distinct lives. He did not believe in limiting our own spirits of which he assured us we knew very little. The experience of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was not known in that day; had it been, no doubt our friend would have claimed that the spirit knew how to produce this dual effect without the use of Dr. Jekyll's chemicals.

As our investigations became more interesting, of course our sittings were more frequent. All sorts of strange rappings and noises were heard about the house; shade, not spring rollers, were drawn up; curtains, in the winter season, pulled back and held firmly away from the windows, while large bodies of light appeared, producing explosions, which, when we were awakened—for this phenomenon usually occurred in the night—would linger a short time, then fade away; after which performance the shade would go down, and heavy Nottingham curtains drop back, leaving hangings at the window carefully arranged as before meddled with. On one occasion, a very dear friend of mine who like myself was puzzled relative to the many peculiar doings about the house, concluded to say nothing of our intention, but agreed to sit up all night, indeed to watch many nights, determined to find out and catch the disturber of our rest and slumbers. Accordingly, after every member of the household had retired, we took the precaution to lock the door leading to the servants' room, which, being in the basement of the house, made it impossible for them to gain access to the upper room, which we also barred and bolted. Not being in the least nervous or afraid, we entered upon our vigil with great composure and good nature; feeling quite sure that we should see the night through without being visited by spirit or mortal in any guise or form.

We chatted and talked until our little clock had struck half past one, then, feeling a little sleepy, thought, as the witches' hour was passed, we would retire for the remainder of the night. No sooner was our lamp extinguished than a slight noise at the window was heard. Immediately turning our heads there, sure enough the window shade which had to be drawn up from the inside, slowly rolled up, the hangings were not parted and turned in opposite directions as is usual, both were drawn far back to one side, as if gathered in one hand, and there held until we had a fair view of the luminous globe of pinkish-hued light which bumped against the window pane, as if making effort to enter, then disappeared. As slowly as the shade went up it came down; the curtains fell back into position, and no trace of mortal aid could be seen. We were out of bed on the instant and made every possible investigation, finding everything precisely as our precaution before retiring had arranged it.

I must not forget to mention here that the room we occupied was on the second story back, the lot a deep one, and on the rear of our dwelling was a row of new warehouses, closed with iron shutters, which were never lighted at night; hence the theory of reflection from another window was out of the question. Admitting that that might have been, it did not offer explanation of the drawing up and letting down of the window draperies.

Much as I disliked to admit these facts to my mother, who of course was delighted at what she called evidence of spirit guests, I still felt obliged, as did my friend, to confess to the truth and admit myself puzzled. While I would not believe that disembodied spirits had any lot or part in the matter, I did also confess to a feeling of contempt when my friend and I were told it was simply imagination. I need

have no fears, they said, of being disturbed when my imagination was less active. I would then see no more lights, etc.

I had no fears of them at any time; they were intrusions which were unwelcome. I held them as obnoxious in every respect, and if there was any way to be rid of them, that way I would find. If in prayer, that I would most seriously and religiously employ. This, however, was of no avail, for while I was praying to be delivered from the terrible evil, my dear mother was praying for a continuance of the divine blessing, and asking aid to make me the willing instrument through whom evidence of immortality and the progress of the soul could be given to weary, waiting humanity.

It now remained to see whose prayers were to be answered. Mine were offered with all the force of will I could bring to make them effective.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE INCOMING AGE.—IV. (CONCLUDED.)

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

The angelic society to which I belong and with which I hold communion, recognizes the out-worked Supreme Life taking form in the family, as so much gain to the race in its onward march under the law of evolution. It holds to the duality of this Supreme Life and regards marriage or the union of one man with one woman as its representative expression. It has nothing to do with polygamy, polyandry, free love or extra marital or sexual relations of any kind. It knows but one law—the law recognized in all civilized States—the monogamic marriage. It does not condemn other systems or their teaching as to the relation of the sexes. It recognizes rather, if the discrimination can be made, that these extra-sexual relations have been a necessity in past conditions of the race. It was the coming down of the Divine Life taking upon itself these diverse forms. Whilst angels of the society with which I am associated are rigid in their exactions in complying with the representative conditions of marriage, they do not confine their sympathy to those who live this life. They especially reach down into the hovels and dens of vice to rescue men and women from the excesses of sensuality. They mitigate where they cannot cure the disorders of our civilization and seek to infuse the true spirit into these relations and to bring the light of knowledge to bear where now ignorance reigns almost without exception. It is their privilege and pleasure to teach the race what true marriage means and so to uplift the souls of men and women that the divine life of God may find fruition in the conditions purified by the true love of one man for one woman and one woman for one man.—They are not iconoclasts, world-reformers, disturbers of the peace, nor visionaries seeking to inaugurate a regime outside the common life of humanity. We recognize the will of the Supreme revealed in the events of human life—knowing that the one Supreme Intelligence guides all to a higher issue, and that only as they and we work in conformity with this will can we hope to attain proper results. It is not theirs nor ours to formulate the present, but to infill it and the past with the true spirit and work in the sequences of law as it unfolds in the ordinary conditions of life—day by day. The angels of sympathy and love go hand in hand to relieve suffering, but not to change the uses of suffering. Here they recognize the directing power which men call Providence; and they never seek to thwart its purposes, knowing that that Providence is all-sufficient and takes cognizance of each and every event that transpires in all lives, whether of angels or men.

The angelic society to which I belong seeks not to proselyte but to inspire all with the love of pure truth and to disseminate the knowledge which will dissipate ignorance and show the true meaning of "Man, know thyself."

In a recent communication which he wrote for THE JOURNAL the writer gave as a fundamental axiom that all knowledges, whether of God, angels or men come in one of four forms, viz., revelation, reason, intuition or experience. This he believes. Tha-

which pertains to our mundane life, usually called physical science, is largely the result of experience. That which pertains to the inner natural plane belongs to intuition. That which is rational, logical—the realm more particularly of the understanding and the higher cognitive faculties—belongs to the domain of reason. Few ever rise above this plane. It is the plane of philosophic insight. Revelation comes through angelic communication, through prepared media. This is by the opening of the inner senses and the quickening of the faculties to see pure truth and to be able to translate it according to the law of its evolution—illustrated in the case of the Bhagvat Gita, the utterances of the Hebrew prophets and of men like unto Swedenborg. They give knowledges of spirit and the future life not communicable through the ordinary conditions of mentality. These angelic utterances are not authoritative except as they are confirmed by the other three factors for the attainment of knowledge. Revelation simply transcends these but is always in accord with them. Revelation is the outcome of angelic societies—never from spirits so-called; and hence what they give has in it that which has never been given to the race. Spirits impart no truth that is not already known—through one or the other forms for obtaining knowledge which we have mentioned. This should be remembered as the clear distinction in our searches after truth in its pure form without the admixture of appearance.

A word more may be proper here. The instrument used by the angelic society to which I belong is a man who has devoted the larger part of his life to the investigation of occult phenomena; and occult literature, especially of the East; a man acquainted with the claims of all modern science; is himself a scientist of no mean acquirement and withal a busy man of the world, touching its business, its politics and its various humanitarian movements. Accepting the principles of Swedenborg as the ground of his mental evolution, he is much like him in many particulars, only the truths revealed through him are far in advance of Swedenborg's claims. His is an infilling first of Swedenborg and then an extension of his grand principles. I regard the truths revealed through my friend as far in advance of anything heretofore given to the world. These truths rest upon science as a base, and ascend by easy stages to the Great Beyond—never shocking the simplest intuitions of the soul.

I make the above statements that the reader may understand that what I may write in the remainder of this series will be largely the thought obtained by me through the writings of my nameless friend. I am a pupil, not an attorney; I am a scholar, not a teacher, rejoicing that I have found in my long and weary journey that which satisfies my reason and common sense, and responds to the longing to know that which solves for me the riddle of existence.

At this stage of the world's evolution it is a source of profound pleasure to know that the stale, unprofitable and fragmentary teachings of so-called "spirits" is to be superseded by that which comes from an angelic source; that which seeks not to destroy but to infill with new life all that humanity has conserved in the past, and to bring to our expectant vision the truths which will illuminate—freeing the mind from its illusions and bringing knowledge which will dissipate our ignorance.

The great curse of this age is antagonism. We combat because we like excitement for its own sake—not for the principles we cherish. This is the hindrance in the spiritual movement of to-day. Its leaders are jealous of one another. Each has his hobby, and for this he struggles until he is exhausted to find that somebody else has thought or said all that he has thought or said. There is no unity anywhere. No feeling of fraternity expands the soul into higher ends and aims, and hence as a movement, except in its phenomenal aspect, it is a failure; and this because the leaders of this movement have no central philosophy around which to rally—a philosophy which explains human life to those who think and feel; and who want to act, and who, especially, want peace.

What are the practical results following the line of thought in the preceding papers? We know that

there is one self-conscious Supreme Power who imparts his self-consciousness to the forms of life called man-woman. We know that this Life is imparted moment by moment and is so imperceptible that we imagine it is our own, and hence "appropriate" it, and under the law of appearance we feel it as a sense of I-hood and hence as a sense of freedom. We know when the darkness, into which we have descended, recedes and the light shines, chasing away the clouds, that there is but One-in-Many. We know that in our ascent from time up through the states of eternity that we come into the palengenesis or second birth, and are forevermore gods—parts of the God-head. We know when we arrive at this state that a life of eternal progress begins, which has no end. We know that our destiny is ruled by law and that in the infinite drama we act our parts—masked in time under our present personality. We know that all experience is God-appointed and that we of ourselves cannot change our allotments. We know that all seeming good or ill is not of our choosing but is chosen for us and this for the evolution of God's involved life in quantitative and qualitative forms. We know that all worship is God's joy in us—giving us to realize his own self-Love reacting in and through us by experience! We know there is one, two and three and that this trinity is the—All!—discreted as father—mother—child! Through father-mother-god-angels are we differentiated!

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XXI.

RAISON D'ETRE OF A SPIRITUAL HYPOTHESIS.

In entering upon this speculative branch of the investigation, we are to brush aside the assumption that our preconceptions have any reliable value whatever. The feeble gossip of "impossibility" or the superstitious dread of "ghosts" is unworthy of a moment's consideration. We have no right to dogmatize as to the existence, non-existence or modes of action of spiritual beings, seeing that aside from the claims of these phenomena in their different phases we know no more of the subject than Harold Skimpole did of the mysteries of finance. The only path the thinking mind can pursue is to take the facts that are conclusively proved and from them reason up to a cause. We must look for proof or disproof of an hypothesis to the character of the effects laid before the senses; to rest upon a peremptory denial is a broken reed and ends in disaster. Whatever conclusions the true facts establish, we must accept; in no other way can the light flow in upon us of God's dealing with men in this matter.

There is no accurate line of thought that permits us to entertain intelligent beings other than those of the human family. We know of embodied intelligence and there is a logical probability of disembodied. Other orders of spiritual beings are to be relegated to traditional belief and are not the objects of reasoning. Is the probability then of spirit-life sufficient to justify an examination into it as the cause of observed facts, and engage us to seek a rational basis for the transcendental hypothesis founded upon them?

When by the study of the phenomena of somnambulism and clairvoyance we find an embodied intelligence, independent of the limitations of matter, not using for its knowledge and perceptions the only physical means by which we come in contact with the outer world, enjoying both thought and memory, without the conscious brain, we have good reason to hold that this thought-principle parted from the body by death, may still continue to energize without the aid of matter, as it so often had done in life. We establish a logical presumption as well as more than a probability of the continuity of life, and gain the right to reason of a spiritual hypothesis and apply it to the facts by which it is enforced. Knowledge of distant events without the employment of the physical senses, with memory and reason apart from the matter of the conscious brain being demonstrable facts, the moral certainty of the endurance of those powers is hardly less stringent. The philosopher

Büchner speaks wiser than he knows, when he says, "perception beyond the natural reach of the senses is on physical grounds an impossibility."

As every adverse opinion formed without examination of a subject that offers visible, audible and tangible proofs, must necessarily be valueless, and as all experienced observers are agreed upon the affirmative, established by countless experiments and the ample confirmation of scientific methods, our thoughts may now be turned with a certain confidence to the moving causes. The bold negation of the voluminous mass of testimony provokes inquiry and ministers to the truth. The possibility of intelligent denial of the facts has vanished, and the battle now to be fought is as to the nature of those facts. The balance is settling down on the side of facts and the opponent may dimly read the old inscription on the wall.

Although the believer in spirit-intercourse is often charged with relying upon proof that is no proof at all, and demonstrably due to no exterior spiritual cause; it is fallacious in the last degree to imagine, because so much of his claim demands further and closer experiment, that the superhuman explanation has no need of careful inquiry.

In thinking of this subject, we are too apt to forget that we are not dealing with matters of opinion, but with objective facts, that must be examined on every side to get at their true bearing. The sum of all the imperfectly understood and apparently incongruous phases, and of all the many shortcomings, may ultimately bear heavily upon any spiritual solution, still the question we must ask ourselves is imperative, and not to be evaded or silenced. Whence these intelligent signals from invisible sources—these unseen agencies that write beneath your very gaze—the greeting of friendly hands that press our own and caress us, or these voices full of affection and tremulous with emotion all coming in the name of the dead? Herein is a substantial reason for an inquiry, impregnable to loose criticism or idle negation.

We are compelled to look at an intelligence behind the facts, and we must examine that intelligence from every point of view, however trifling it may sometimes appear, or however much it may shock the traditions of our education. The reality of by far the larger portion of the alleged facts is a certainty with those who judge from knowledge, and collective character forms the only sound basis for an opinion as to their nature.

Putting aside for a moment if we can scientific prepossessions, religious antipathies, likes and dislikes, all equally worthless in the face of new facts, let us honestly ask ourselves, what at the present day is the actual position in the world of this most serious subject? A spiritual hypothesis entertained from the remotest antiquity, familiar to every religious system, then lost sight of from time to time, and at length, when belief in it was at the lowest ebb, reappearing in two little girls of the most ordinary sphere of life and of the most limited advantages, has since run the gauntlet of nearly universal opposition until it has rallied thousands around it. The most cultured and intelligent become from foes its fastest friends. The more frequent the exposures, the more complete the elimination of fraud, until the residuum of truth stood out the clearer. The more various the explanations, which never explained, the facts went on, multiplying in number and exploding each fresh fallacy by different forms of greater significance and certainty.

Sure of their position, distinguished men stepped out from the trammels of social restraint, and in the cause of what they knew to be the truth, had the nerve to dare the ridicule, loss of respect and undisguised contempt the startled world heaped upon them. The movement was not swerved from its steady march by all the load it bore of doubt, obscurity and fraud. Scientific hostility, when healthy cerebral conditions permitted, surrendered unconditionally. Wherever the facts entered they lived and grew, insensibly coloring the thought of the world, and exerting a silent influence on every degree of culture. How may we understand this power and vitality, that no sane judgment could have prophesied from the small beginning, or how this incredible revolt against the

old negation, stamped in the very fabric of the brain by generations of inheritance, if there is no shadow of truth at stake?

The phenomena came to many unsought, and wherever a few are gathered together, often with song and prayer, they are there. They come with the attraction of novelty, the charm of mystery, and seem to answer the long cry that goes up for our dead. The table is the household altar of thousands of families in our midst. By every law of evidence which can establish any other truth in nature, the reality of these facts has ceased to be a legitimate subject of discussion. The testimony of observers is all one way, and the only difference is between those who know and those who do not.

It is hardly necessary to look for further proof of a strange reality, for the point has been already reached where proof ceases to be cumulative. The advantage at this moment is with the affirmative, as a blind negation must perforce be wrong when it disputes the position adopted by all who are at the pains to inform themselves. It is a safe statement to make, that the only course now open to us, is to fall into the line of observed fact and connect these apparent evidences of exteriorly acting mind, with ourselves, our dead fellowmen or both as best we may. Those who judge solely from their own vague incredulity or from the absurdities and follies imported into the subject, see and know nothing of a graver side and are unfitted to form a just conclusion. They are at no pains to acquire an intelligent view of the gradual steps in the past, which, one after another, have led up through mesmerism, somnambulism and clairvoyance to the present order of related facts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SLATE WRITING AND PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

The following letter sent to us by the person to whom it was written, is published in THE JOURNAL at his suggestion and with the permission of Mrs. Duffey:

MY DEAR SIR: Yes, I am still a Spiritualist, "but not a d—d fool." The profanity is the late Oliver Johnson's, not mine. I shall cheerfully give my testimony to the Psychical Research Society. I wish I were located so I might join the society.

You ask me if I can explain the slate-writing trick, and if there is any genuine slate writing. To answer the last question first, I have yet had no reason to believe that there is any genuine slate writing, or spirit materialization either; and considering what a door these open for fraud, I believe Spiritualism would be better off without them. To return to the first question; I can explain all the slate writing I have ever seen, though my experience is limited, being confined to two so-called slate writers only: Mrs. Patterson, lauded by the late Thomas Hazard, and Charles Watkins.

Mrs. Patterson is so transparent a fraud that I wonder she deceives anyone. I sat for an hour and watched her write messages on a slate. There is no trick at all about her writing. She first writes a long communication and gives it to you to take up your attention while the slate writing goes on. She screws up the slate in your presence, and then holds it under the table for the spirit to write upon. Whenever her eye was upon me I was absorbed in the communication, when she was doing the writing—and she could not write without using her eyes—I was looking at her, and watching the elbow of her right arm I saw her unscrew the slate and then write; and afterwards screw the slate up. The slight motion of her elbow told the tale. Once in closing the slate under the table in her lap, the fringe of her overskirt got caught between the two slates, and she did not perceive it until she had lifted it up in my full view. She hastily snatched it out, and then glanced anxiously at me to see if I had perceived the incident; but I was deeply absorbed in a communication from Jane Eyre or possibly Currer Bell—they were both numbered among my guardian spirits—and of course had not seen anything.

Charles Watkins will bear closer watching, but give me dexterity of hand and I could do all that I saw him do. The pellet trick it seems hardly necessary to describe. I saw through that at once. The slate writing it took me a little longer to understand. He depends upon distracting your attention. Two slates were written upon, and of the eight people present three will probably declare to this day that Watkins never touched the slates before he held them in plain sight to be written upon, while two of the remainder

were of the same opinion until the incidents of the evening were recalled to them.

The way he managed the writing was this: He took up the two slates, one after the other, early in the evening, and inspired by spirit controls (?) proceeded to write upon them what purported to be answers to two of the pellets. He then pretended to read what he had written, then pretended to rub it out; and then, without permitting anyone to inspect the slates and see whether they were devoid of writing or not, he closed and locked them and laid them aside, charging us on no account to touch them. Late in the evening these two slates were brought forward and held above the table by all present, when Watkins, by a scratch of the finger-nail simulated the sound of writing, opened the slates, and lo! there were the spirit messages he had written earlier in the evening when the slates were in his possession.

I have no doubt slate writers perform much more difficult tricks than this. I wish that I might see Slade. I am conceited enough to believe I can detect fraud when it is present. In fact, it seems that my experience in Spiritualism has been continued detection of fraud.

The only materialization I ever witnessed was by Mrs. Stoddard-Grey and her son DeWitt Hough. It was so palpably fraudulent that I wonder anyone present was deceived. But there was half a large circle accepting it all as genuine visitations from the Spirit-world. Truly, there are a good many fools among the believers in Spiritualism.

Now let me turn to the other side and tell some experiences I have had. As I understand it the object of the Psychical Research Society is to investigate everything which seems beyond the realm of the probable.

I once sent for a doctor at 11 o'clock at night, by a spirit, and the doctor came at 3 o'clock in the morning, having walked three miles, in the dead of winter, in a severe storm, the cars having stopped running at that hour. When the bell rang I went to the door. There stood the doctor, looking very foolish. "I don't know what I have come for," said he, "but I felt that I ought to come." "It is all right," I replied, "I sent for you."

That is a fact that I think it will be difficult to explain away, except perhaps by the influence of mind upon mind—my mind influencing the doctor's, three miles away.

Now for another fact for which telepathy will not account, that has come under my personal knowledge. A friend of mine was a widow. One evening at a little circle we were holding for investigation, a medium present—by the way the room was lighted only by a turned-down lamp placed outside a half-closed door—went into her dark closet, which she had never entered before, went into a trunk, took out a satchel in the trunk, from the satchel took out a bundle of legal papers, and—all in the darkness—without any hesitation, singled out a paper and giving it to the lady, said, "Attend to that, it is wrong." These papers had never been looked at since the deceased husband, who had had ample notification of his approaching death, had put his affairs in order and placed these papers, deeds, etc., in this satchel and trunk for safe keeping. The lady looked at the paper and found it was an insurance policy. None of us were competent to tell if it was incorrect or not. Taking the paper to a lawyer, without giving him the reasons for her inquiry, she asked him to look at it and see if it was all right. He examined it and discovered an error which invalidated the whole paper. Here was knowledge imparted that was possessed by no living person. How will you explain it?

I believe the society investigates dreams also. I used to consider it exceedingly superstitious to believe in dreams; but I have had some strange experiences, one of which I will relate. Some fifteen or more years ago I dreamed that I went to Ohio to visit my mother. While in the little town which was her home I went to the post office, which in my dream was located where it had never been before in my knowledge; that I looked in the box, which was not the same box my mother used to have, and was disappointed in not receiving a letter. Then I thought I had gone as far as Cleveland on my homeward journey and there lost all my money. This I dreamed on a number of different nights, the circumstances always being the same in my dream. Not long after, I went to Ohio; found the post office in the very house in which my dream had located it; the box also the same as in my dream. The one time I visited the post office I was disappointed in not getting a letter. On my return home, when I reached Cleveland I was astounded to find my money gone. The dream had foretold everything. I might mention here that three months afterward I got my money all right, and that which had made me heart-sick on its occurrence gave me a good laugh later on; but as my dream did not foretell this part, it is not pertinent to this article.

I have been a sort of little psychical research society all by myself for a number of years past, taking evidence, sifting and drawing conclusions, many of which latter are so utterly at variance with the popu-

lar beliefs on Spiritualism that if I were to express them I fear I should be read out of the synagogue.

I am glad to see the good work Col. Bundy is doing in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. He is rigidly critical, but that is what Spiritualism needs.

This letter is a long one, but you set me going by your questions and you will have to take the consequences. You can make whatever use of it you choose.

Respectfully,

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

"I MUST TAKE THE ERIE."

My aunt, Mrs. O. P. Smith, of St. Louis, started east a few days ago to visit relatives of her husband's in Dutchess county, said one of those relatives, a well-known railroad man, to a New York *Sun* reporter. Her direct route was by the New York Central's system to Fishkill, and that was the way the trip had been laid out. Half an hour before starting, however, Mrs. Smith surprised her husband by saying that she intended to go by the Erie route. That would necessitate a roundabout way by New York city or by Newburgh and across the Hudson, and her husband tried to argue her out of her sudden and unreasonable determination. She stoutly insisted, however, that she must go by the Erie.

"I can't tell you why I have such an inclination to go that way," she said, "but I have that feeling, and I do not believe I could bring myself to go any other way."

Of course her husband gave in to her whim and put it down to woman's caprice. My aunt is a native of Richmond, Va., and during the war, being about 16, her only sister died, and her brother was killed in the defense of Richmond. This left her without a known relative, unless the oldest one of the family, a brother, who had gone to California in 1855, was living. She found a home, however, with a Richmond family, who moved west after the war, where the orphan girl, whose name was Allison, subsequently met and married my Uncle Smith. She was 10 years old when her brother went to California, and he was then 25. She had never heard anything from him since the war broke out. Although her father died when she was but 8, she retained a vivid remembrance of his face and manner.

"At Meadville, Pa., the next morning after leaving St. Louis, my aunt kept her berth. While she was making her toilet the porter had made up the section. When she returned and sat down a sprightly but elderly man sat down in the other seat of her section, and said:

"Excuse me, madam, but I'll just drop down here while the porter fixes up things in my section. I'm only going to the next station, anyway."

My aunt opened her mouth to reply, but she didn't speak. She simply fastened her eyes on the old man opposite. He was tall, and bright-eyed, with a silver gray mustache and goatee, the latter long and pointed. He wore a wide-brimmed felt hat. My aunt's manner seemed to nettles him, and he exclaimed, rising:

"If I annoy you, madam, I will go to some other seat."

My aunt managed to loosen her tongue then, and putting out her hand begged him to be seated. He sat down again, and my aunt looked out of the window, or at least she says she tried to, but she felt herself drawn irresistibly to look covertly at the gray-bearded stranger. When the reporter had arranged the stranger's section, and he arose and went to it, my aunt's eye followed him. She tried to speak to him as he went from her seat, but she didn't seem to be able to get out the words she wanted to say. The next station was Union City. It was only half an hour's ride from Meadville, and as the train drew nearer to it my aunt says she could hardly breathe, her heart beat so, and she felt as if she must speak to the old man or die. But somehow she could not. At last the train whistled for Union City. The gray-bearded man took his valise, and prepared to leave his seat. The train began to slow up. The old man walked toward the front end of the car. He was passing my aunt's section. She pressed one hand on her thumping heart, and, almost choking, she touched the stranger's arm and gasped:

"Sir, isn't you name Allison?"

The man looked surprised and said: "Why yes! My name's Allison."

"Charles Jasper Allison?"

"Yes," said the stranger, looking still more surprised.

"Didn't your sister Carrie used to call you Jass?"

"She did!" he exclaimed. "But why?"

"Oh, Jass! I'm your sister Carrie!" exclaimed my aunt, and her arms were around the old man's neck, and he was holding her to his breast, while both of them sobbed like a couple of children.

The long-lost brother did not get off at Union City. He was the very image of her father when he died,

my aunt said, and that is why she felt from the very first that he was her brother Jass. The brother is still a Californian, an extensive vineyardist, and while in Chicago he suddenly remembered that an old friend of his was in or near Union City, and he resolved to visit him before returning to the coast. This had occurred about half an hour before the train he was to take left Chicago, and he was just able to catch it by an extra effort. The old man will stay east for some time now and talk over the old days with his strangely found sister.

Suppose my aunt hadn't suddenly taken that whim to travel by the Erie? Or suppose her brother hadn't suddenly bethought him of his old friend in Union City? And how do you account for it at all, anyhow?"



FATHER'S KISS.

By W. B. SEABROOK.

I am a father, still I own
A priceless privilege in this;
To answer to his warm embrace
And give my father kiss for kiss.

There is in mother's fond caress,
At meeting, or when e'er we part,
A feast of fervent tenderness,
Appealing sweetly to the heart.

But in my Sire's grave salute,
To earnest benediction wed,
The steadfast eye, the grip, the words
That breathe a blessing on my head.

There is a warning influence
That thrills directly to the soul,
And, all unconsciously, I fix
Mid nobler heights the moral goal.

To press those withered lips with mine
And clasp in mine the palsied hand,
To read that look only which love
Can give, or love can understand,

Recalls the cradle and the morn,
The home of joys akin to bliss,
Whence golden precepts echo back
To sanctify my father's kiss.

Among those who think that the modern progressive education of women is hurtful rather than helpful is Mrs. Lynn Linton, who wrote recently in the London *Graphic* deploring the effects of the latter day "emancipation" of the sex. She declares that there is nothing that men do that the modern woman does not want to do; that she aims to fill the offices and professions hitherto filled entirely by the masculine sex; that she is fast freeing herself from masculine control and direction, and assuming the right to inquire into and regulate the lives of men; that the training and development which educated women receive in the present age are fatal to the priceless feminine possession of modesty; that medical schools and art schools "kill something in the girl which is more valuable to the race" than the knowledge she gains of the laws of her being or the ability she may acquire to portray the human form in its ideality. The New York *Press*, disputing these conclusions, says: It is undeniable that the present tendency is to train women to fill many places in life which have hitherto been filled by men. But it is difficult for unprejudiced eyes to see how this can in any way detract from the glories of womanhood. The training which is necessary for the bar, for the practice of medicine, for the higher kind of literary and artistic work, by developing woman's faculties, stimulating her energies and widening her knowledge of life and its inevitable conditions, adds immeasurably to her mental grasp and power. But that is surely not against it. Ignorance is not womanly any more than it is manly. There is no danger that American women will ever desire to be allowed to perform rough and rude manual labor. Certainly in the practice of the liberal professions there is nothing to "unsex" woman, but much that tends to make her wiser, stronger and happier, because more independent. The charge that the nineteenth century woman is assuming the right to "inquire into and regulate the lives of men" amounts to no more than an admission that she believes in the enforcement of the same law of morality for men as for women.

men. This most assuredly would tend everywhere to women's welfare and happiness. Mrs. Linton's final charge, that medical and artistic studies destroy the modesty of our young women, is unbelievable. Why should they? Knowledge of physiology and hygiene teaches the girl of to-day not to violate a hundred laws of health which our grandmothers and great grandmothers violated, and from which they and their descendants have suffered severely. Knowledge of art as exemplified in our reputable art schools must impress every intelligent and honest girl with a fresh sense of the glory and dignity of the human form—with a newer appreciation of its beauty and sanctity in the perfection which God meant it should possess. The innocence of ignorance is not virtue. Woman as well as man needs knowledge, training, development, to enable her to cope with the realities of life.

Do you know that that beautiful national flag of ours was designed by a woman? writes Teresa H. Dean. It was. And those brilliant colors that always send a thrill of pride tingling through the veins of every true American were selected by a demure Quakeress. This woman was born in Philadelphia in 1742. In 1762 she married a merchant named John Ross, but Mrs. John being a strict member of "The Society of Friends" was always known as Betsey Ross. And Betsey was known to the world—what little there was at that time on this side of the Atlantic, and to all the manufacturers on the other side, as the most artistic upholsterer in America. She was famous for her love of gorgeous colors. The primary colors—red, white, and blue—were thrown recklessly into almost everything she adorned, and she adorned all of the noted places at that time, among others the hall of Congress, the Governor's reception room, and the cabins and staterooms of Caleb and Thomas Cope's packet ships. She was a friend of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Morris, Jones, Rittenhouse, and very highly esteemed by her brother-in-law, Colonel Ross. She was asked to design a flag for the country, which was then called Columbia. Congress at this time was called "Continental Congress," and the states "colonies." By the request of Dr. Franklin, Robert Morris, and Colonel George Ross, she made the flag for the country and herself worked in the words in silk, "The United States of America."

The flag consisted of thirteen red and white stripes; a blue field as a square on the left upper corner. On the blue field was a spread eagle with thirteen stars in a circle of rays of glory. While she was at work designing and making the flag her workshop was visited by all the noted men of the day, who took the most vivid interest in the work, and never failed to compliment her very highly on her inspiration. She made the flags for the country for fifty-five years, and died at the age of four score and ten. The United States seal was made from the design of the flag. Long before the Revolution of 1776 her red, white, and blue streamers used to float from the packet ships that brought her material to carry on her artistic business.

The "Emmanu-El sisterhood of personal service" is an active, incorporated society of Jewish women, which was organized in New York, March 3, 1889; with forty members. Its purpose is to render direct personal aid to those who are in need of it. No dues are required of the members; they serve and give, according to their time and means, and select their work from one of the four sections into which the society is divided: "Friends of sick and needy," "Friends of children," "Friends of working girls," and "Friends of working women." The sisterhood maintains a home where an industrial school and a day nursery are carried on, and where the "Friendly club" which it organized among the Jewish working girls, holds evening meetings. House-to-house visiting, relief, employment, classes, entertainments, lectures, and a library are features of the work. The sisterhood is raising a building fund for a larger home to accommodate its growing work, and publishes a "Monthly Record."

At Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Louisa Murphy accomplished the wonderful feat, says an exchange, of holding up a stove, nearly red hot, which, had she let go her hold, must have killed her daughter. Mrs. Murphy had been cleaning in her kitchen, when a portion of the hearth gave way. This was followed by cries of anguish from below. Peering through the opening she saw her daughter, Mrs. Mary Schamback, who had been in the cellar getting

coal, pinned down by the heavy masonry, while the hot water and grease were dripping on her neck from the pots that had been upset on the stove. She was about to go down to her when to her horror another part gave way and the stove had fallen forward and was to follow. Without thinking of the consequences, the brave old mother caught hold of the stove and pushed it over against the wall, holding it in position until help arrived. Mrs. Schumback's injuries are also severe, besides being scalded she was much bruised by the brick work. But for Mrs. Murphy's bravery the stove would have fallen on her daughter.

THE SPIRIT BOARD.

The following letter was written in reply to a request for a description of the "spirit board," a reference to which was made in THE JOURNAL some weeks ago:

TO THE EDITOR: In reply to your communication I will give as concise as well as particular description of the "spirit board" as possible. It consists of a board, two feet square. Mine was made from a new moulding board, lettered by stencil letters, one inch high; the letters are in three rows, each row containing nine, put at convenient distances: there is also a row of numerals up to 9, with the 0 following; in left hand corner is printed "yes," right hand corner "no," with "good-bye" between. There is a small table made from a cigar box, about 4x7, with a hole in the middle, of size suitable to enclose a letter; it has legs made of small pegs about as large around as a very large lead pencil and about one and a half inches high; these are glued on. Two or more take the board upon their laps—more convenient than a table—turn the little table upside down and wait patiently for movement, the time of which varies with the sensitiveness of the holders. As soon as it begins moving we inquire who is there, or with whom they wish to talk, and proceed as in all other such affairs. The table settles over the required letter, so as to leave it within the hole. Some controls work very rapidly and fluently convey their messages, or often call for some of our friends to assist them. My experiences have been varied and wonderful, which is remarkable considering that I have been utterly incredulous as to anything of the kind and a firm believer in the action of the mind upon it. This idea has been completely refuted. I seem to possess strong mediumistic powers. The satisfaction of communing with my dear children and friends is worth the having lived nearly fifty years on this side and passed through the sad experiences which have fallen to me. I think my description will be sufficiently clear.

Yours,

MENIA EWING WATERS.

MUSKOGON, MICH.

A MASSACHUSETTS MEDIUM'S OPINION.

In a letter of May 20th, Mrs. Emma Miner, of Clinton, Mass., and a lecturer and medium of ability and growing popularity, writes:

I notice in the press that you have made a speech before the Illinois legislature in favor of the bill against fraudulent materializing mediums. I am heartily thankful that you have had the sense and courage to do so. I hope it will have a good influence. Such work as some of the frauds are doing is a disgrace to every decent and honest person. I hope the bill will pass. I have always felt it was not rightfully understood by many, and maliciously attacked by many others who ought to know better.

THE USUAL STYLE.

When people have done a foolish thing they rarely blame themselves but, with a readiness and zeal which would be commendable if properly directed, forthwith proceed to hunt up some one on whom to cast the blame. Here is a specimen in the customary style:

OMAHA, NEB., MAY 17, 1891.

TO THE EDITOR: Sometime the latter part of March a medium from your place by the name of Dickinson, gave several lectures here and at Council Bluffs. She also claimed to represent a paper published in Chicago by a Miss Nickerson called the "Psychic." A large number of circulars

was distributed and a host of subscribers were taken at \$1.00 each. No papers have come and the postmaster says that no such paper was ever placed in the Chicago post-office. We feel that we have been swindled. It is such fakes as this that have retarded the cause of Spiritualism in this section. One well posted says that 200 subscriptions were taken here, and many others sent their dollar by mail. Is it a fraud? Respectfully yours,

178 North St.

MRS. B. STYLES.

Why pay money to a payee whose identity and responsibility are unknown to the payer? But if this is done, why publicly advertise the foolishness? It is not "such fakes as this" that retard the cause of Spiritualism in Omaha and elsewhere so much as do the soft and sentimental people who make haste to swallow fakes and then regret it publicly. If the supposititious "host" who parted with their coin had been readers of THE JOURNAL, their education would not have been so defective. THE JOURNAL is not "well posted" but it ventures the prediction that investigation will reduce the alleged two hundred subscribers to not over twenty. We will, however, volunteer the opinion that Miss Nickerson took subscribers to her proposed publication in good faith and will refund the money if she does not start her paper. Her address, we believe, is 1351 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

"LIGHT OF EGYPT" FREE TO FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The author has authorized THE JOURNAL to distribute one hundred copies of "The Light of Egypt, or the Science of the Soul and the Stars" among free public libraries. Application must be made for the book, and naming the library and enclosing fifteen cents to prepay postage. The work is a large 12 mo. of about 300 pages, printed from large type on fine paper and beautifully illustrated; for further particulars see description in the advertising columns of this paper. The book has been the subject of wide comment. Those who oppose on *a priori* grounds its central claim are vigorous in their criticisms, those who have no well-defined preconceived opinions and those who favor the doctrines advanced are equally robust in their commendations. Whatever its merits, it is a book likely to be freely called for when catalogued in public libraries.

Applications for the book can only be received from librarians or some officer of the library for which the book is desired. Readers of THE JOURNAL interested in having the work in their respective free public libraries should see to it that the application is made through the proper channel. The reasons for these conditions must be readily apparent on reflection.

CAMP AT ORION, MICHIGAN.

The customary annual meeting of the 1st District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan, will begin at Orion Lake on June 13, and continue ten days. Mr. L. C. Howe and other speakers will be in attendance. Mr. G. B. Stebbins has often commended the spirit and personnel of this meeting in years gone by. The scenery is beautiful, and the managers promise ample accommodations at fair rates. Admission to the grounds is free. THE JOURNAL wishes the success to the friends having the affair in charge.

J. B. Cong, Gonzales, Texas, writes: Reading in THE JOURNAL "Thus Far," by Amarala Martin, there was awakened anew in me a desire to give expression to an apprehension of danger that has existed in my mind for some time when I have cast in my "mite" to aid woman's emancipation, viz.; that the church—in a general sense—calling itself Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant, when it could no longer successfully combat a reform move-

ment that would place woman upon civil and social equality with man and thus guarantee to her a right that is inalienably hers, would fall in and attempt to take in this grand movement, in the way of which it has thrown every impediment that lay in its power, and divert it from its legitimate ends and use it to further its own purposes, taking advantage of the confidence that our gentle mothers, wives, sisters and daughters have in priests and preachers. The clergy are ever ready to use the potent influence of the women in society to the furtherance of an end that, with them as with their predecessors, the Jesuits, justifies the means, to-wit: The administration, by the church of the civil policy of the government and the forcing of an unwilling but higher intelligence to yield an obsequious assent to the traditions of men and the dogmas of the church.

Alas, that little bird who sang the song about Dr. Phelon, spoken of in last week's paper, proves to have been a mocking bird; indeed, it is not improbable he may have been an "elementary" or a "gnome" sent from the lower regions by some anti-Blavatskite to warble a wicked whopper, and thereby create dissension among the faithful. Dr. Phelon writes that he "disclaims all ambition, desire, or secret hope for the mantle" of Blavatsky, and adds in most loyal spirit, "The Masters will give it to whom they will." Evidently THE JOURNAL's office cat knew the nature of that bird better than did the editor.

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn, an indefatigable promoter of the public interests of Spiritualism, writes from Grand Rapids, Mich., that "Mrs. Richings, after giving us the first two Sundays of May, made prominent in our memory by the grandeur of her utterances, was obliged to cancel her engagement with the Progressive Spiritualist Society and return to Lookout Mountain, Tenn., on account of poor health. She will rest there three months under medical direction." THE JOURNAL joins with Mrs. Richings' host of friends in sympathy and earnest wishes for the complete restoration to health and labor.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins is on his annual pilgrimage to Boston and other sacred places. He will add interest to the yearly meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood, Penn., on the 6th and 7th of June.

The missing number from THE JOURNAL files has been found. We thank friends heartily for their prompt kindness in responding to our request.



MR. SINGER AND HIS LITTLE MUSICAL GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR: Recently while giving a few lectures and test séances in Chicago, I invited my old friend, Mr. Joseph Singer, of Chicago, to contribute some of the violin music which so gladdened the hearts of our old spiritualistic friends in the past. He cheerfully complied with my request, but proposed that a second and revised edition of his flesh and blood substitute his little fiddle for papa's bigger one. To say that the little fellow astonished my audience is saying but little. The child is wonderfully gifted, and possesses a tone and technical skill that compel the admiration of even veteran musicians. He plays with the self-repose and the abandon that, to me, has a deeper significance than the mere outward effect. The Spirit-world will one day manifest grander things through him, I am convinced.

Some six months ago Mr. Singer was frustrated in a musical enterprise of considerable magnitude because of the impos-

sibility of securing the coöperation of a competent harp player. It was a successful failure, however, because it resulted in the child's taking up harp practice. In the incredibly short time since then, and almost wholly without assistance, the boy already accompanies his father in his violin and mandolin solos. His winning ways and gentlemanly deportment, united to general intelligence, endear him to all who know him.

Mr. Singer is a staunch and thoughtful Spiritualist, as far as possible removed from crankery. Thoroughly read in the current literature of Spiritualism, he is intensely logical and progressive in his views. His articles appearing from time to time in the spiritual press, have won him commendation for their keen insight into the heart of the spiritual movement. He has been repeatedly urged to lecture, and I am convinced that his public advocacy of our glorious truth would find wide acceptance especially among inquirers and skeptics. With his lectures set in the framework of such beautiful music as he and his talented little son would give, I cannot predict for him anything but the greatest success.

But the main object of this letter is to draw attention of all my friends at the various camp meetings, that in all likelihood—and certainly at my most urgent advice—Mr. Singer and his little genius may possibly pay them a visit this coming season. In connection with a delightful musical repertoire of violin, harp and mandolin music, he is also preparing some equally attractive lectures. Portions of the one on "Inspiration" were read to me, and I promise a treat to others who may be so fortunate as to hear it.

I bespeak for Mr. Singer and his little musical genius the good will, appreciation and substantial support that Spiritualists extend to all who are worthy of it.

MAUD LORD DRAKE.

MRS. ELDERED IN MILWAUKEE.

TO THE EDITOR: Allow me through the columns of THE JOURNAL to say a few words in regard to Mrs. Adaline Eldred, of 2138 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, who is now with us. On Saturday evening Mrs. Wyman gave her an informal reception at her parlors, 421 Milwaukee street. There were about thirty present. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Mrs. Eldred gave a brief talk on the subject of psychometry, followed by readings of several of those present. Another reception will be held at the same place this evening. On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Eldred spoke to a large and appreciative audience. Her subject, "What is Psychometry?" was discussed in a scientific, practical manner. Then followed readings of articles of persons in the audience which in every case was pronounced "correct." In reading one of the articles sent up, the word "Alien," was given followed by description of character. It proved to be an Italian which was very satisfactory. A *Sentinel* reporter was present and gave Mrs. Eldred a letter to psychometrize. It was done so very clearly and in so satisfactory a manner that the reporter (I wish there were more like him) came forward and said, "In justice to the lady I wish to make this statement: 'In the brief reading the lady made of this letter, she has described more accurately the personal traits of character of the gentleman who wrote it, than I could have done after an acquaintance of over twenty-five years.' He was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, and was instrumental in his nomination for the presidency, a man of great prominence politically. At the close of the meeting the gentleman suggested that a vote of thanks be given Mrs. Eldred. So many engagements were made for private readings, that Mrs. Eldred has concluded to remain five days longer than she had anticipated. It is safe to say that no one ever met with a more cordial reception here than has this cultured, gifted lady.

MARY E. VAN HORN.

MILWAUKEE, MAY 19.

SNAILS.

TO THE EDITOR: Would not the complaint that spiritual advancement is slow, largely cease if people would only show in dealing with things spiritual the same liberality and determination to know the truth, which characterize their investigations in material fields?

A woman known to the writer contemplated a journey to an unknown land; and how eager her desire for information regarding it. Not confining herself to one guidebook, all were enthusiastically consulted, and a willing ear lent to all that was said of the unknown country, both *pro*

and *con*; yet this same woman when asked to investigate Spiritualism, exclaimed; "I don't want to read or know anything about it lest I should believe it." "If better than your present belief, why should you not believe it?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I don't care for any better belief than the one I hold now, that my parents held before me," was the satisfied response of the narrow mind, which is only a type of many, making those more liberal sigh for a legal enactment that should compel such snails to come out of their shells, and take one good, honest look at the world about them. Such law failing, let each reader of THE JOURNAL try to coax, force, or smuggle a copy of that fearless exponent of the truth into the shell of at least one snail. But great tact is required in such an introduction. To one snail, the most advanced one, you may say: "Here is a good thing! take it and read it." To another one merely toss the paper, saying: "Did you ever see a Spiritualist paper? Thought you might like to look at one just for curiosity." While to snail No. 3, you must say: "Here is a Spiritualist paper, but I don't suppose there is anything in it that you will be interested in." "No, not likely," will be the response; and yet if you happen round that way a few moments later you may find this snail peering cautiously into the pages of THE JOURNAL "just to prove there's nothing in it, you know," but looking for nothing, he is sure to find something; and this may be the first step toward making a good prospective Spiritualist.

Then, meeting that great class who, in spite of unfortunate early training theologically, and perhaps later, misdirected investigation into Spiritualism, when they have become the prey of an unprincipled medium, still are earnest seekers after the truth, might not great good be accomplished by an occasional free lecture, delivered by a highminded and intelligent Spiritualist, who would explain clearly and freely to the people much that is now to their minds only a confused jumble of "spooks and table-tappings." I say freely because of the objection which I have often heard raised "that Spiritualists always want money for anything they give you, while ministers will tell you things for nothing." So to put it briefly might not a judicious free lecture be the stepping stone to much that we would accomplish?

C. B. M.

Those who "sigh for legal enactment" to compel men to accept what is assumed to be the truth sigh for a method that reason, justice and experience condemn. Of course "C. B. M." is not really in favor of any such legislation. Lectures free to the public are desirable, if they are of the right kind, but those who desire and arrange for such lectures should compensate the speaker for his services. Ministers could not "tell you things for nothing" if they were not provided a salary by the societies that employ them.—ED. JOURNAL.

INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING WITH SLADE.

TO THE EDITOR: Having previously informed Dr. Slade by letter of my intention to call on him April 3rd, when I hoped to witness some of the extraordinary phenomena said to occur in his presence, when the day arrived, accompanied by a friend, and taking with me two new slates, we repaired to Dr. Slade's residence about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. After some minutes passed in conversation, Slade proposed that we take seats at the table; he at one end, my friend at the other, while I was at Slade's right at the side. Immediately on our hands being joined on the top of the table, raps came on the table and on Slade's chair. In reply to the question, "Will Dr. Davis write something?" three raps were given. Slade then took one of the slates and attempted to hold it under the corner of the table, remarking at the same time that the forces were very strong, which was soon demonstrated by the slate and frame going to pieces as if crushed, the fragments, except a few crumbs and a piece of the frame that remained in Slade's hand, falling to the floor. The second slate (which was one of my own) met with the same fate as the first. When broken they were touched by nothing except Slade's hand, being in plain view. I was looking at them when the phenomena occurred. He then attempted to hold another slate in the same position, but was unable, so laying it upon the table he placed another over it with a crumb of pencil between the two. Taking them in his left hand, he turned them up so the edge

of both frames rested on the table, when immediately a sound as if the pencil was writing was heard, which continued for some time, closing with three raps. What was written on the inner surface of the slates will be found on enclosed photograph numbered (1). In the next attempt a slate was placed over a bit of pencil lying on the table, when Slade directed me to place my left hand on it. On doing so I could not only hear but feel the vibrations as the pencil wrote on the under surface of the slate, what is contained on photo. (2). Slade then enclosed a bit of pencil between two slates which were held in his left hand extended above the table toward my friend, who was requested to take them in his right hand, the slates standing on edge. While thus holding them, what was written is shown on photo. No. (3). Slade then placed his right hand on the back of my chair and directed my friend to look under it. He then asked that I be lifted, when my chair was suddenly raised several inches from the carpet, held for some seconds, when it came down with a thud.

HERBERT O. GENTRY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Since the value of these tests for investigators consists in the manner in which they were given rather than in what was written, it is not deemed necessary or important to print the communications which were given on the slates, photographs of which accompanied Mr. Gentry's letter.—ED. JOURNAL.

AN EXPERIMENT RELATED.

TO THE EDITOR: In the latter part of the summer of 1888 I had occasion, with others, to try an experiment, and though the result was all that was promised by its illiterate introducer, I have never had an explanation of why its accomplishment is possible. I will give you an account in detail of the *modus operandi* and its result, hoping that you or some reader will be able fully to explain the cause.

In the year named I had a corps of men with me making a survey of our county boundaries, and on a rainy day, when all were confined in the tent, a party asserted that he and one other, or three others—it mattered not which so it was one or more pairs—could lift the heaviest man in the outfit on the points of one broom-straw held in each hand. It was first thought to be a prank he wished to play upon some credulous boy, but when another party, not given to frauds, asserted that he had seen the thing done and that it was no prank, a young man weighing about 160 pounds offered himself to be lifted, and four of us, eager to try the experiment, procured two stems each of a small weed known here as brown weed. The boy to be lifted laid at full length on the ground, on his back, with hands folded on his chest, and the four to do the lifting, with straws held between the fore finger and thumb of each hand and presented in the proper attitude to grapple the weight, arranged ourselves in pairs, facing each other, two on either side opposite the shoulders and two likewise at the knees of the party to be lifted. At a given signal all together bowed low and arose, exhaling as we descended and inhaling as we ascended, repeating this the second time, and the third grappled the weight, and to our utter astonishment and delight, without feeling the least resistance more than was felt in the first and second ascent, raised the young man some three feet from the ground; and too, without touching him with anything but the ends of the straws, all of which bound in a bundle would not have sustained a one pound weight. To the best of my memory the party lifted exhaled and inhaled as we did till we came to lift him, when he held his breath.

T. W. BROWN.

BRECKINRIDGE, TEXAS.

ANOTHER THEORY ABOUT THE SUN.

TO THE EDITOR: I see in THE JOURNAL of April 25th, page 4, an article on the sun. There have been many ideas expressed relative to the light and consequently heat from that body, but the one original and plausible with me is that the sun is covered with water and the surface is being constantly decomposed by electricity, causing terrific explosions occasionally, opening down through the water and showing its body in the shape of dark spots, which are often visible. Water is the only thing that I am acquainted with which is restored to its original elements by combustion; after that it is ready for another current of electricity, and so on *ad infinitum*.

A. G. NYE.

WYOMOUTH, MASS.

THE INFALLIBLE SIGN.

From the hillside peepeth the daisy shy
And we feel the breath of the clover;
We are getting ahead of the bacilli,
And the days of the gripe are over.

The summer is nearing, without a doubt,
And to know it we've ample reason;
For the last year's straw is taken out
And brushed for another season.

THE DAINY BATHING SUIT.

Of what delight shall the maiden dream,
As her mind on the summer dwells?
There's a germ in candy and cool ice cream
And in chocolate caramels,

Oh, the maid may dream of a pleasure still
Though the ice cream germ's afoot;
The pleasure of being dressed to kill
In her dainty bathing suit.

"I did not think, Mr. Jones," she said, with her eyes fixed on the clock, "that you loved money so much as to be extremely reluctant to part with it."

"I do not."

"But you said your motto was 'pay as you go.'"

"So it is."

"Then I should say you are a slow payer."

When he did go it was with the determination to pay no more visits there.

Rousing himself at last, and screwing up his courage, he said:

"Jennie, I must say it. I suppose you have been expecting something coming all this evening—"

"No," she said, with a sleepy yawn, "but I have been looking for something going for quite a while."

First Hired Girl—Life would be pleasanter if it were not for washing days.

Second Hired Girl—Aye, there's the rub.

"I suppose," said a customer to the clerk in a Maine drug store, "I suppose you were graduated from a school of pharmacy?"

"No," said the clerk, "I used to tend bar."

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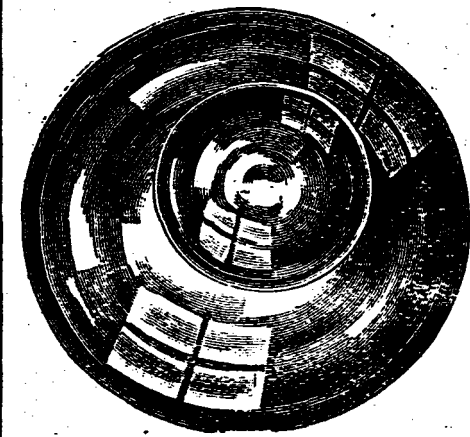
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At last the joyous spring has come,
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Its cheering presence fills the earth,
Its voice is heard throughout the land.

The stream has burst the icy chains
That erstwhile held it firm and fast;
And nature's burst her elements dear—
The long dead winter now is past.

The chipper crocus now begins
Its cotyledons to deploy;
The buds upon the hawthorn bush
Are bursting with a vernal joy.

And all the birds, come back again,
Are bursting into happy song;
The poets, too, would do the same—
But they've been busted all along.

—BOSTON COURIER.

We're living in an age of germs,
The scientists declare:
They're in our drink and in our food,
In fact they're everywhere.

The air we breathe is full of them,
Of every shape and hue,
And 'tis believed when summer comes
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—A—

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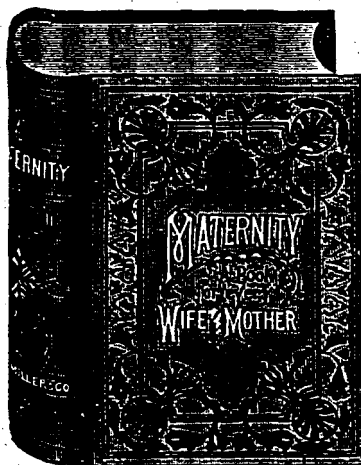
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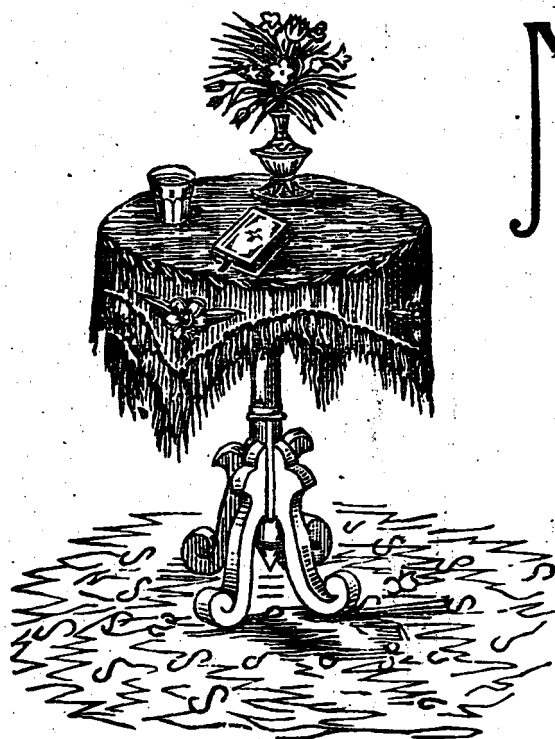
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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Unitarianism, Its Origin and History. A course of sixteen lectures delivered in Channing Hall, Boston, 1888-89. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1890. pp. 394.

In this work Rev. Joseph Henry Allen discusses early Christian doctrine. Rev. Andrew P. Peabody considers Christianity from the fifth to the fifteenth century, and Rev. Seth Beach gives attention to Unitarianism and the reformation. The other lectures are entitled "Unitarianism in England," by Rev. Brooke Herford; "The Contact of American Unitarianism and German Thought," by Rev. J. H. Allen; "The Church and the Parish in Massachusetts," by Rev. George E. Ellis; "Early New England Unitarians," by Rev. A. P. Peabody; "Channing," by Rev. G. W. Briggs; "Transcendentalism, the New England Renaissance," by Rev. Francis Tiffany; "Theodore Parker," by Rev. S. B. Stewart; "Unitarianism and Modern Literature," by Rev. Francis Hornbrooke; "Unitarianism and Modern Biblical Criticism," by Rev. James De Normandie; "Unitarian and Modern Scientific Thought," by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer; "The Law of Righteousness," by Rev. George Batchelor; "The Relation of Unitarianism to Philosophy," by Rev. C. C. Everett; and "Ecclesiastical and Denominational Tendencies," by Rev. Wendell Phillips. Some of these lectures make claims for Unitarianism that cannot perhaps be sustained, but on the whole the volume is of real value to the student of religious thought and history.

A Queer Family. By Effie W. Merriam, author of "Pards; a Story of Two Homeless Boys." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. pp. 215. Cloth; price \$1.00. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.

This handsomely printed and gaily bound book contains a brightly told but rather extravagant story of the fortunes of a brother and two sisters who ran away from disagreeable relatives and their farm home, to make their living in a city. In an hour of extremity they are offered a share in the poor lodgings of two unkempt ragged urchins who make their living by odd jobs and street minstrelsy. These five make an attempt at co-operative house-keeping on a very small scale, but the principal good gained by all is an exchange of the better manners and language of the farm children for the true kindness and real concern of the city waifs. The author leaves all of the queer family with good friends ere the story closes.

Confession of a Nun. By Sister Agatha. Philadelphia. Jordan Brothers. pp. 337. Paper, 50 cents.

Sister Agatha, born near Florence, enters a convent and remains some years, evidently earnest in her faith. But it is disturbed and then dissolved by all she observed there, in much of which she was obliged to take a part. Sister Agatha at last leaves the convent, having not taken the irrevocable vows, joins her family, who have left the church, and is happily married to the man she met at a banker's. Intrigues and adventures are described, and bits of anecdote give variety to the story.

The Biography of Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D. By Mary F. Eastman. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1891. pp. 398. \$1.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

This volume, prepared with the cooperation of the widow of the late Dio Lewis, gives the story of a life that was full of activity and usefulness. This sketch will be welcomed by many who knew the subject or was interested in his methods and work. The account of the "temperance crusade" is given as gathered from current newspapers of its time and from the published narratives which followed it.

Second Biennial Report of the Bureau of Labor and Industrial Statistics of Nebraska for 1889 and 1890. By John Jenkins, Deputy Commissioner. pp. 956.

The first chapter of this work contains tabulated results of inquiries as to the cost of living among unskilled wage workers. The next chapter deals with loan and building associations. The remainder of the work is devoted to giving information in regard to farm mortgages in the state, manufacturing industries, strikes which have taken place together with the causes, ballot reform, etc. Mr. Jenkins is evidently well qualified for his work, and the collection of facts he has made is valuable

and the discussions in the volume are both interesting and instructive.

MAGAZINES.

In the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly* is an article on "the Manufacture of Wool" by S. N. Dexter North, who describes early forms of that industry. This paper, like the others of the series to which it belongs, is appropriately illustrated. Dr. Andrew D. White concludes his chapter on "Miracles and Medicine" in this number, dealing with theological intolerance of Jewish and other physicians, inoculation, and anesthetics, changes of vogue in regard to saintly relics, the royal touch, etc. Under the odd title, "Our Grandfathers Died too Young," Mrs. H. M. Plunkett sketches the progress in sanitation which has doubled the average length of human life within a few hundred years.—The *Chautauquan* for June has an article on "Hungary's Progress and Position" by Albert Shaw, Ph. D. "Farmers' Alliance and other Political Parties" by H. R. Chamberlain. "What Contract a Married woman may Make" by Lelia Robinson Sawtelle, L. L. B., and "Why so Many Women do not Marry" by the editor, are among the other very readable papers.—The *Westminster Review* for May has for its opening paper "The Primrose League." A very interesting article on "The Paris Municipal Refuge for Working Women" by Edmund R. Spearman, one on "The Sentiment of Nationality" by T. Robertson Edwards, and another on "The Early Inhabitants of Britain" by R. Seymour Long, are among the solid contributions to this number.—The *May Wide Awake* is replete with such reading as interests and instructs children. Miss Plimpton has a unique story, "The Black Dog," which she has illustrated herself, and Susan Coolidge contributes another story entitled, "A Good Bad Horse." "Our Government—Who Runs it and How" by Hon. John D. Long, and "A Visit to Anne Hathaway's Cottage," are among the many admirable contributions.

Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research (Part XVIII., April, 1891) opens with "Experimental Studies in Thought-Transference," by Baron V. Schrenck-Notzing, M. D., Munich, a very valuable paper, being a record of the author's numerous experiments to test the reality of mind reading, of which he claims there is "unexceptionable evidence." A discriminating article on "Some Recent Experiments in Automatic Writing," by Thomas Barkworth, aims to show that "nothing is really forgotten, though the bygone memories evoked by pencil, or crystal, may appear so new and strange that we fail to recognize them as ever having been included in experience." Mrs. Henry Sidgwick contributes an article in which evidence for clairvoyance, which seems to be conclusive, is adduced. In "Apparitions of the Virgin of Dordogne," by Léon Marellier, is a description of phenomena in which the author believes verbal suggestion played the principal part. "If," he says, "cases exist where several people have seen an apparition simultaneously without any verbal suggestion at all, these cases belong to a different category of phenomena." A lengthy review of Prof. William James' work, "The Principles of Psychology," by F. W. H. Myers, is marked by philosophical acuteness and fine discrimination. One or two extracts from this valuable paper will be given in THE JOURNAL next week. In addition to short book notices are three circular letters, the first on "Hypnotism, Its Conditions and Safeguards," the second "An Appeal for Collaboration," and the third on "The Importance of Publication of Names." This number of the *Proceedings* is an unusually valuable one.

"Monk and Knight," a historical study in fiction, by Frank W. Gunsaulus, which is just issued from the house of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, is likely to surprise even the warm friends and admirers of Dr. Gunsaulus. It is a bold venture for one new to the task of writing fiction, and yet the critics will probably pronounce its boldness fully justified. It introduces and clothes with life and action such figures as Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Wolsey, the Chevalier Bayard, Martin Luther, Aldus the Venetian printer, Rabelais, and many other well-known personages to that day, besides the magnificent monarchs Henry the Eighth of England, Francis the First of France, Charles the Fifth of Spain, and Pope Leo the Tenth. Heroic figures and actions are relieved and brightened with quiet and lovely scenes in cottage and

castle, on lovely mountain sides, and in the secluded cloisters of great monasteries.

C. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, has issued a second edition of "The Genius of Galilee," by Anson Uriel Hancock, a historical novel which depicts the life and times of Jesus from the standpoint of modern thought and criticism. It is a work of ingenuity, insight and great breadth and liberality of thought. It was reviewed in THE JOURNAL when the first edition appeared.

La Revista de Estudios Psicologicos (The Review of Psychological Studies) published at Barcelona, has just entered the twenty-third year of its publication, the third under the management of its present editor, Sr. Vizconde de Torres y Solanot. It was founded by Jose M. Fernandez Colavida in the year 1869, and has not suffered the least interruption during this time.

A new publication, the *Photo-American Review*, the official organ of the American Photographic Conference and of the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, presents itself for the suffrages of literary and artistic people. 92 and 94 5th avenue, New York City.

The Hermit's Tale, and Other Poems. By Galeigh, published by John B. Alden & Co., New York, is a little volume of poems, probably by a young man who has spirit, sentiment and some talent for making smooth verse.

La Nueva Era is the name of a new Spiritualist paper published monthly at Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, "to propagate and defend the spiritual-magnetic sciences," says *La Rustracion Espirita*.

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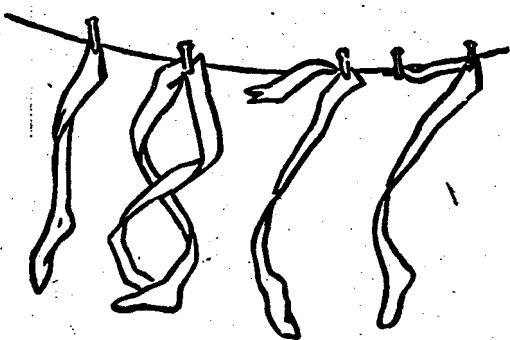
TO THE EDITOR: THE JOURNAL, I am proud to see, is being conducted in such a manner that true and enlightened Spiritualists can point to it with pride and recommend it as an exponent of the scientific principles on which their knowledge is founded. While THE JOURNAL has at its head, "Truth wears no mask" etc., it may now also place beneath that, the following: "Science is the twin sister of Truth and can never bow to authority, submit to the arbitrary dictates of any earthly power, nor consent to be governed in her progress by any time-honored rules; she longs not for power, wages, or honors, and asking only the cooperation of Truth, and to work on in her labors. She therefore demands, and will have a hearing." In your good work, you may expect to meet opposition from the malignant, and to be misunderstood by the ignorant, but knowing that you have the two above named invincible champions as your backers, you are ultimately bound to gain the victory for the spiritual philosophy which can be accepted only by those who are prepared, mentally, to receive it, they being those who have attained the knowledge to know that "Christ," "The Logos," "The Word," "The Father," or "The Divine Principle," as it is embodied in mankind, is God. Our heaven being a republic and not "a monarchy" as taught by the orthodox churches, there is but one true church and it is catholic, not Roman; for in it "there is neither Jew nor gentile, bond nor free, male nor female, for all are one in 'Christ' or the divine republic, the Church of the Spirit; and of which Jesus of Nazareth was a grand exponent. WM. SELFRIDGE.

"CAN ANIMALS SEE SPIRITS?"

TO THE EDITOR: An interesting note upon this subject appears in THE JOURNAL for April 18th; you ask for facts. I send you a statement which I assert is absolutely true in every respect:

In 1876 I was residing in a country village and possessed a very small but smart bull-terrier, named Nellie. She was an exceedingly affectionate pet, but very jealous of any stranger who came too near me. One evening I was suffering severely from toothache, the result of over study and overwork. I was quite alone with the exception of Nellie, and had been for some time, when all at once Nellie commenced to snap, bark, and growl at some invisible object, and I was quite a long time in quieting her,—in fact to do so I took her on my knee. I was quite sure that something spiritual, astral, or magnetic was near, for I began to feel that peculiar cool draught upon the side of the face, so common to sensitives. All at once Nellie sprang out of my arms, over my shoulder, barking and snapping at the same invisible object, but after a while she again settled herself down and I began to feel the same soothing, cooling influence and in a little while my pain had disappeared. A few days after this I was sitting with a young lady who possessed some mediumistic power as a writer, when a control, said to be that of a Dr. C. who had been a great friend of my mother, came and told me that my dog was too full of fight to be a pet. As the lady knew nothing of the circumstance I thought some spook or other might be reading my mind, but the alleged Dr. C. said he would give me a test that evening. To be brief I was ready, quite alone, and before long up sprang my dog, just the same as before, fighting some invisible object. I was quite satisfied and after that made many tests with her and soon became convinced that Nellie was quite a seer. Since then I have come across many examples of animal clairvoyance. And at this moment I have a grey mare that frequently exhibits strange symptoms of second sight—in fact I know she can often see things invisible to ordinary eyes. * * *

The following example of feline sagacity is given by the Bangor *Whig*: A good cat story, illustrating the sagacity of the felines, is told by a gentleman who saw the occurrence. A cat saw a large rat run out from under a stable and seek shelter in a woodpile. Tommy followed his ratship and tried to reach him, but could not do so. Finding that his efforts were in vain Tommy scratched his head and hit upon an idea. Leaving the woodpile he went off a short distance, informed another cat of what was up, and the two went back to the woodpile. Tommy No. 1 stationed Tommy No. 2 at the place where the rat had entered the woodpile, while he climbed upon the wood and began scratching. This frightened the rat out and he ran into the chops of Tommy No. 2, who had been expecting such an occurrence.



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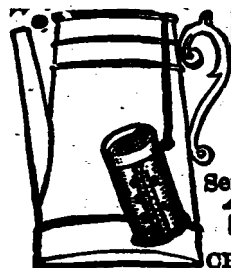
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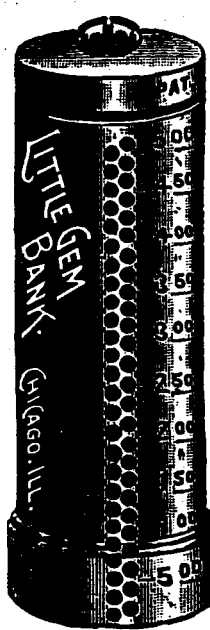
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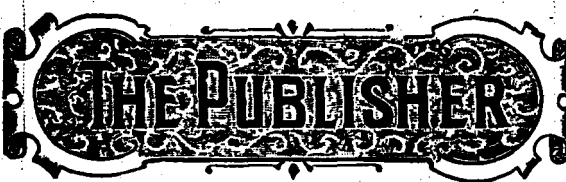
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"THE OUTLOOK."

This issue of THE JOURNAL begins a new volume. Fifty-two numbers of the paper in its changed form have been published. The year has been marked by no epoch-making events in Spiritualism or psychical science so far as can now be known, though history may yet show that the initiatory of some matters of importance date from the period just passed. THE JOURNAL has held its own in all particulars and made encouraging advances in some directions. It is a matter of congratulation to have proven that a high-class paper, free from persiflage and the inanities and inconsequential gossip current everywhere, can hold its own "against the field." It is most encouraging to note the steadily increasing numbers whose interest in psychical and spiritual matters is of a high order, above petty personal interests and more anxious to solve problems in psychical science than to exploit froth and fight men of straw birthed in the diseased imaginations of those spiritists who, having broken

away from the orthodox fold, have lost themselves in the wilderness of chaos.

Slowly, of necessity slowly, healthy, orderly, systematic progress is being evidenced among spiritists. They are doing more hard and accurate thinking than in the past; from among them real Spiritualists are being graduated in steadily increasing numbers. They are learning by the hardest and costliest experience what others more fortunate acquired without such experience. A wider and more active interest in psychical matters is observable in all intelligent circles, and the theme may now be broached in almost any social or public gathering with the certainty of being received respectfully and even sympathetically; and this, too, despite the flood of folly and fraud which most naturally has been evolved by the movement. For this healthy growth and increasing interest THE JOURNAL may truthfully, if not modestly, claim a good sized credit. It is not an evidence of humility but of weakness to depreciate the fruits of one's own efforts in a laudable work; and THE JOURNAL is relieved of any feeling of hesitation in calling attention to its effective instrumentality in molding public sentiment by a realization that it represents not alone the editorial staff but the aggregated wisdom, experience and character of a body of contributors over which no paper of any school of thought can justly claim superiority and none in its chosen field can equal.

Now, friends of THE JOURNAL and all that it stands for, will you not redouble your efforts for the year just beginning, to the end that when the volume of which this is the first issue shall be completed I may be able to announce a great increase in circulation and influence, and record substantial evidences of gigantic strides toward universal acceptance of the essential doctrines of which the paper is an exponent? Let fresh enthusiasm be kindled in your hearts and, burning with a steady and ever increasing intensity, warm you into a new life of endeavor in the interests of Spiritualism writ large; so large that it may be correctly defined as the philosophy of life—embracing all that affects man on both sides of the grave.

I thank many who were in arrears for their prompt compliance with lately published requests to settle up and renew. I have also to thank with especial warmth those who have sent in clubs of new subscribers, as well as those who have so generously enriched my columns from their wealth of experience and thought. There is still a considerable number indebted to THE JOURNAL, not one of whom but could cancel it and renew were the effort resolutely made. Let this be made. It is not to my taste to talk as a publisher, but if I do not, if I fail to efficiently act the role of business man, then will my endeavor as an editor abort and come to an end. I therefore especially entreat you who admire THE JOURNAL and love the cause it stands for to turn your regard and sympathetic support of me as an editor into an equal or greater regard and support of me as a publisher. Why, my dear friends, if you will do this for one year I will astonish you with the tremendous results. Try it. Begin this week!

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The following letter explains itself and will be sufficient notice to the "unknown friend." We have no means of telling who paid the subscription for the Cleve-

land Library. In this connection I would suggest to friends of Spiritualism that there is no better way of bringing the subject in its best aspect before intelligent people than by paying for THE JOURNAL for the free public libraries in their respective localities. Here is the letter:

CLEVELAND, O., MAY 20, 1891.

Replying to your memorandum of the 12th, would say that THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was donated to the library by some unknown friend. The low funds of the library do not admit the placing on file of all the papers which we would be glad to have, and we will therefore be unable to continue our subscription unless our unknown friend should kindly continue to send it to us, otherwise, will you kindly discontinue our subscription at the expiration of the year.

Very truly,

WM. H. BRETT, Librarian.

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In H. H. Brown's "Open Letter," printed in THE JOURNAL of May 16th, for "Hypnotism is the action of disembodied intelligences" read "Hypnotism is the action of embodied intelligences," and in the statement "Man is a spirit living in the external, here and now," substitute for "external" the word "eternal."

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"THE OUTLOOK."

This issue of *THE JOURNAL* begins a new volume. Fifty-two numbers of the paper in its changed form have been published. The year has been marked by no epoch-making events in Spiritualism or psychical science so far as can now be known, though history may yet show that the initiatory of some matters of importance date from the period just passed. *THE JOURNAL* has held its own in all particulars and made encouraging advances in some directions. It is a matter of congratulation to have proven that a high-class paper, free from persiflage and the inanities and inconsequential gossip current everywhere, can hold its own "against the field." It is most encouraging to note the steadily increasing numbers whose interest in psychical and spiritual matters is of a high order, above petty personal interests and more anxious to solve problems in psychical science than to exploit froth and fight men of straw birthed in the diseased imaginations of those spiritists who, having broken

away from the orthodox fold, have lost themselves in the wilderness of chaos.

Slowly, of necessity slowly, healthy, orderly, systematic progress is being evidenced among spiritists. They are doing more hard and accurate thinking than in the past; from among them real Spiritualists are being graduated in steadily increasing numbers. They are learning by the hardest and costliest experience what others more fortunate acquired without such experience. A wider and more active interest in psychical matters is observable in all intelligent circles, and the theme may now be broached in almost any social or public gathering with the certainty of being received respectfully and even sympathetically; and this, too, despite the flood of folly and fraud which most naturally has been evolved by the movement. For this healthy growth and increasing interest, *THE JOURNAL* may truthfully, if not modestly, claim a good sized credit. It is not an evidence of humility but of weakness to depreciate the fruits of one's own efforts in a laudable work; and *THE JOURNAL* is relieved of any feeling of hesitation in calling attention to its effective instrumentality in molding public sentiment by a realization that it represents not alone the editorial staff but the aggregated wisdom, experience and character of a body of contributors over which no paper of any school of thought can justly claim superiority and none in its chosen field can equal.

Now, friends of *THE JOURNAL* and all that it stands for, will you not redouble your efforts for the year just beginning, to the end that when the volume of which this is the first issue shall be completed I may be able to announce a great increase in circulation and influence, and record substantial evidences of gigantic strides toward universal acceptance of the essential doctrines of which the paper is an exponent? Let fresh enthusiasm be kindled in your hearts and, burning with a steady and ever increasing intensity, warm you into a new life of endeavor in the interests of Spiritualism writ large; so large that it may be correctly defined as the philosophy of life—embracing all that affects man on both sides of the grave.

I thank many who were in arrears for their prompt compliance with lately published requests to settle up and renew. I have also to thank with especial warmth those who have sent in clubs of new subscribers, as well as those who have so generously enriched my columns from their wealth of experience and thought. There is still a considerable number indebted to *THE JOURNAL*, not one of whom but could cancel it and renew were the effort resolutely made. Let this be made. It is not to my taste to talk as a publisher, but if I do not, if I fail to efficiently act the role of business man, then will my endeavor as an editor abort and come to an end. I therefore especially entreat you who admire *THE JOURNAL* and love the cause it stands for to turn your regard and sympathetic support of me as an editor into an equal or greater regard and support of me as a publisher. Why, my dear friends, if you will do this for one year I will astonish you with the tremendous results. Try it. Begin this week!

Send in the addresses of all whom you think would like to read *THE JOURNAL* four weeks free.

Remember *THE JOURNAL* is sent twelve weeks on trial for 50 cents. Try it with your friends.

For \$10. received all at one time, with the addresses, I will send *THE JOURNAL* one year to five names. The names may be those of old subscribers, or of new, or a part of each, but must be sent in a lump accompanied by the money.

AN EVANGELICAL MINISTER'S OPINION.

A minister of a thriving church in one of the larger cities of Massachusetts writes:

Through the courtesy of a friend, I have had the great privilege and satisfaction of reading your journal for a number of months past. I noticed some time ago that you offered to send it to clergymen for \$2 per year. I inclose \$1 in payment for a half year. The remainder of the year's subscription I will send soon. I drop this week my subscription to the

after reading it for more than a year side by side with *THE JOURNAL*. I investigated Spiritualism forty years ago and I have found the assurance of immortality which it has given me very helpful in my ministry. I am interested in its promulgation, and am very glad to find it so ably commended to that class of intelligence to which *THE JOURNAL* appeals. *THE JOURNAL* ought to have a million readers. "Be not weary of well doing," but continue to fight the frauds with the old vigor, and to proclaim the truth with an energy born of an intelligent conviction. Please begin my subscription with this week's number.

I shall be glad to furnish *THE JOURNAL* to all such workers for humanity at \$2.00 per year. It would be money well invested by any subscriber who can get the promise of a minister to read the paper, to send \$2.00 for *THE JOURNAL* one year for him. By making an impression on those who by their position are able to influence a large number of people is one of the most effective ways of increasing the beneficent sway of rational Spiritualism.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The following letter explains itself and will be sufficient notice to the "unknown friend." We have no means of telling who paid the subscription for the Cleve-

land Library. In this connection I would suggest to friends of Spiritualism that there is no better way of bringing the subject in its best aspect before intelligent people than by paying for *THE JOURNAL* for the free public libraries in their respective localities. Here is the letter:

CLEVELAND, O., MAY 20, 1891.

Replying to your memorandum of the 12th, would say that *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* was donated to the library by some unknown friend. The low funds of the library do not admit the placing on file of all the papers which we would be glad to have, and we will therefore be unable to continue our subscription unless our unknown friend should kindly continue to send it to us, otherwise, will you kindly discontinue our subscription at the expiration of the year.

Very truly,

WM. H. BRETT, Librarian.

Mrs. H. S. Slosson has gone to Montana to rest and recuperate. Her work as a medium has been very exhausting and she needs the rest. She will return about the middle of June and may then be visited at 10 South Ada street, having moved from Randolph street. *THE JOURNAL* warns Mrs. Slosson and all other mediums of the danger of excessive use of their psychical powers. Every really good medium is over-worked and the prey of a host of ravenous seekers.

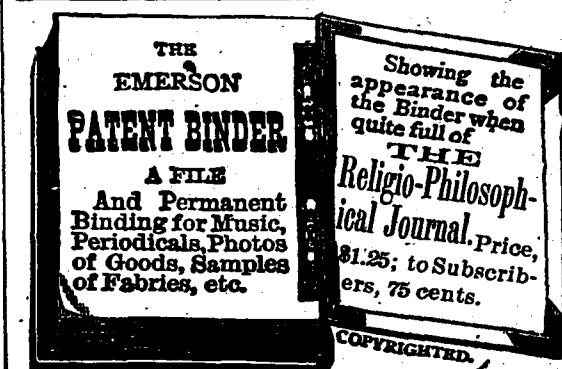
In H. H. Brown's "Open Letter," printed in *THE JOURNAL* of May 16th, for "Hypnotism is the action of disembodied intelligences" read "Hypnotism is the action of embodied intelligences," and in the statement "Man is aspiritliving in the external, here and now," substitute for "external" the word "eternal."

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.



Physicians Couldn't Cure Him.

SEDAWILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889. One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried it unsuccessfully for 8 months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUENNEFELD.

Best of All.

CHICAGO, May, 1888.

I consider it my duty to recommend to all sufferers of nervous diseases Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son, now 15 years of age, was suffering for 4 years from epilepsy to such an extent that no remedy seemed to even relieve the attacks, but after using only 5 bottles of Koenig's Nerve Tonic he had but one slight attack. I make this statement out of gratitude and with the desire to make this best of all remedies better known.

T. STEIN, 321 22d St.

It is a great pleasure to the undersigned to whom the above circumstances are well known, to certify to the truth of the facts as stated above. L. KLING,

Pastor of Lutheran Evang. Salem Church,

Our pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO., 60 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.